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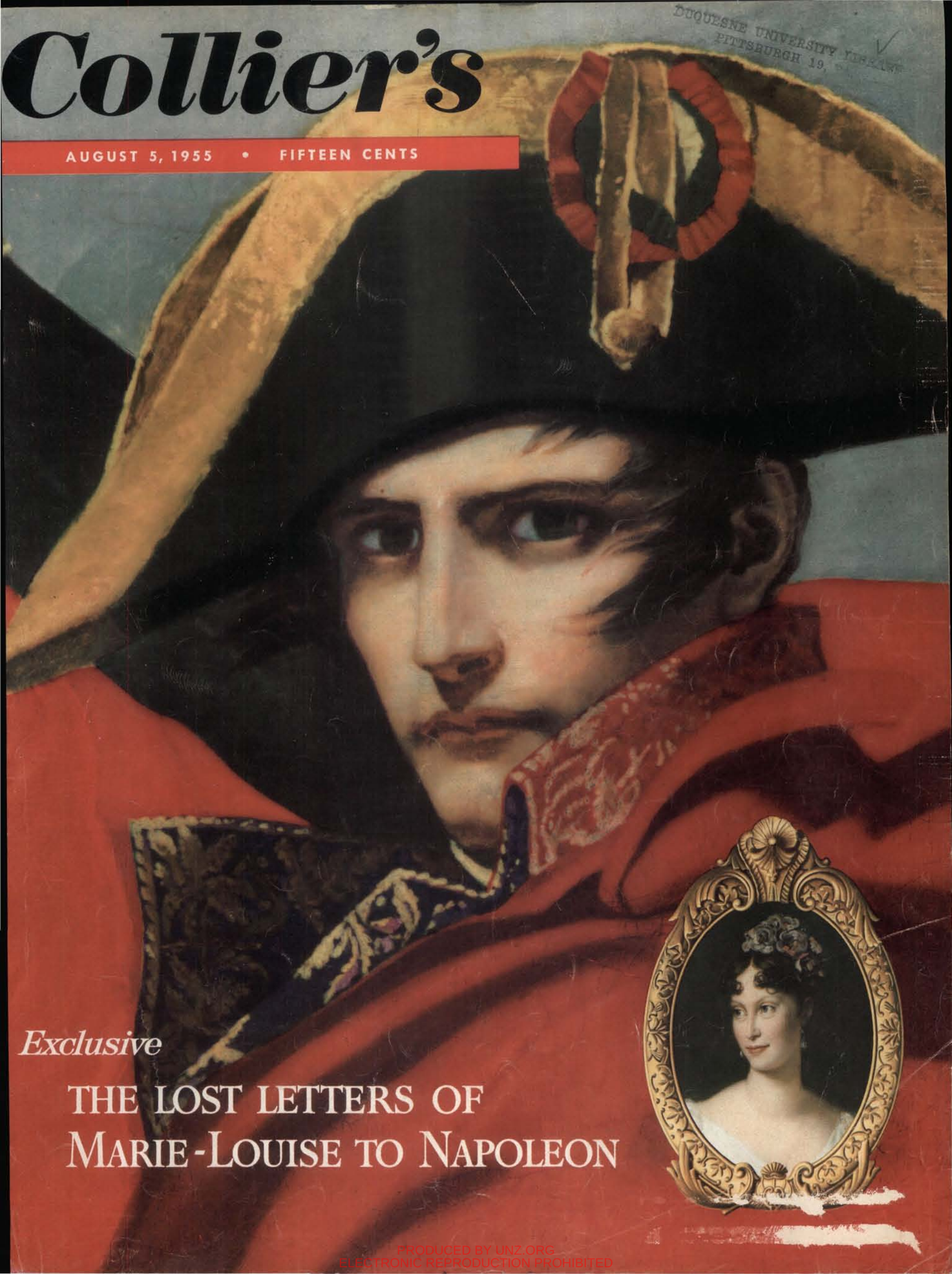

Exclusive

THE LOST LETTERS OF MARIE-LOUISE TO NAPOLEON

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(PHOTO—GRAND CANYON, ARIZ

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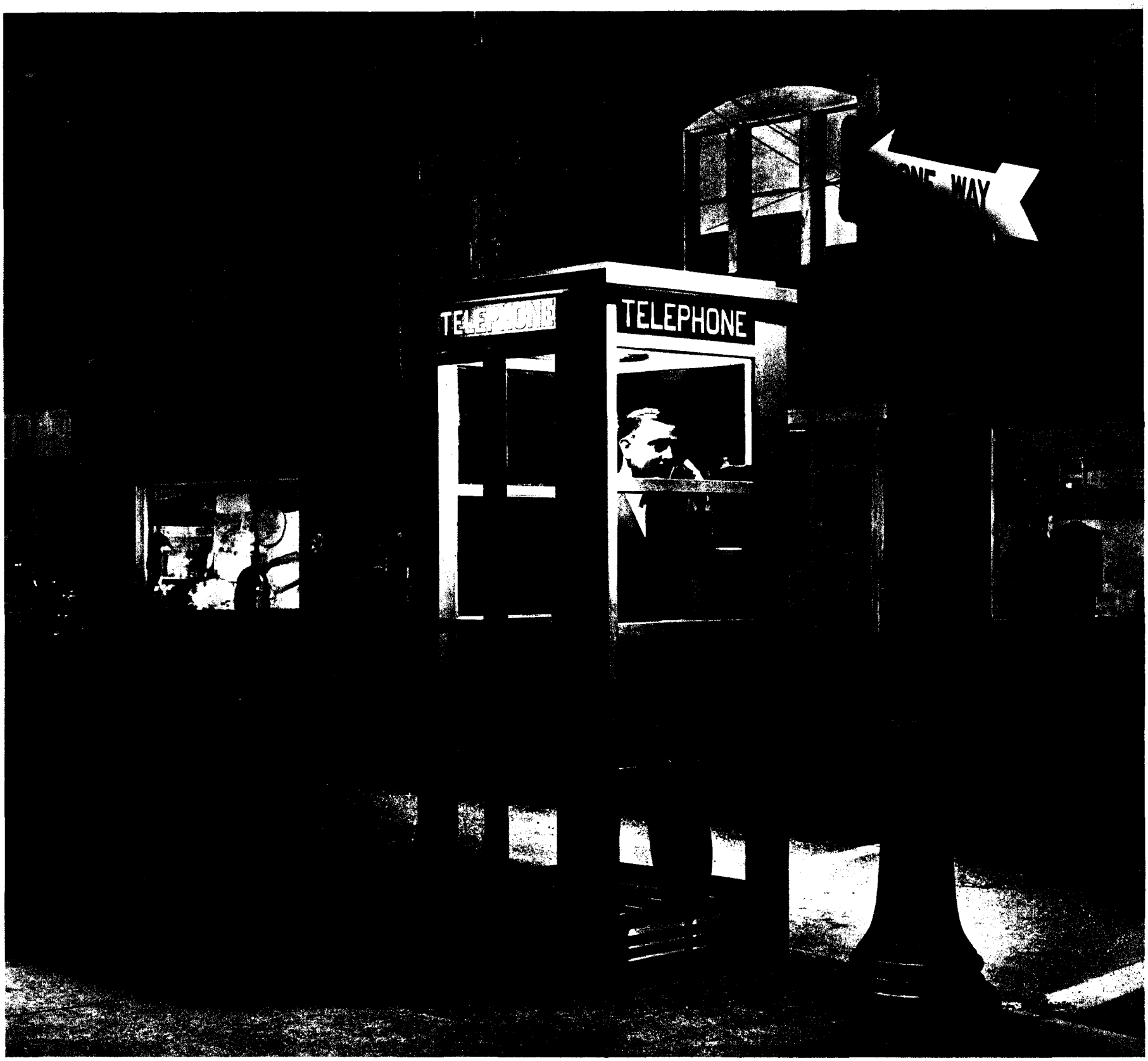

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"It means so much to keep in touch"

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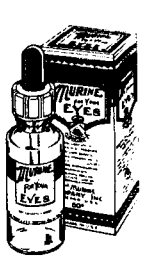

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Collier's

AUGUST 5, 1955

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THE COVER

The cover paintings—with which Collier's presents the opening installment of the recently rediscovered letters of Marie-Louise to Napoleon—are both from famous French museums. The head of Napoleon is a *detail from a larger picture, entitled Bonaparte Crossing the Alps.* It's by Jacques Louis David, and hangs in the Museum of Versailles. The inset picture of the empress, by François Gérard, is in the Louvre. The dramatic letters, with historical narrative by *Theodore H. White, start on page 64*

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Medical guidance, rest and *weight control* . . . these might well be called "the three musketeers" fighting high blood pressure. For when they work together . . . as "The Three Musketeers" did . . . they may help protect you against the less serious type of this disorder, or prevent complications if you have it. This form of high blood pressure, so-called "essential hypertension," accounts for more than 90 percent of all cases.

Victims of hypertension are often individuals of great drive who are inclined to push themselves beyond sensible limits. To lessen strain on the heart, a leisurely pace of living is desirable. Among other things, the doctor may recommend intervals of rest during the day . . . and he will perhaps recommend at least eight hours of rest every night. He will also urge patients to avoid situations which cause great tension, such as needless arguments.

In addition, he may suggest other things to relieve stress and worries that tend to keep blood pressure up. Mild exercise is not only usually permissible, but even encouraged. In fact, things that help divert the mind from daily troubles and keep the patient from becoming preoccupied with blood pressure levels can mean the difference between living a useful or an unsatisfactory life.

Weight control may be important, too, in relieving high blood pressure. Extra pounds are burdensome to the heart. Since the heart works harder when hypertension is present, weight loss naturally helps to lighten its load.

Of course, the doctor's help is needed. Regular check-ups will enable him to discover complications early . . . if any occur . . . and start treatment that may keep them under control.

Today more can be done for high blood pressure than ever before. In *selected* cases, great improvement can often be obtained by special diets or surgery. Several new drugs are also used now which may lower pressure and relieve symptoms. No drugs, however, should ever be tried unless they are prescribed by a physician and taken under his supervision.

If the doctor's advice is followed and if the patient learns to lead *a life of moderation in all things*, high blood pressure can be successfully controlled in many cases. If neglected it may cause serious damage to the heart, kidneys and brain.

To detect this condition early, everyone should have periodic medical examinations. This precaution is especially necessary for those who are middle-aged and older, are overweight, or have a family history of the disease. When discovered early, hypertension is usually easier to control.

Metropolitan's booklet, *Your Heart*, gives many more facts to help you understand what high blood pressure is, what its symptoms are, and how it affects the heart and blood vessels. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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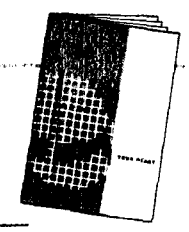

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

TO SHOW the United States to one's ten-year-old child is an extremely satisfactory experience which I have just been enjoying. If you start out with the knowledge that you are going to get a certain amount of competition from the comic books and train weariness, you have the advantage of not expecting too much enthusiasm on the part of your tourist party. You—or I, to be accurate—must also bear in mind that the very things that qualify you to be a guide—your supply of information and your experience and enthusiasm—can also make you the biggest bore in all juvenile Christendom. To that extent the comic books are really on your side; they can be a warning that what you offer as instruction is being rejected as tedium, and it's time for you to shut up.

We have just completed a journey which began in New York and took us through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and, finally, California. We traveled in what might be called the Pump Room car; you stay in the same car from New York to Pasadena, and every time I've traveled that way I've had lunch at the Pump Room in Chicago. We observed the custom, and also went for a ride in the Chicago park system and for a walk in the Field Museum, which is called something else now, but Field Museum is close enough. To round out the cultural part of our Chicago layover we visited the Chicago Theater and saw Jimmy Cagney in a movie and Gary Crosby and Louis Armstrong in a stage show.

I am afraid that young Mr. Crosby needs more schooling. It may be that he is as far along as his father was the first time I heard H.L., which was at Lakeside Park, near Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania, in the late twenties. Father Crosby was then a Rhythm boy with Harry Barris and Al Rinker, an effective trio on the payroll of Paul Whiteman. The point is, Bing was not then a single, sharing billing with, say, Henry Busse or Harry Goldfield; while Gary in Chicago was already costarring with a man who is one of the all-time tops with the trumpet and a personality that compares in power with that of Tallulah Bankhead.

Gary has flawless rhythm and he always gets around to the desired note, and nobody can complain that he is tortured by shyness; but by an accident in publicity-timing Bing was quoted as saying that he wished *he* could ease out of the big time and take it easy in a small night club, which is exactly what Gary should be doing, not Bing. Instead, the boy has been overbooked, an expression of mine which I do not feel will catch on.

California men's wear is something that I suppose comes under the Bill of Rights somewhere, and I am convinced that Californians do not like the way I dress. But if Gary Crosby wants to gain a few inches in height he can have a few inches cut off the jacket of the suit he wore in Chicago, which ended a hand or so (horse talk) above his knee. And since we got the scissors out, the cuffs of his sleeves reminded me of the overcoats Joseph Stalin used to wear. (If *that* doesn't get the sleeves shortened, Pa Crosby has changed.)

The only celebrity I saw in Chicago—off stage, that is—was The

AL HIRSCHFELD

I'm afraid Bing's boy, Gary, is overbooked. He needs schooling

Gimp. By one of those coincidences that mean absolutely nothing, I had just seen Cagney in a movie and it is Cagney who plays The Gimp, Colonel Moe Snyder, in Love Me or Leave Me. The Gimp was standing at the corner of State Street and something else, talking to a young woman who remotely resembled the Ruth Etting of 1930. I just saw him, that's all. Just a coincidence, that's all. Thought you might like to know I keep my eyes open. At least he was as interesting to my small tourist party, who had seen him in the Cagney presentation, as my remarks next day on the flash floods in Colorado. The comic books get a heavy play when I begin to sound off on the flood control and soil erosion.

When you are showing this big and wonderful country to someone who has seen only five Eastern states (and not much of them), the most you can hope for is that the tourist you are conducting will get some idea of the vastness and the wonders. I have reached the stage where I can look down from an airliner or gaze out the train window and tell what state we're in. From a train I can even recognize, and name, small towns and all cities. I don't know how many times I have stretched my legs at Fort Madison, Iowa, and watched the people who make fountain pens quitting for the day. In fact, I have a little routine lecture about Joliet (prison), Galesburg (Knox College, one of the best), Shopton (fix engines), Lamy (a long story about how I anticipated the atom bomb).

I might even tell the Lamy story right now.

Late in the War (War II, of course) I was on my way to California by train. Among my fellow passengers were two young men, healthy and intelligent-appearing young men who, I was sure, had been deferred for some good reason: they were wearing Sigma Xi and Tau Beta Pi keys on their watch chains, and my guess was that they were in governmental scientific work. It wasn't airplane work, or they'd have been flying. They kept entirely to themselves, and they would go to the club car and have a beer, discouraging friendly overtures by their car companions, and talking earnestly to each other, and when they were not talking they would share their silence, obviously thinking of the same things. And they were never without their brief cases.

At Lamy, New Mexico, they were the only passengers to get off the train. They were met by a WAC sergeant, who saluted them and escorted them to an Army staff car, and it was inescapably noticeable that their arrival had been expected by four other soldiers. The soldiers were carrying Tommy guns and were strategically placed along the young men's route from the train to the staff car. One of the soldiers joined them in the staff car and the others followed in a jeep, and after a little while the two-car motorcade disappeared in the hills around Lamy.

Why Lamy? I asked myself. You get off there to go to Santa Fe. But for some reason I rejected Santa Fe as their destination. They were important men, doing important military work—that explained the Tommy guns and the staff car; and I realized too, on thinking it over, that the WAC sergeant had wasted no time in identifying them: she had

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recognized them immediately, impersonally, respectfully.

That night I puzzled over the men and their work. As an experienced reporter, with some slight acquaintance with the OSS, I was actively curious about all that I had seen. I remember thinking that the British would have done it all better: the British would not have permitted the young men to wear the emblems of membership in honorary scientific fraternities. The British probably would have had the young men in uniform, since at that time a uniform would have been less conspicuous than civilian garb. There was an anonymity about uniforms, especially about uniforms that did not carry the more interesting campaign and decoration ribbons. If the young men had been dressed as captains of the Judge Advocate's division there would have been no curiosity aroused, and the brief cases would have been self-explanatory. I decided to give the FBI one good mark:

I decided that among the train passengers—including, possibly, the passengers who tried to make small talk with the young scientists—were at least two agents that the young men themselves were unaware of. There were two passengers who could have been FBI men.

But my detective work had not told more than any observant, experienced reporter could have seen for himself and put together. Why, I kept asking myself, Lamy?

And then late that night I guessed the answer. It was only a guess and it remained only a guess until it was confirmed several months later. Anyone who has had police-headquarters experience knows that more than 50 per cent of police detective work is through the use of informers; either stool pigeons on a more or less full-time arrangement, or part-time informers who are valuable in only one criminal case. Well, I had no informants in the Manhattan Project and didn't know the Manhattan Project's existence. But I did have some special information. And incidentally my information is not very comforting to those people who think we overdo security regulations. My information was as follows: a railroad man had told me that the government had built a spur to a place called Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and that what they were doing there was "cracking the atom." And my additional information, which I had picked up on a cruise with Task Force 38, was that we had "some new bomb" that would destroy a whole village.

So—when we got the news of Hiroshima I immediately thought of Lamy, New Mexico. And whenever I pass through Lamy I look up at those hills and those distant mountains and think of Hiroshima.

You hope that the vastness and the wonders will stimulate your child's curiosity and make her want to see more and more of her country. That was one of the reasons I chose to go by rail instead of by C. R. Smith's flying machines. With a slightly thrilling sense of the prophetic I told my child that by the time she is able to vote she will be able to go from New York to Los Angeles in less time than it now takes her to motor from our home in Princeton to the Long Island village where we usually spend the summer. The through car—via the Broadway Limited and the Superchief—is not the slow train through Arkansas, but it does give you a longer look at the country than you get from a transcontinental airplane. Also, in my subtle way, I tried to add to her enjoyment of the trip by getting her to watch the porter making up the sleeping accommodations in a drawing room.

One of my unindulged extravagances used to be a plan to have a room in my house designed by a transportation architect. Most people prefer to have that sort of job done by an interior decorator, but I have always been an admirer of the imagination and neatness that characterize the work of the men who draw the plans for Pullman and steamship rooms. The chairs in my room would be converted at night into beds; and closet space would be well thought out. The hardware would be sturdy and easily cleaned and on top of all this orderliness would be the letters and manuscripts and pencils and reference books that are my personal touch of confusion. I would have built-in ash trays and a thermos bottle on a gimbal-holder—and in three weeks the accumulation of personal touches would make it impossible for anyone to move about. But *I'd* know where everything is, and know that underneath it all was efficiency.

All parents would like their children to be tidy, within reason, so to fathers and mothers my method in pointing out the porter's performance will be as transparent as the roof of the Dome Car. I suspect that in my own family the effect was about as entertaining and as permanent as that of a magician who relies on large props.

The real truth, and I might as well admit it, is that *I* am interested in the United States of America, and *I* like to watch a porter making up a berth, and *I* wanted to take the train.

Well, on our first night in California we dined at Romanoff's and my child was introduced to Gary Cooper and George Jessel and Darryl Zanuck and Herbert Marshall, and she saw Rocky Marciano. The fact that Mike Romanoff is one of my best friends and the fact that I always report to him promptly—well, isn't Romanoff's where you go to see the celebrities? And I'll go cheerfully to Disneyland, won't I? Let's be fair about this.

In Hollywood I always report to Mike Romanoff as soon as I can

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"Miss that shot," Babe said, his voice scornful, "and you'll lose three thousand dollars"

The BIG HUSTLE

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

NED BALES sat next to the Chief and watched the kid shooting at the front table. He looked good. Ned guessed he was no more than twenty-five, but from the way he shot, practicing, he looked like a master. He was wearing a cardigan jacket, chartreuse sport shirt, brown-and-white shoes. At one point, he laid his cue aside and lighted a cigarette with an extremely thin, silver lighter. He blew the smoke out of his nose and went on shooting.

Finally the kid made a very difficult shot, and Ned Bales turned to the Chief and said, "So that's the Hot Springs Babe. He looks pretty good."

The Chief laughed, his gold tooth showing. "You said it, Ned Bales. He looks almost as good as you did twenty, twenty-five years ago, when you first came to Chicago."

"A lot of young hustlers *look* good."

"That's right." The Chief laughed again. "But you, Ned Bales, you *were* good. You *were* The Best."

Ned heard the emphasis in the Chief's voice, and he knew what was going on. The Chief was backing this kid. This was the first time in fifteen years that the Chief had been willing to back anyone against Ned.

The disturbing thing was that the Chief had always overrated him—as almost everybody had ever since they had started calling him The Best—and so, if the Chief thought this Babe kid could take him, it was going to be rough. But Ned was still called The Best and there still wasn't anybody with nerve enough to try him in an even game, even though Ned guessed there were several who could beat him.

Except for an occasional kid—like this Babe—who would try him and lose to Ned's steadiness and experience, all of Ned's games for the last ten years had been with suckers; and now Ned himself wasn't too sure of what his game would be if he had to turn it on again. One of the big troubles with having a reputation was that if they knew how to play and still played him, they were bound to be pretty good.

THE Chief stood up and looked toward the Babe. "Babe," he said, "I want you to meet Ned Bales. He's The Best."

Babe shot once more, made the ball, and looked up. "Hello, Bales," he said.

"Hello, Babe," Ned said. He tried to make his voice friendly, tried not to let it show the tenseness he felt.

"Ned Bales is pretty good at straight pool," the Chief said to Babe. "You think you can take him?"

"You putting up the money, Chief?" Babe said, coldly.

"If you think maybe you can take him, I'll put up two hundred."

Babe's face was pale and smooth, but it was hard as he looked at Ned Bales. "I'll take him," he said.

The Chief grinned again. "Okay, Ned?" he asked. "You play my boy here? Straight pool, hundred twenty-five points for two hundred dollars? Or maybe you'd rather not? He's good."

Ned looked to the back of the room, where the owner of the place was brushing off some tables. "Woody," he said, "come here and rack the balls." Ned nodded to the Chief, who was still grinning, but looking really happy now.

While Woody racked the balls, Ned walked over to the green cabinet in the corner and took out his private cue, a twenty-ounce stick with an ivory point, his name engraved on the little brass ring around the middle where the two sections joined together. It had been years since Ned had needed a cue that could be taken apart for traveling as a hustler from small town to small town. But he still used the old joined cue stick. He was used to it, to its weight, balance and stroke. . . .

Ned lost the toss and Babe elected to let him break. Ned placed the cue ball, aimed carefully and shot. The break was good. He clipped the corner ball of the triangular rack one third full and brought his cue ball back up the table to freeze on the far end rail. Two balls came out of the triangle, hit two cushions, and went back, not leaving a shot. It was a *perfect rulebook break*. The only thing for Babe to do was to try to play safe, to repeat the same shot.

But Babe didn't. He walked over to the foot of the table and looked closely at the balls, sighting carefully. One of the corner balls had not returned to exactly the right spot, and the triangle was a little out of line.

Ned couldn't see anything that looked open for a combination shot, except maybe the twelve ball, the one next to the misplaced corner ball, but that was a rail-first shot, much too tricky and dangerous for a money game.

But Babe walked back to the head of the table and said, "Twelve ball. Side pocket."

Ned glanced quickly at the Chief. He looked a little worried.

Babe drew his stick back sharply and let fly with a clean, cutting hit. The cue ball went a neat two rails and clipped the corner ball square and firm. The twelve rolled out, across the table, and fell into the side pocket. The rest of the balls spread

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

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IIT BY CAROLYN SCHNURER

. . . and the extra-bright refreshment of Coke is unlike anything under the sun.

TASTE its extra-bright tang — so bracing, so distinctive, the liveliest sparkle of them all.

FEEL its extra-bright freshness — the bit of quick energy that comes through in seconds.

ENJOY its extra-bright *quality* — the unmatched goodness that tells you "there's nothing like a Coke."

For perfect refreshment, it's always— ice-cold Coca-Cola, so pure and wholesome.

The Pause That Refreshes . . . Fifty Million Times a Day

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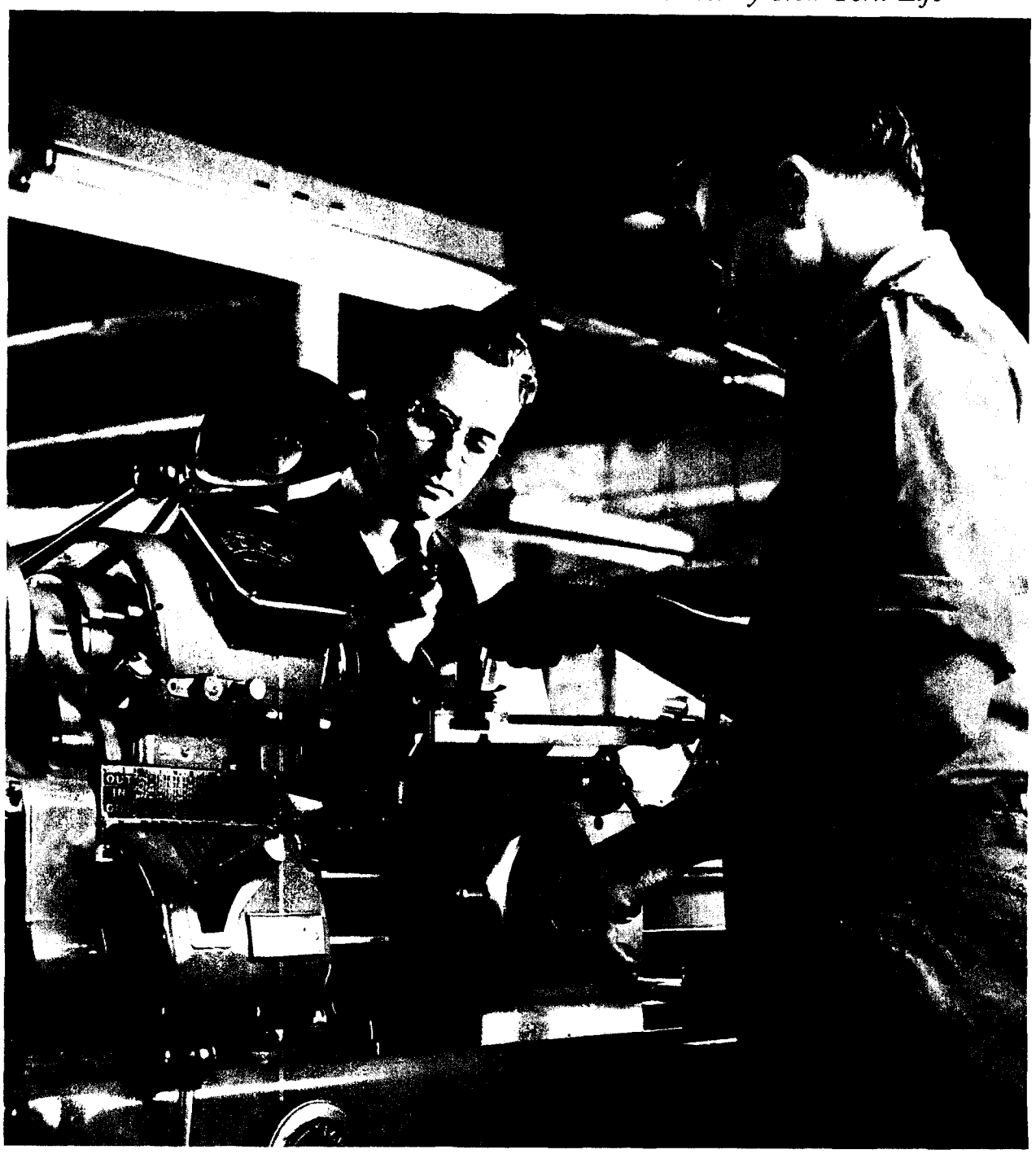
An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

Should Your Child go into Business for Himself?

By MORTON SONTHEIMER



The field of manufacturing offers technically-trained young men opportunities for starting businesses of their own—and for putting to practical use ideas they may have for the fabricating of metals, woods, plastics and other materials.

Back in the not-so-long ago, before television antennas sprouted from every rooftop, a Dun & Bradstreet reporter was making a routine check on a new appliance business in a southwestern city.

To his surprise he found that the little store's sales had soared from scratch to nearly $200,000 for the year. While he was in the store, its delivery truck returned, two young men got out, announced they had orders for two more television sets, loaded them and went off again. The Dun & Bradstreet man looked startled. He knew that the town's old established appliance dealer had put in a stock of them, run some ads in the paper, received hardly any inquiries and dropped television, claiming it tied up his capital.

Many successful service businesses were begun with little capital, but with a good deal of "know-how" in some specialized field: photography, automobile repair, dry cleaning or the like.

What was happening at this new establishment? The explanation, said the youthful proprietor, was simple.

After his assistants installed a set in a home, one of them had to remain to explain to the new owner how it worked. The other was trained to go out and call on the neighbors. He told them he had just put in a set at the Jones's and showed them the new look on the Jones's rooftop. He explained that good TV service would now be available for that neighborhood and remarked, "If you'd like us to bring out a set for you, too, we can do it today—it's no trouble." When that didn't bring an order he would add, "Why don't you talk it over with your husband tonight or drop over to the Jones's and see how theirs works? Then give me a call. I can be back first thing in the morning with a set for you."

Ingenuity and enterprise had made the young man who started that business a success almost overnight. Today, with the first frenzy of TV purchasing past, he is still a success, because he had been able to adapt to changing conditions. He has capitalized on a reputation for reliability, built up his service and repair business and added some profitable side lines.

Sound easy? Then listen to what he, like dozens of other independent business men and women all over the country, told me: "I have to work harder than any of my friends with jobs. I need all the training and education I ever received and I wish I had more. I've gotten so discouraged I've cried. There has been a new headache every day since I started and they're still coming."

"If it's that rough," I asked, "why do you stay?"

His face folded into a wide grin. "Because I love it."

What is the lure that leads to the establishment of nearly 1,000 new businesses every day in this country? I asked businessmen in many lines. Here are some of their answers:

"Even a big salary can't compensate for the satisfaction of being your own boss.

"There's a great security in knowing that you can't be fired, that your destiny is largely in your own hands.

"In your own business you have the opportunity to

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use your own ideas and make your own decisions.

"Your success is your own. Whatever you build belongs to you. If you have the ability to make money, why not make it for yourself?"

One of the independent businessmen I interviewed was a young man who had recently started a tiny factory for electronic parts in Missouri. He freely admitted he was having trouble at the moment meeting his payroll of three employees. Then I asked him the question, "Why do you stay?"

"Because," he answered, confidently, "the longer you can hang on the better it gets. The real trick is not in starting a business. It is to stay in business after you've started."

The statistics backed him up. They showed that one out of three business failures occur during the first year of operation, one out of two during the first two years, and two out of three in the first five years.

Some fond parents conclude that if a young man is disinterested in an education and seemingly unfit for other pursuits, the best thing to do is set him up in business for himself. That conclusion has cost many a father a fortune without accomplishing anything worth while for the son.

Private business is a skilled occupation today, with colleges to teach it and a literature that crams libraries. The United States Department of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has found that "except for professional and clerical workers those who run their own businesses have better educational backgrounds than any other major group of workers."

The amount of record-keeping alone that will be required of the young person in business for himself demands more specialized training than most businessmen of a generation ago had altogether. An analysis of nearly a thousand bankrupt businesses showed that more than three out of four had failed to keep adequate records.

The science of running a modern business begins before the business itself gets started. It enables the knowing to decide what business is best, where it should be located, what volume to expect, how much capital will be needed, what stocks and equipment must be purchased. If the young businessman in your family leaves such questions to guesswork alone, he invites the fate of four out of every five new businesses. After ten years they are gone.

While contract construction calls for a sizable investment in equipment, it draws many young men because of the tremendous growth of the industry in recent years.

Unlike so many professions, business does not require an early decision from the young. A man or woman can go into business at almost any age—it is never too late. This allows time not only for an education but for a job that will give important experience in the business contemplated.

It allows time, too, to develop certain traits of character that should already be apparent in the school child if he is likely to succeed in business for himself. The Department of Commerce has compiled a list of these personality factors. They are: Initiative, a friendly positive attitude toward others, leadership, responsibility, organizing ability, industry with a willingness to work long hours, decisiveness, sincerity so as to inspire people's trust, perseverance in the face of inevitable discouragements, and physical energy.

The observant father and mother will look beyond these general characteristics for special abilities that can point the direction of a young person's business career. They will see in the outgoing, extroverted child the possibilities for a successful sales business, in the mechanical minded a manufacturing enterprise, and in some the advisability of a partnership that will supply an important trait or talent that may be lacking.

Parents contemplating an independent business career for a child ought to consider how much help they themselves can offer, in experience and cash.

The expression "starting a business on a shoestring" was coined in the days of high-lace shoes when shoestrings were longer and the cost of doing business far lower. Lack of capital ranks with incompetent management as one of the two chief obstacles to business success. For a modern business, the young beginner needs not only the money to get started but enough capital to tide it over the rough spots. Much of it needs to be his own, too. There is danger in borrowing too much. Economists have found that in the retail field at least 50 percent of the capital should be put up by the owner, 75 percent if possible.

There are four and a half million businesses in this country. Although nearly 1,000 new ones are started every day, the total increases very slowly because almost every day that many close down. The reason so many fail to survive is simply that the people who start them are ill prepared, by training, by character, and financially. But the very factors that make private business such a tough race for them multiply the chances of success for the educated, ambitious young man or woman with proper resources.

Business is very much a woman's world now, too, as the New York State Department of Commerce discovered when it surveyed New York City's Madison Avenue, one of the smartest streets of small shops in the world. It found that women owned all the toy stores, half the rug stores, all the lingerie and linen shops, more than half the gift shops, and 28 percent of all the stores on the street. My own interviews with young business people indicated that the trend is as true of Main Street in Middleville as of Manhattan's Madison Avenue.

Technological progress is continually creating new opportunities for young people ready to start out on their own with ideas, energy and courage. Professor Harold F. Clark, widely consulted economist of Teachers College, Columbia University, likes to cite a prime example of that.

"Today," he says, "the railroads in America, just about as numerous as 50 years ago, are receiving the fiercest possible competition from thousands of small trucking firm operators.

"But, if some economist in 1900 had predicted that a man with a few trucks might successfully compete with the huge railroad companies of America, people would have called him crazy!"

Retailing offers an opening for men and women whose natural bent is toward selling—and whose experience qualifies them to sell successfully, whether it be food or appliances, clothing or automobiles, shoes or hardware.

Nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities. If he decides to start a business of his own, he will need both proper training and adequate capital to make a success of it.

Even though that day may still be far away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the education and the financial backing he needs when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families make such plans for the future —for education, for retirement, for all of the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Business is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling *and* Nursing. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Drop a postcard to:*

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THE FOURTEENTH OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENTED TO HELP GUIDE AMERICA'S CHILDREN TO A BETTER FUTURE

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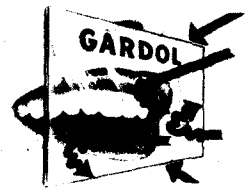
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ...With Just One Brushing!

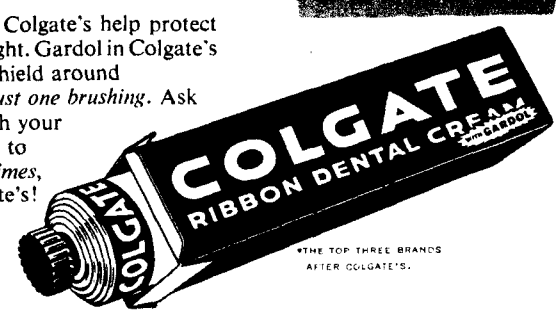
GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE	12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS
	
DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!	STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against tooth decay you get with Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting decay 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

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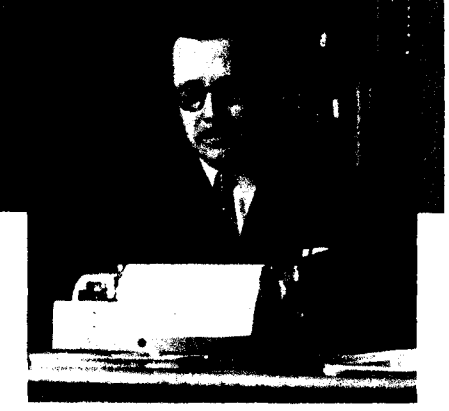

Baron Carl-Fredrik Palmstierna found the Marie-Louise letters

IT TOOK Baron Carl-Fredrik Palmstierna more than two years to translate the letters Marie-Louise wrote to Napoleon. In the first place, the young lady wrote in a very tiny hand and, though the handwriting is neat, it's very hard to read. Furthermore, even though he's a crackajack historian, the baron had to look up a little background here and there, naturally.

Now personal secretary to King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, Baron Palmstierna grew up in Stockholm, was graduated from the University of Uppsala in 1926 and has a Ph.D. in history from the University of Stockholm. He has written about 15 books on Swedish history, military and diplomatic affairs of the nineteenth century, and a few biographies of Swedish greats. He can read seven languages and speaks five of them fluently.

Speaking of barons, when we gave staffer Ted White the job of arranging the letters for Collier's readers, being an erudite fellow he knew he would have to read what Claude François de Méneval had to say. For he had been a baron and a private secretary, too—Napoleon's. White recalls it this way:

"De Méneval had been with Marie-Louise day after day during the period she wrote the letters. I looked all over New York for the book he wrote about Napoleon. But I couldn't find it. One weekend I went back to Boston to visit my mother and sister, Gladys, and told them how I was stumped trying to find De Méneval's book. Next thing I knew Gladys ran out of the room and came back with it. My father, bless his heart, had bought De Méneval's memoirs in 1905 and put them in the family library. And guess who had published them. Our own P. F. Collier & Son!"

★ ★ ★

TO GET all those details about Ike's Washington golf course and the behavior of the VIPs who play on it, Andrew Tully buttonholed various members for stories about the place. Usually, after some deep thought and careful consideration, each was able to come up with something intimate.

Then, just as the interview was ending, the fellow would get a serious look on his face and ask Tully something like this, "Uh, say, did so-and-so tell you any stories about me?"

★ ★ ★

HALFWAY along in their dangerous swim down the Colorado (page 19), Bill Beer and John Daggett climbed out of the canyon for one good meal and a night's comfortable rest. At Bright Angel Lodge they read headlines announcing the river had claimed their lives. "So we called our relatives and resurrected ourselves," Beer recalls, "and the next day we were back in our dirty old river."

★ ★ ★

THE amateur archaeologist, Roland Wells Robbins, has made some amazing discoveries, as you'll see when you read Evan Jones's article. But Robbie is saving the toughest one for later.

About 500 yards from his house in Lincoln, Massachusetts, is a structure which has never been identified as to period or use. It's about five feet square, of uncut stone, two feet above the ground and three feet below, and with a hole in the ceiling.

Robbie says he knows what it isn't. It isn't connected with the Culdees, a sect of Irish missionaries who *might* have visited our continent many centuries ago. It isn't a root cellar, either, a common thing in the area. It just hasn't got the characteristics of a root cellar (don't ask us what the characteristics of a root cellar are). Robbie thinks that the building predates the white man.

This is a pet project which he is going to trace down someday for his own satisfaction. Here's a picture of it. Got any ideas?

Archaeologist Robbins found a real mystery a stone's throw from home

★ ★ ★

THE clever story Marriage on Location is one of about a dozen Jerome Weidman invented on a trip to Italy two summers ago with his wife Peggy, and sons Jeff, ten, and John, eight.

Your Daughter Iris, his current book about a Bronx girl in aristocratic England, came out of the Weidman family's stay in that country last year. This summer Weidman stays home to work on Skylight, his play opening on Broadway in December.

"But the boys now want to go to Africa," he tells us, "and that's where we'll be heading on our next trip.

"John, incidentally, will be looking for a creature he heard a lot about in England but never set eyes on: Henry the Ape. Will surely be one in Africa, he says." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Several complaints about the quality of the coffee brewed by outdoor barbecue addicts. We're glad, therefore, to dash to the relief of the gripers by passing on the recipe of a Canadian guide as published in the Monroe County Democrat, Sparta, Wisconsin, by Truthful James: "Build a fire with

IRWIN CAPLAN

pitch pine knots. Put one quart of water and two handfuls of coffee in the pot. Place on fire. Sit on the lid so that it doesn't boil over. When lid gets too hot for seat of pants, the coffee's ready for serving." Delicious, says Mr. James. (Think of getting all this and Collier's too for only fifteen cents.)

★ ★ ★

Just as this Richmond, Virginia, mother was about to call up Junior's camp and ask why she hadn't heard from him, his letter arrived. "Dear Mom. They are making us write home today. Love. Junior."

★ ★ ★

In the United States Bureau of Standards at Boulder, Colorado, there's a special clock that ticks 60 billion (repeat billion) times a second. This not only makes it rather difficult to detect the pauses between ticks but, according to Mr. O. Lapp, Denver private eye, it is almost as fast as the changes in our foreign policy.

★ ★ ★

Our patience is rewarded. For months we've been hoping for news from West Point, Virginia. And now we find a tourist stopping at a filling station in West Point and asking the man where the military academy was. The man told him there wasn't any military academy in West Point. "Come, come," said the tourist. "I know the government is trying to keep such things secret. But you can trust me."

★ ★ ★

He says his name is Henry Bean, that he is forty years old, sound of wind and limb and until recently feeling pretty chipper. But that was before he was driving his car near Memphis, Tennessee. There he got into a right-of-way argument with a couple of teen-agers in another car. The teen-agers, about eighteen and brawny, got out and advanced upon him menacingly. Mr. Bean doesn't know what might have happened had not a girl in the other car shouted: "Don't you boys dare hit that poor old man."

★ ★ ★

We've tossed aside that 25-year calendar we got from Mr. Eby Stallcup some time ago. Mr. B. J. McGuire, Winona, Minnesota, realtor, has just sent us one warranted to keep us up to date for 200 years. This makes it possible for us to do a little planning.

★ ★ ★

Disturbing political news from New Mexico. It says here in an unidentified newspaper clip, contributed by Mr. Noah Vanderslice, that "prospects are better for getting the names of dead persons off the vote registration rolls." More creeping socialism, thinks Mr. Vanderslice. To say nothing of disrespect for the departed.

★ ★ ★

We've been talking to a Rochester, New York, gentleman who manufactures men's clothes. He looked a bit frazzled. A problem had been gnawing at him. Just where in a man's suit is he going to put the extra compartment for the pocket-size radios being made by several companies? The pocket-radio-pocket idea, he says, came from Dr. Carl W. McIntosh, president of Idaho State College. What he's going to do when they whittle down TV sets, he refused to discuss.

★ ★ ★

Just as we all thought that the situation in Indiana was well in hand, the Hoosiers developed state Supreme Court trouble. The turnover in Indiana justices is compared unfavorably with the French premiership. Increasingly expensive, too. To fix up a new judge with robes, brass name plates for his door and so on sets the state back $250. Then there's that matter of 60 bucks to have his portrait painted. Worse,

they're running out of wall space to hang the portraits on. And if you don't hang the new judge's portrait in a prominent place, his constituents get sore. If you take down a portrait of a departed lawgiver, his friends howl. It's pretty hard to run a state like Indiana.

FRUIT COCKTAIL
in a
PACKAGE

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

CURTiSS

CURTiSS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder

makers of Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip *candy bars*, Saf-T-Pops *and* Mints

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Birthday of the world's first and still finest crude oil!

It was 96 years ago that the world's first oil well came in . . . drilled by Colonel Drake in the fabulous Pennsylvania oil country.

Today, as in 1859, nature's finest crude oil is still found in these fields. Since 1859, over 500,000 producing oil wells have been drilled, but nowhere else in the world has a crude oil equal to Pennsylvania been discovered.

A brand of motor oil made from Pennsylvania crude will help your car perform better, last longer, cost less on maintenance.

At your next oil change, tell the man you want a brand of Pennsylvania oil, carried by good dealers wherever you happen to be.

Today's BEST Oils
Start with Nature's BEST Crude
...and that means Pennsylvania!

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LETTERS

From Plebe to President

EDITOR: I wish to correct an error in the quotation of General Eisenhower's remarks attributed to me in the article From Plebe to President (June 10th) . . . During your reporter's call on me . . . I expressed my personal opinion that General Eisenhower had been reluctant to postpone a well-earned retirement, and had only agreed to run for the Presidency after he was convinced that the people demanded it of him. As evidence of this I gave the gist of a conversation I had with General Eisenhower during our 35th Class Reunion, in June, 1950. I had no idea that my remarks would be printed as a direct quote of a conversation which took place nearly five years ago.

While the quotation, as printed, is essentially what I recall General Eisenhower to have said, I wish to state positively that he did not use the expression "S.O.B.s" . . . If such a term was used during my conversation with your reporter, it expressed only my own personal feelings on the matter. I have never heard General Eisenhower use this expression or any other form of intemperate language. I sincerely regret that any remarks of mine should have resulted in injecting a sour note into what was otherwise a wholesome article. I hope that this letter may serve as a public apology to President Eisenhower for any embarrassment I may have caused him . . .

COLONEL A. H. WARREN,
Walla Walla, Wash.

Complications

EDITOR: I found the picture story on Grace Kelly (June 24th) to be most pleasant. Miss Kelly's simple beauty has the effect of arousing the most

complicated yet clear responses of calm but active enthusiasm . . . Sonnets should be written.

DOUGLAS A. HUGHES,
Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

Double Fault

EDITOR: Joseph Laitin's article Mother of Earthquakes (June 10th) and William Garnett's color photographs form a superlative presentation of the San Andreas Fault . . .

I am curious about one seeming contradiction. Twice we are told that the land mass moves northward on the ocean side of the fault and southward on the continental side. Yet the "border incident" cited on page 85 indicates the exact opposite. Was this truly an isolated caprice of San Andreas—or was it a nongeological slip?

JAMES G. CHESNUTT, Alexandria, Va.

A typographical slip. Author Laitin says: "I transposed 'western' and 'eastern' in copying my final manuscript. The statement should have read: 'In the 1940 earthquake, the American land mass on the eastern (continental) side of the fault moved four feet 10 inches south of the border, while the land mass in Mexico on the western (ocean) side moved four feet six inches into the United States (north) . . ."

Highways

EDITOR: Your comment Life Lines and Deathtraps (June 24th) . . . couldn't have come at a better time. After years of neglect during the depression, and more years of apathy during World War II, when our highways were considered expendable, we have finally been presented with the opportunity of a lifetime to do something about getting America out of its nation-wide traffic jam . . .

The "Section 13 Report" made to the current session of Congress for the first time in our history draws a blueprint of all our highway, road and street needs throughout the nation . . . It substantiates the opinion long held by our traffic experts that the National System of Interstate Highways is the keystone to adequate arteries of transportation throughout America . . . This system is an absolute "must" to the continued growth of our economy, to our military and civilian defense, and to decreasing our appalling accident rate. . . .

ARTHUR O. DIETZ,
Chairman, Highways for Survival Committee, New York, N.Y.

Den Mothers

EDITOR: I have been at the boiling point since reading the Short Short Story called The Cub Scout Who Didn't, by Gertrude Carrick (June 10th) . . .

Den mothers do not shout at boys. They raise their right hand with two fingers up in the Cub Scout sign. They expect and *get* the attention of every boy in the room without uttering a word. We recently took 40 boys on a tour through a plant where electricity was made . . . not one mishap . . .

HAZEL E. ADAMS, Greenfield, Mass.

. . . I am an assistant den mother . . . we have discovered that if our cubs are kept busy every minute during our meetings they simply do not have time to become boisterous and unruly. We play a vigorous game or just run the youngsters around the house several times as fast as they can go *before* the meeting . . . MRS. DEBORAH C. BROWN,
Beatrice, Neb.

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An artist's inside look at Inco's 1000-ton-a-day oxygen flash smelting furnace, Copper Cliff, Canada.

Now Inco makes ores smelt themselves

Important fuel savings . . . plus tonnage sulfur recovery . . . with new oxygen flash smelting process

This is the hot, flaming heart of a new International Nickel Company furnace for treating copper concentrate.

It's an *oxygen flash* smelting furnace.

That means conservation of fuels, conservation of sulfur. That also means efficient extractive metallurgy.

In this new Inco process, you separate oxygen from the air. You blow this oxygen—and fine copper sulfide concentrate—into white hot furnaces.

The oxygen reacts with the concentrate. Iron and sulfur burn, creating heat. The ore smelts itself, eliminating need of other fuels: copper collects in the matte, iron and rock in the slag.

And the previously wasted furnace gases? These sulfur-rich gases are collected and sold for production of liquid sulfur dioxide, *up to 300 tons a day.*

Oxygen flash smelting is another advance in extractive metallurgy. It's part of Inco's $200 million improvement and expansion program.

Purpose of the program: to step up production, to keep costs down, through maximum utilization of ores.

To find out more about this program, write for free 65-page illustrated booklet entitled, *"The Romance of Nickel."* The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 217d, New York 5, N. Y.

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"In two years of using Tubeless Super-Cushions we have yet to blow out a tire on the track,"

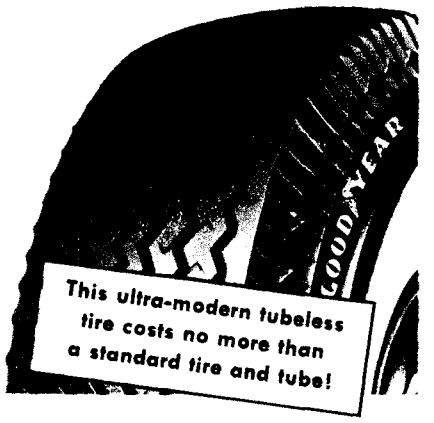
Says Death Dodger Boss Driver, Bill V. Reed

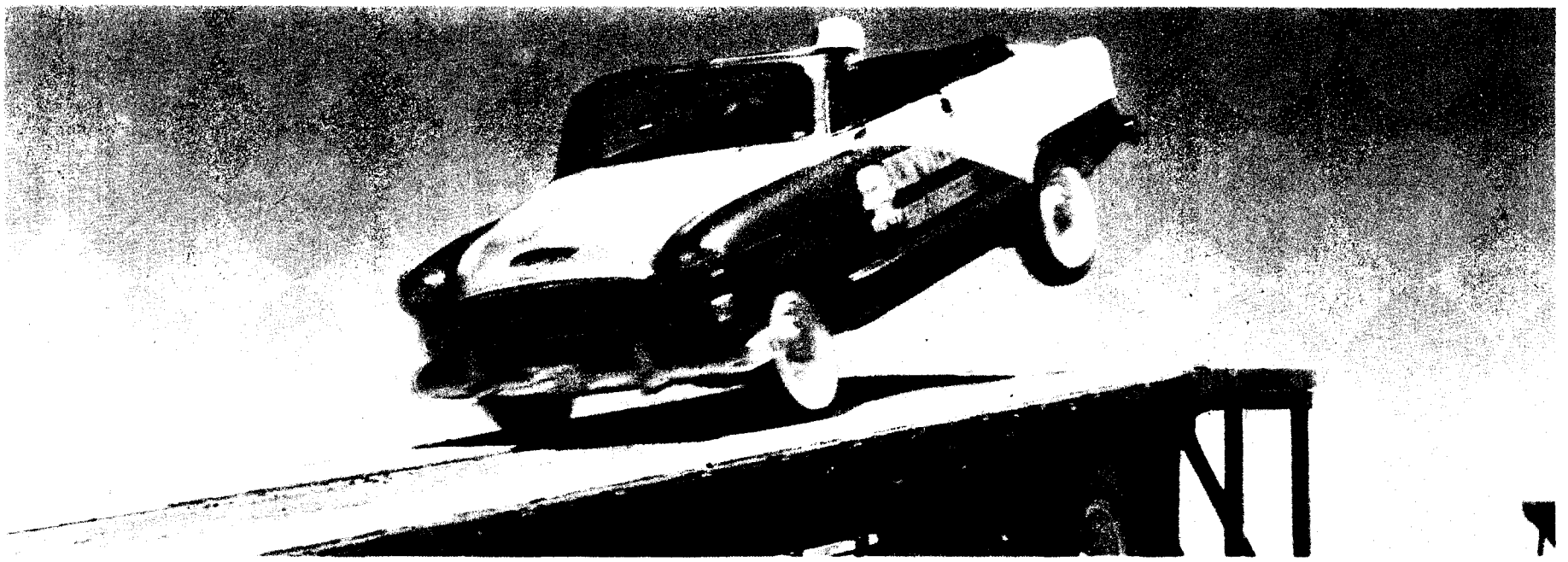
"This is unheard of in our kind of business. On short tracks in the past, we would average two blowouts a week, so you can see our tire problems have been solved by the use of Goodyear Tubeless DeLuxe Super-Cushions.

"Our lives depend on the equipment which we use, and our Jimmie Lynch Death Dodgers feel that the Goodyear Tubeless DeLuxe Super-Cushion is the safest and best tire for our work."

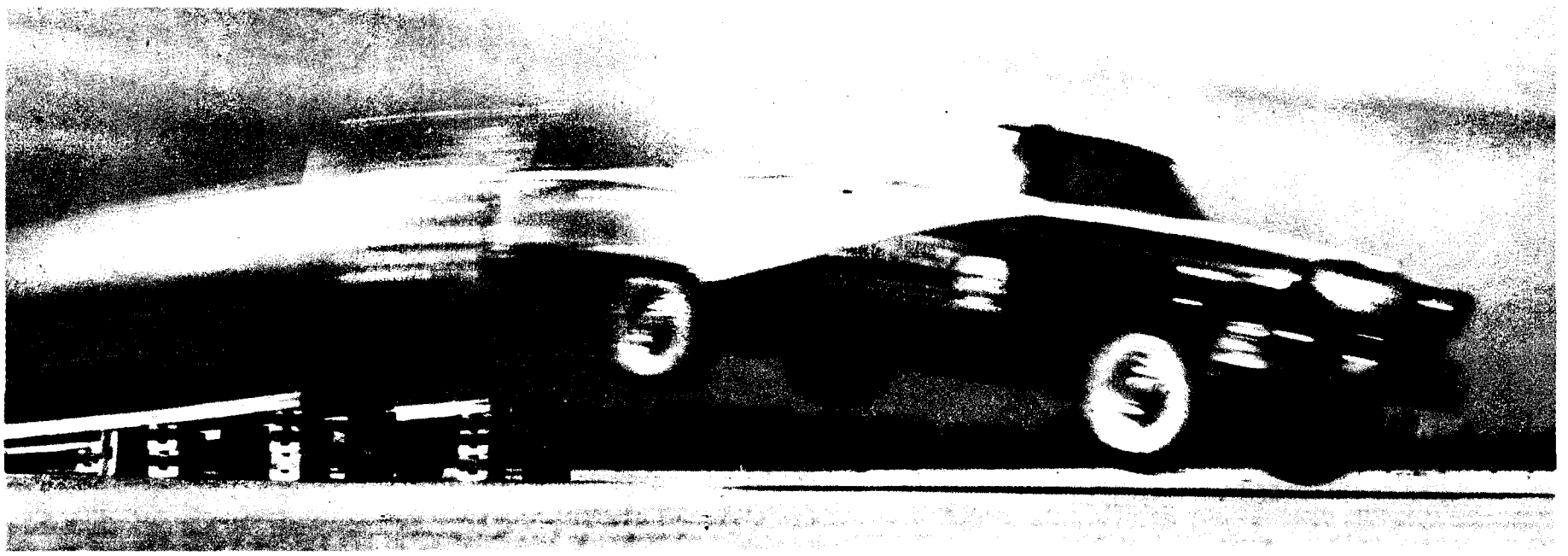
The new Tubeless Super-Cushions will fit your present wheels, and your Goodyear dealer will buy all the unused mileage in your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind!





Daring ramp leap with nails in tires proves Tubeless DeLuxe Super-Cushions give you greater protection against puncture flats!



Stunt driver jumps with slashed tires to prove that Tubeless DeLuxe Super-Cushions give you greater protection against blowouts!

GOODYEAR TIRES

Look for this sign; there's a Goodyear dealer near you

TUBELESS DELUXE SUPER-CUSHION

by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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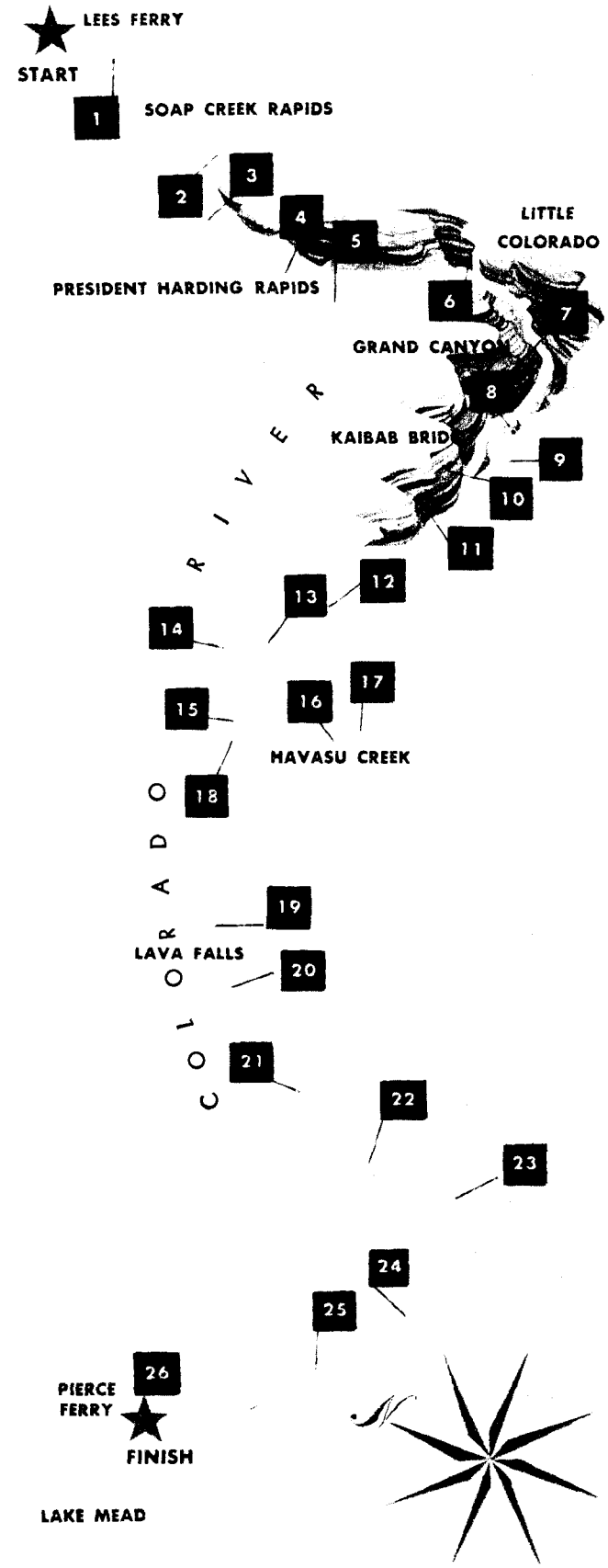
We Swam the COLORADO

Author Beer (left) and companion, John Daggett, congratulate selves at finish. Below: Numbers show each night's stopping place. Men made a side trip up Havasu Creek



Friends said they were crazy. The rapids are among the most dangerous in the world; nobody had ever swum them. But the two salesmen plunged in—and kept going for 279 miles

By BILL BEER

STANDING alongside Soap Creek rapids, we watched the churning waters of the Colorado River a few yards away and wished we were somewhere else. The river heaved and tossed and piled up against boulders, dashing spray high into the air. Driftwood raced by, vanishing beneath the foaming surface, then reappearing to be hurled against the jagged rocks in the rapids.

For the first time we were having qualms about the decision we had taken so casually only six weeks before—to be the first to swim 279 winding, rapids-strewn miles of the Colorado River through Marble Canyon and Grand Canyon to Lake Mead, behind Hoover Dam. After all, we're just a couple of life-insurance salesmen whose only previous swimming had been at beaches and in swimming pools around Los Angeles.

As we watched the rapids, the whole thing seemed a little improbable even to us at that moment. It had been a spur-of-the-moment idea one day last winter. John Daggett and I, friends since our Stanford University days, had been casting about for some new way to spend a spring vacation. Finally one of us—I forget which—said, "Let's swim the Colorado River!" "Why not?" replied the other. It had been as simple as that.

We had spent the next few weeks in the Los Angeles public library reading everything we could lay our hands on about the treacherous Colorado rapids. We pored over maps, and we talked with people who had visited the area. What we found out should have discouraged us then and there. Explorers had first gone down this section of the Colorado by boat in 1869, but those early visitors had taken one look at Soap Creek and portaged their craft around the dangerous waters. Several later adventurers had shot the rapids by boat, but at least one man had been swept overboard to his death against the very rocks we were now contemplating.

Our friends had told us we were crazy to think of swimming the Colorado. They pointed out that we had never even seen the river, that we knew nothing at all about swimming in rapids. All that was true, of course, but we were sure we could make it. After all, we had read all about the Colorado, we were young (John is twenty-seven, I am twenty-six) and healthy, and we liked outdoor life. Furthermore, the fact that nobody had ever swum this mighty river made the challenge all the more irresistible.

As we gazed at the boiling caldron of muddy water before us, however, we were ready to admit that our training for the swim might have been inadequate. It had consisted mainly of testing our waterproof equipment in the swimming pool of the Los Angeles apartment house where we live. For the rest, we were relying on our book knowledge of the Colorado, survey maps—and luck.

The first leg of the swim had gone smoothly. At dawn yesterday—Easter Sunday, April 10th—we had waded out into the river at Lees Ferry in northern Arizona, traditional starting place for shooting the Colorado rapids. To a casual spectator, we must have looked like a couple of shipwrecked sailors heading in the wrong direction—away from shore. We wore khaki shorts over the bottom half of long-handle woolen underwear (to give us some protection from rock bruises), watertight black rubber shirts (for a measure of warmth in the chilly waters), Mae West life vests, and rubber swim fins. Behind us, John and I each towed two watertight black-rubber boxes purchased at a war-surplus store for 89 cents apiece and packed with warm clothing, sleeping bags, flashlights, first-aid and snake-bite kits, and provisions for 25 days (canned meat, dried fruit, flour, candy). Although each of the boxes weighed about 80 pounds packed, they were buoyant. Alternately resting on the boxes and towing them, we had already made 12 miles through relatively calm water.

Now we faced our first real test—our first rapids. And the sight of that racing torrent was almost enough to send us back home. But after an hour of discussing the pros and cons, John decided to risk it. I admired his courage—and was glad he'd decided to go first.

He edged back along the bank to the point where we'd parked our gear. Reclaiming his boxes, he waded in and swam to midstream at the edge of the quarter-mile-long rapids. Then he vanished in the froth and spray. Twenty feet downstream, he bobbed up, slipped around a rock and went under again. He came up opposite me, was tossed high into the air once again—and was through the rap-

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After conquering his first rapids, Beer felt as elated as though he'd climbed Mount Everest

ids. He bounced on downstream in the swift current and disappeared around a bend, and I was alone. We had agreed that John would keep on going until he found a good campsite for the night.

Now it was my turn. Tucking one bag under each arm for increased buoyancy, I pushed off and was caught up by the swift current. A wave hit me and pushed me under. My foot banged against a rock. I sucked in some air, but another wave struck me from behind and knocked out my breath. As I went under again, I could see nothing but brown, muddy water. I didn't know how deep I was, or whether I could get up in time. Then the river shot me to the surface again and I could see everything —including a big rock just ahead.

Smooth Water Beyond the Big Rock

I twisted sideways and one of my rubber boxes took the shock. Even so I was jarred. I slid over the rock and fell into the deep backwash behind it. There a curling wave rolled me over and over as it would a log. Kicking and twisting, I worked free and got back to the surface again—and suddenly there were no more rocks, just waves and then smooth water.

I was through my first rapids, and I felt as elated as though I had just climbed Mount Everest.

My next thought was for John. I rounded a bend and he wasn't there, and another one and still no John. The sun was down behind the canyon walls now and it was all shadows along the banks. The wind began to blow—very hard. I wanted to stop and camp by a warm fire. I was cold (I learned later that the water temperature was only 53 degrees), and my rubber shirt and long underwear had not been designed for these extreme conditions. I was a little worried, too, wondering whether we might have missed each other; it had been an hour since I last saw John. I ran another small rapids and rounded a bend. There on the bank was John, waving and yelling for me to join him. By the time I made camp, I was the coldest, wettest, stiffest, tiredest man in Arizona.

As I zipped up my sleeping bag a couple of hours later and settled down for the night, I could see the dim outlines of the cliffs above me reaching straight up more than 1,000 feet, shutting out all but a ribbon of stars. The river swished steadily by and the campfire crackled occasionally, but there was no living thing to disturb the sanctity of our gigantic cathedral. It was beautiful and peaceful, and I didn't care how difficult it had been to get there or what dangers lay ahead—it was worth it.

Next morning we started off with our rubber boxes tied together by their carrying straps; this way they acted like a pair of oversized water wings. We could lie between them and have our hands and feet free for maneuvering and swimming in the current. We could go feet first or head first, as the situation demanded. In this manner we swam seven rapids, but made only eight miles—a total of 24 for the first three days. We complained that the river wasn't going fast enough and that there weren't enough rapids for excitement. We were to remember that complaint later.

The fourth morning we started early and kept to the water for long intervals. The result was encouraging; we covered 14 miles. To celebrate, I made biscuits for supper, but as we ate this treat, we considered a sobering thought. We had reached a point of no return. Suppose we came to a rapids that we couldn't swim through or portage around. We couldn't work our way back upriver now; the current was too swift and there were places where the walls rose sheer out of the river. We might have to go through the rapids anyway; the only alternative would be starvation. But we comforted ourselves that we had mastered all the river had had to offer thus far and there seemed no reason why we couldn't complete the swim.

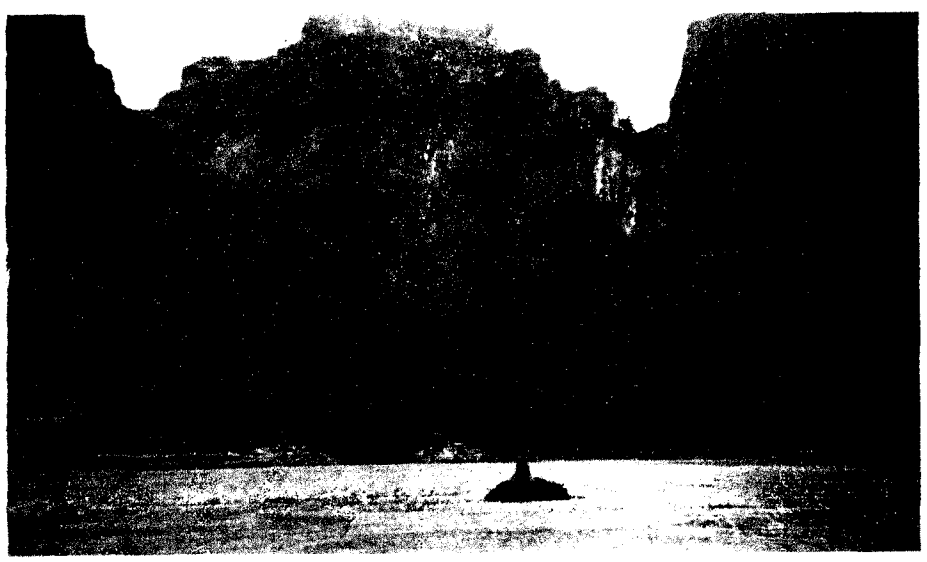
Next day, though, we had a bad scare while shooting the President Harding Rapids, just below the 43d mile. We hadn't stopped to survey them; we had ceased doing that many rapids ago. Besides they didn't look like much—just a short stretch of rough water with a small drop and one big rock in the middle. This chunk of marble, 20 feet high, was watertorn to the texture of a cheese grater. I got by the rock safely and turned to watch John.

I saw him head for the rock, then disappear—apparently around the other side. Then his boxes bobbed to the surface about halfway along my side of the rock, but John wasn't with them. Was he caught behind the rock? As I headed for shore to work back upstream, John came to the surface near the boxes. He looked dazed, but the current was so strong I couldn't swim back to him. I had to watch helplessly until he gathered enough strength to pull weakly toward shore.

As he got closer, I saw that blood covered his face and was reddening the muddy water around him. He had four or five deep cuts in his scalp and face—one of them a fraction of an inch from his eye—and a badly ripped knuckle on his right hand. The riverbank was too rocky for a camp, so we had to swim on even though John was bleeding badly. Not until a half hour later were we able to find a barely adequate campsite and crawl ashore. We washed John's head cuts, and I bandaged and splinted his ripped knuckle.

Once the bleeding had stopped and he was warm again, John told me what had happened. It seems the big rock had been undercut by the current to a mushroom shape, something we hadn't considered. John hadn't bothered to swim around the rock, but had planned to fend himself off with his feet. Instead he had been sucked under, battered against

John Daggett comes up briefly for air (center) i



His arms resting on watertight black-rubber supply boxes, Daggett drifts down Colorado River few miles below start

Beer (l.) and Daggett stop on bank for refreshment. They wore rubber shirts, long underwear, shorts, Mae West life vests, rubber swim fins

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR & JOHN DAGGETT

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ava Falls rapids. Of them, Beer wrote: "There the water churned, twisted and leaped into the air worse than in any rapids we had seen so far"

the rock and pulled across its jagged surface. Just as he was about to give up hope, he was swept out from under the rock and was pulled to the surface by his life jacket. After that experience, we made no more complaints about the speed of the river—or the number of rapids.

Two days and several rapids later, we drifted past Temple Butte into Grand Canyon itself. It is awesome from any approach. But to come down the river after being hemmed in for days by sheer red cliffs thousands of feet high and then to see them open wide and become nature's greatest wonder is a sight we will never forget. The rim of the canyon proper, 15 miles away, seemed a mile high.

Daggett was injured when current dragged him across rock in the President Harding Rapids

and in between were whole ranges of mountains rising several thousand feet and colored in soft purples, oranges and pinks.

But there were many rapids ahead, and each one took its toll. When we reached the Kaibab Suspension Bridge, the only crossing point on the river between Lees Ferry and Hoover Dam, we decided it was time to take stock of our position. We had come 81 miles in eight days, and the river was eroding us, slowly and surely, just as it had carved away at the surrounding rock. Overexposure had chapped our hands so badly they bled, and our feet were painful from cuts and bruises. John's supposedly waterproof boxes had leaked with some damage to his food, and I had torn my rubber shirt.

Water leaking in through the rip in my shirt was making me unbearably cold, so we decided to hike up to the village on the south rim to patch the rubber and get a good night's sleep in warm beds at Bright Angel Lodge.

The River Seemed Like Home—Almost

Next morning we made our way down to the river again, and it seemed almost like returning home. Apart from one side journey to an Indian village up Havasu Creek, we didn't leave the Colorado again until we reached Lake Mead.

The succeeding days were just rapids and more rapids. We were getting better at shooting them all the time, and had no further trouble until we reached Lava Falls on the twentieth day. There the water churned, twisted and leaped into the air worse than in any rapids we had seen so far. We tossed innumerable sticks and even a log into the foaming stream, trying to find the safest course. The currents were confusing, but I finally fixed in my mind what I believed would be the best passage, and worked back upstream to where I'd left my rubber boxes.

Firmly grasping the boxes, I pushed into the river and began to drift slowly toward the stormy rapids. Then the current—and I—picked up speed. I looked for the course I had mapped, but all I could see were big brown waves. Then I dropped fast and hit bottom—hard; I had gone over a four-foot waterfall. Before I could catch my breath, the stream picked me up and began rolling me over and over until I no longer knew which way was up. I just gasped for breath whenever I saw sky above. Then I was thrown high and clear by a wave and caught a glimpse of John on a rock just a few feet away. As I went under again, I braced myself to hit the rock, but another wave knocked me sideways. When I came to the surface again, the way was clear. I bounced through the rough tail of the rapids into the calm waters below and shouted triumphantly at the canyon walls.

John came down farther to the right than I had, and although he avoided the waterfall I had hit, his course put him in more dangerous waters. He narrowly missed the rock on which he had been sitting only a few minutes earlier.

Supper that night never tasted better, and we knew that we had defeated the Colorado. As we had expected, the next six days were an anticlimax. We ran through many miles of the lower Grand Canyon where the cliffs were far away and the river was wide and tame—tired from its headlong rush through the upper gorges.

On the afternoon of the 26th day—May 5th—we rounded a bend and came upon a party of men waving cameras and shouting at us. We swam over and they told us they had come five miles up from Pierce Ferry at the edge of Lake Mead to be the first to congratulate us. Glad of a break, we joined them on the bank for rest, refreshment and photographs, then plunged back into the water.

Five weary miles later, we splashed ashore at Pierce Ferry and hauled our boxes onto dry land for the last time. We were exhausted but happy. We had been the first to swim the toughest 279 miles of one of the most dangerous rivers in the world.

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These German students were among those who attended U.S. colleges in 1953-'54. It was from the 1953-'54 contingen

Since World War II more than 10,000 Germans have studied in U.S. universities. What do they think of our way of life? What impressions did they form? Here's a unique report on America

...AS GERMANS SEE US

By JOHN F. MEAD

Executive Secretary, U.S. Education Commission in Germany

THIS year more than 34,000 students from foreign lands were enrolled in American colleges and universities under various U.S. government and private student-exchange programs. They came from 130 countries and attended 1,450 American seats of learning. Never before in history has a nation been gracious host to so many student-visitors—and never before has a nation voluntarily subjected itself to such searching scrutiny by foreign guests.

The student-exchange programs were stepped up after World War II. In the first year—1945-'46—some 9,500 foreign students took part. The number has grown steadily ever since; for the 1955-'56 school year, about 35,000 are expected.

The young men and women who come to these shores are given unparalleled opportunities to get to know America intimately. Scattered over the length and breadth of the country, they live and visit in big cities and small towns, in industrial centers and on farms. They study, hold bull sessions and go out on dates with American young people. They wander where they please, ask thoughtful questions and receive sincere answers, see the American way of life with their own eyes.

The conclusions they reach, the impressions they carry back to their homelands, are important to the future of the United States. These young people are among the elite of their countries, the future leaders of their communities and their nations. What they think and say about us will help mold world opinion toward the United States for many years to come.

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COURTESY SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES

[German exchange students that a group was chosen to take part in the symposium on which this article is based

For this reason, the U.S. State Department has placed special emphasis on the exchange of students with our enemy of World Wars I and II—Germany. Since 1945, more than 10,000 German nationals have come to the United States under various programs sponsored by the State Department's International Educational Exchange Service. In addition, hundreds of American consultants, specialists, educators and students have visited Germany on American government grants. Those of us associated with the exchange programs are convinced that West Germany's decision to throw in its lot with the West is due, at least in part, to the mutual respect and understanding arising from these person-to-person contacts between Americans and Germans.

But what do the returning German young people really think about the American way of life? How do they think American education compares with German education? What about Americans impressed them most?

To get the answers to these and other pertinent questions, the U.S. Educational Commission in Germany—also known as the Fulbright Commission—recently sponsored a symposium of German professors, teachers and university students who had spent the 1953-'54 academic year in the United States.

The meeting lasted two days. At its end, the group summed up its conclusions in a report to our commission. Since the report was written in German without suggestion or supervision by American sources, the opinions advanced may be presumed to express the honest reactions of those taking part in the symposium.

In submitting the report, the German group acknowledged that its interpretation of life in the United States may be open to question, but declared there was substantial agreement on practically all the points. Certainly, not all the conclusions set forth will seem valid or palatable to Americans. But whether the conclusions are right or wrong is not at issue. The report's importance lies in the fact that these are the impressions brought back to their homeland by a select group of Germans. In the years ahead, these visitors will continue to interpret America and Americans to their compatriots in the light of these conclusions.

Here is a summary of the German group's analysis of American life, paraphrased into question-and-answer form:

What specifically impressed the German visitors about Americans?

"Chiefly, their outward friendship and inward uncertainty. Americans are freer in their social contacts than Germans, but their conviviality is often superficial—a "front" to hide feelings of isolation and insecurity. (That's why increasing numbers seek psychiatric help every year.) Hospitality is taken for granted. The stranger is everywhere received with open arms, and a foreigner is passed from family to family. Casual friendships are formed quickly, and Americans are more apt to discuss personal problems with passing acquaintances than with old friends. Disarming frankness and honesty are American characteristics, but people are reluctant to admit need or illness, and they don't like to talk about death. They believe in conforming to social conventions, mode of dress and manner of speech. It is important to them to be popular; they spare no effort to avoid social frictions and, in general, are more tolerant of mistakes than Germans. They enjoy publicity and do not hesitate to capitalize on membership in the right clubs and churches, or to display material success in order to stand in the spotlight. Active participation in sports and membership in 'respectable' political parties are important to them. It is considered desirable to support popularly accepted opinions, even when such support is little more than lip service. Money is more readily accepted as a measure of a man's worth than in Germany, and people discuss their personal finances freely. Despite the stress and strain of business life, however, Americans know how to relax in their leisure time."

How do the Germans define the American philosophy of life?

"Pragmatism is the dominant influence; anything patently useful is accepted without reservation. There is a strong emphasis on material values, and old theories and practices are rapidly discarded. There is, however, a firm belief in the stability of American economic and political institutions. Certain puritan attitudes of life can still be found in the United States, but they are meeting growing re-

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"There is a firm belief in the stability of American economic and political institutions"

"Hobbies are very important, and many people find pleasure in do-it-yourself activities"

"Americans believe in conforming to social conventions, mode of dress and manner of speech"

"For the unmarried, social engagements with the opposite sex rank first among leisure activities"

"Most remarkable," say the returned German students, "is th

sistance. However, the increasing influence of the Roman Catholic Church offers a possible counterbalance against this neopagan trend."

What of the social structure in the U.S.?

"The answer is complicated. The United States is going through a social revolution. Ruthless competition, coupled with a reckless readiness to assume financial risk, has been modified and tempered by a growing emphasis on social security. There has been a consolidation of the middle class, and social power has shifted to this group with the result that members of the upper social group today tend to deprecate any claims to social superiority. This trend toward a stable central group without marked social ambitions may be a result of the depression of the 1930s. The dominant American ideal is no longer the daring pioneer, but the financially solid and educationally qualified citizen."

How does the American way of life compare with the German?

"In the United States, there is more conscious emphasis on gracious living. Among the middle classes one normally finds carpeted floors, comfortable upholstered furniture, a television set, a radio, a phonograph (often a high-fidelity instrument), a collection of both classical and modern records, automatic refrigeration, oil heating, air conditioning and a family auto with a garage to house it. The American diet is varied. A substantial breakfast is the rule, but a light luncheon, often taken at a snack bar or in a cafeteria, normally suffices for the midday meal. Dinner is the chief meal of the day and, despite the popular belief in Germany, canned foods are not used exclusively; family meals are carefully prepared. Alcohol is used in moderation; soft drinks are more popular. Styles are colorful and in good taste, but on vacation and at home very informal and practical. On formal occasions, more attention is paid to protocol than in Germany. The wardrobe changes with the seasons, but fashions are fairly constant. Women often wear tight-fitting slacks and sandals, and black is not considered an elegant color. Hobbies are very important, and many people find pleasure in do-it-yourself activities or in camping, amateur theatricals, fishing or hunting."

What part do women play in American life?

"A vastly more important role than in Europe They exercise influence well beyond the family circle. Most remarkable is the fact that American women determine consumer demand, and thus are potent factors in the economic life of the nation. Mrs. America is swayed by popularized scientific conceptions, especially in psychology and pedagogy. As with the race problem, foreigners should reserve judgment and avoid comparisons when discussing the role of women in the United States."

How about relations between the sexes?

"There is marked freedom of association between men and women, but their relationships are subject to definite social patterns. Strict external controls are the rule—especially for girls, who begin associating with boys at an early age. Among the unmarried, social engagements with the opposite sex rank first among leisure-time activities. Women plan for marriage more intensively than do men."

What about family life?

"American families are increasing in size, and early marriages are common. Sons and daughters of the family tend to become independent while still quite young. In fact, each member of the family usually tries to associate himself with groups of special interest to him or her rather than to the family as a whole. Married men create an impression of youthful comradeship and polite consideration in their family life."

What is the relationship between capital and labor in the U.S.?

"Closer than in any European country. A rapid increase in the number of workers who are small shareholders in corporations is leveling the distinction between capitalists and workers and reducing the basic causes of conflict between them. One result is that an *esprit de corps* develops among many workers toward their employer, and they come to regard the corporation as their 'home.' Without such ties, a worker finds himself at loose ends; unlike the situation in Europe, there is no ideologically united labor party, no class-conscious workers' group. However, the differences between conditions in small and large enterprises should not be overlooked. Small enterprises are still run somewhat patriarchally, and labor unions have little effect on them. Occasionally, one observes a tendency to exploit workers in them. Large enterprises are more considerate, and opposing interests

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"Married men create an impression of youthful comradeship in family life"

"It is important to Americans to be popular.... They enjoy publicity"

"In the U.S., there is more conscious emphasis on gracious living . . . among the middle classes"

"A light luncheon, taken at a snack bar, suffices at midday"

fact that American women control consumer demand in the U.S."

are reconciled by capital and labor as equal social partners. However, the occasional strong contrasts of interests should not be lost sight of." [This was the one area in which substantial differences of opinion appeared among the visitors, though a majority supported the views presented here.]

How about "red tape" in the U.S.?

"The extent and rigidity of bureaucracy in the United States is surprising to a German visitor. There seems to be a tendency toward organization for its own sake. The desire to compile details and minutiae reflects the general American respect for any kind of statistics. The relative inflexibility of the system may be due to the lack of organizational and legal procedures which would allow American corporations to give their executives greater latitude of judgment. So as not to jeopardize their jobs, executives often sacrifice efficiency to comply literally with unnecessary or outmoded regulations."

Are the opportunities for success greater in the United States than in Germany?

"Yes, but the American rags-to-riches legend is dying."

Why do so many Americans go to college?

"Mainly, to prepare themselves for a profession, but social aspirations are also important, especially among girls. In fact, American girls often admit freely that their chief reason for attending a university is to improve their chances of marriage. Although many students profess an interest in the cultural values of higher education, there is so much economic and social pressure for an academic degree that knowledge for itself is frequently considered secondary. This utilitarian approach to higher education is due to a growing concern in America with social security. The professionally trained man considers himself less vulnerable to dismissal, unemployment and other job hazards. Idealism has not vanished entirely, but its chief proponents today are teachers, scientists and artists."

How does college education in America differ from that in Germany?

"Mainly in the approach. American colleges emphasize inductive methodology (drawing general conclusions from a study of specific examples), primarily because high-school students in the United States are relatively so weakly prepared. This emphasis develops a scientific type of mind which can solve set problems quickly and surely but finds it difficult to do independent research. Furthermore, the American system of tests and examinations leads to methodological thinking and a lack of initiative. Checking off answers in a multiple-choice test prevents a student from stating his own opinion and gives him a chance to get a correct answer without knowing the background of his subject. On the other hand, German education is still based on the principle stated by Humboldt in the nineteenth century: 'The German student must work out his own methods, essential facts, and insight in his special field.' This approach—learning by experiment—forces the average German student to spend two semesters orienting himself in his chosen subject and challenges his best capabilities."

How can college education be improved?

"In the United States, students should be permitted more freedom in choosing their curriculums so that they may develop more independence and self-responsibilty in their studies. In graduate schools, there should be less coddling by the professors and more active independent effort by the students. This would improve the capabilities of the candidates for graduate degrees and make them more self-sufficient in professional work later on. In Germany, on the other hand, the Humboldt principle is also outmoded. All sciences have developed to the point where mastery of any broad field is impossible. German universities, therefore, should introduce a tutorial system to help a student obtain the minimum essentials in his specialized field and assist him in adapting and applying this knowledge."

Do Americans have a sense of history?

"Yes, so far as their own national history is concerned, and this historical sense has produced a strikingly uniform national attitude. Patriotism is taught in schools, clubs and even in churches, where the singing of patriotic songs during religious services surprises visitors from abroad. Americans tend to idealize their national heroes and have a strong sense of pride in their success as a nation, but since the Korean war there is evidence that some have begun to question America's invincibility. The traditional American isolationist attitude toward world affairs has begun to change, and growing U.S. participation in international questions may be expected."

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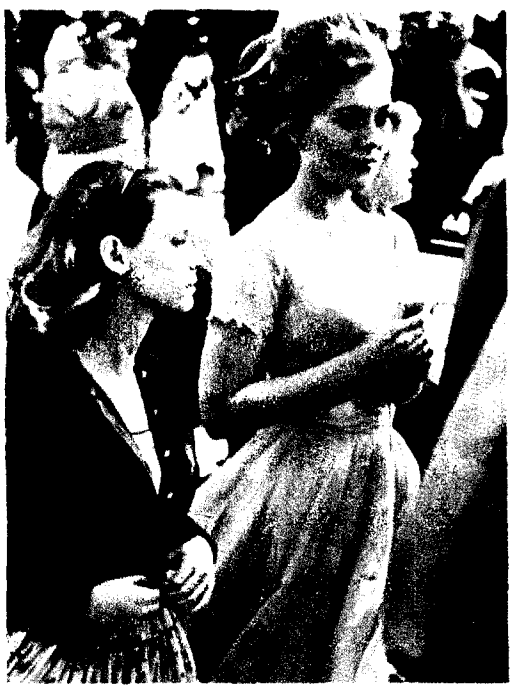

Top, left, Susan and William Holden *on* location, in an exuberant picnic-ground romp; middle, Susie shops on Main Street for a swimsuit for bathing sequence; bottom, with co-star Kim Novak, she watches picnic games being filmed. Says Manhattan-born Susan: "I've never had so much fresh air"

Hollywood is bringing the Pulitzer play, Picnic, to a wide, colorful screen. It has Kansas for a locale—and Susan Strasberg, a 17-year-old film fledgling, for the movie's most challenging role

KANSAS

LATE in May, a velvet-eyed teen-ager named Susan Strasberg checked into a Hutchinson, Kansas, hotel and headed straight for bed. For the previous two weeks, while other seventeen-year-olds had been hatching plans for senior proms, she had traveled from New York to Hollywood and halfway back, rehearsed, had make-up tests, squirmed in and out of costumes, and managed to cram in three hours a day of schoolwork besides. Susie had been getting set for a movie role most young actresses would have given a well-turned arm and leg for—that of a tomboy on the edge of maturity, in Columbia Pictures' version of the play called Picnic. On Broadway, the part won an award for actress Kim Stanley—while the play, a vignette of midsummer boredom disrupted by a handsome vagrant, was copping a batch of prizes for itself, author William Inge and producer-director Joshua Logan.

As Millie, Susan, a film fledgling with one movie behind her (M-G-M's The Cobweb), found herself in the company of giants: William Holden, as the distracting young vagrant; Kim Novak, as Susie's sister, the town beauty; Betty Field, as their mother; Rosalind Russell, as

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Susan tends watermelon stand set up for Picnic's picnic. Children are all native Kansans who were hired as extras

'PICNIC"

their schoolteacher boarder. But despite her youth she wasn't exactly inexperienced herself. She had already cut up some important touches on TV (Omnibus, Philco Playhouse, Kraft Television Theatre).

Besides, she's the daughter of stage director Lee Strasberg, and in moments of crisis could always ask herself, "What would Daddy do?"

On location in Kansas wheat country, where director Joshua Logan and cinematographer James Wong Howe filmed the picnic of the title (never shown in the stage version) and other country-town sequences, Susie appeared to be a delicate blend of confident professionalism and normal adolescence. Between a full shooting schedule, nighttime script rehearsals with her mother, math and English literature, she visited a farm ("If it has cows, pigs and horses, it's a farm, but I thought they milked by hand") and went shopping with a Kansas girl named Paula Kitch, to buy bathing suits for a swimming sequence. But the suits, chosen for curves, were rejected by Logan as unsuitable for a tomboy. "I'd had hope for one," says Susan regretfully. "I thought we could call it a hand-me-down."

—EVELYN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

Mrs. Lee Strasberg, wife of Broadway director, keeps eye on daughter Susan

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Many mysteries of U.S. history and many landmarks of our past glory lie buried under the crust of years. In the past decade, a 47-year-old odd-jobman has, in his spare time, uncovered the sites of Jefferson's first home, Thoreau's Walden Pond cabin, even the birthplace of our iron and steel industry

ROBERT PHILLIPS

Robbins unearths buried secrets with his invention—a 36-inch probing rod

PICK-AND-SHOVEL HISTORIAN

By EVAN JONES

ASK the average citizen what an archaeologist is and he'll talk vaguely about a Ph.D. who has spent years in the dustbins of scholarship and who once in a blue moon goes off to dig around Egyptian pyramids or poke among the Aztec ruins of Mexico. Yet perhaps the most active archaeologist in this country today is a professional odd-jobman named Roland Wells Robbins. Between house-painting and window-cleaning assignments, he has probably dug out more buried American history than any other single person. His field is not lost civilizations, but the lost landmarks of the formative years of the United States.

A forty-seven-year-old Massachusetts native who had to leave high school in his freshman year to take a job, Robbie is the self-made expert who singlehandedly unearthed the long-forgotten site of Henry David Thoreau's famed Walden Pond retreat, who located the site and supervised the excavation of the Saugus Iron Works, Massachusetts' newest tourist attraction, and who this spring turned up evidence of Thomas Jefferson's birthplace at Shadwell, near Charlottesville, Virginia.

At first glance you'd never suspect Robbie of being either a scientist or a window washer. He looks like a gentle, understanding high-school athletic coach—compact, enthusiastic, weather-seared. Yet he is a titan in one of the mustiest of sciences.

His only tools are a pick, shovel, putty knife, a probing rod which he had a blacksmith make to his own specifications, and occasionally a metal detector—and he has broken most of the rules of textbook archaeology. Nevertheless, his scientific success is already firmly inscribed on a monument at Walden Pond and in the full-scale replicas of his seventeenth-century discoveries at Saugus.

Proud though he may be of his achievements, Robbie would prefer some less solemn-sounding title than archaeologist. Perhaps he is more closely related to the weekend spelunkers who have made a sport of exploring caverns in the bowels of the earth. Although Robbie is a member of the Massachusetts Archaeological Society, he thinks of himself more as a treasure hunter after quarry "more exciting than pirate's gold"—or sometimes as a subterranean detective, a Sherlock Holmes of the sleeping past.

The most recent treasure Robbie has been digging for is Jefferson's first home—a quest inspired by the curiosity of generations of tourists. Although almost 1,000,000 people make the pilgrimage to Charlottesville every year to wander wide-eyed through Monticello, the magnificent estate which the author of the Declaration of Independence designed and built for himself, most leave unsatisfied. They want to see the house in which the Virginian was born. But all there is to show are the barren acres of Shadwell, a mile and a half from Monticello's gate; the house itself was burned to the ground in 1770 and after almost 200 years, during which the site was regularly plowed and planted, all visible signs of the old homestead disappeared.

It was the word "visible" that aroused Robbie. What about the invisible? What about clues to the foundations that might still exist below the surface soil? Last November he left his Lincoln, Massachusetts, home on a five-day sortie to Charlottesville to find the answer.

Putting His New England Ingenuity to Work

On a bright fall day Robbie paced the ridge called Shadwell. He had to rely on what instinct a New Englander could muster below the Mason and Dixon's line, plus the efficiency of his probe rod. In blue jeans and sport shirt, he strode all over the ridge, puncturing the turf at intervals. Again and again he came back to the crest, which had a commanding view of the Rivanna River.

On his second day at Shadwell, his rod struck something hard. Nervously digging with his shovel, he unearthed what appeared to be a brick platform. He scurried to a phone, called members of the Thomas Jefferson Birthplace Memorial Park Commission, and some hours later in their presence removed the platform and revealed a small square of brick walls. The square appeared to be filled only with red clay, but Robbie was not satisfied. Why should an unexplained structure like this contain nothing but soil? He dug down to find a deep layer of moldering ashes from which he produced several eighteenth-century bone-handled iron knives and forks, a number of buttons, 339 iron nails and a handful of fragments of window glass buried so long that they had turned iridescent. It was the kind of quick find that has marked all of his pick-and-shovel career.

Robbie was commissioned to make an extensive excavation to prove once and for all whether the shape of Jefferson's birthplace was still pre-

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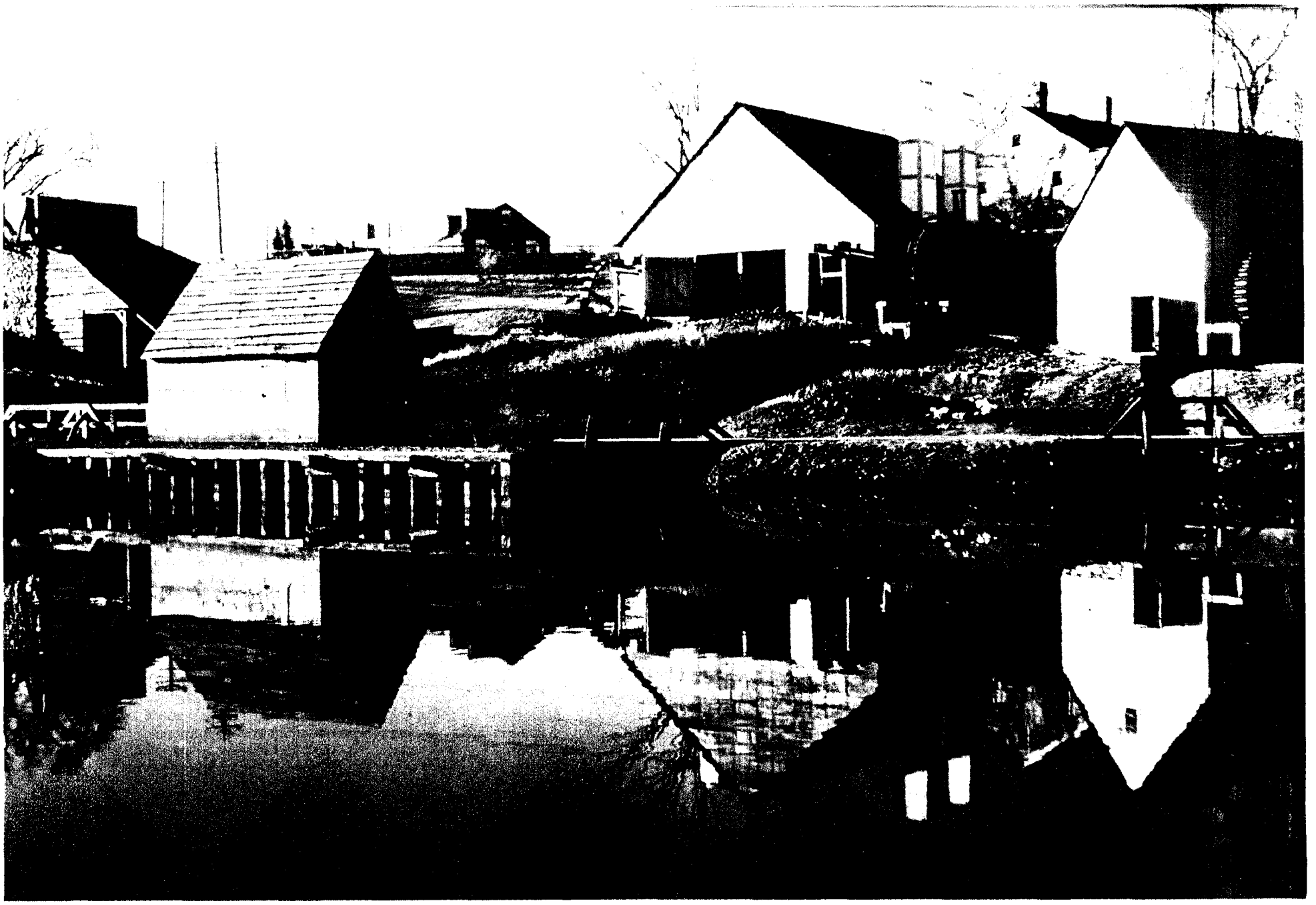

R. W. ROBBINS

Fulfillment of Robbins' surprise find—first productive U.S. ironworks rebuilt at Saugus, Mass., with blast furnace, warehouse, forge, mill

served underground or had been destroyed in the years of post-Jefferson ownership.

The digging was not scheduled to start until April 1st, however; so Robbie went back to New England to spend his spare time during the cold months digging out clues from books. "Instead of counting sheep," he said, "I used to go to sleep counting the number of people in Jefferson's family." Eight children and two parents lived at one time at Shadwell, and to Robbie this fact was a clue to the size of the house. He read a half-dozen biographies, and in a 25-cent edition of a life of Jefferson he made copious notes. On the flyleaf he wrote: "Important—J. had 83 slaves at time of fire. Where did they live? Were slave quarters burned?" With so little historical record, no clue was insignificant.

This spring Robbie established himself at Shadwell for what may be a lengthy search. In the area in which he had found his first artifacts, he marked off a working grid covering more than an acre and set small wooden stakes at ten-foot intervals. He hired a tractor with a posthole-digger attachment and sent it back and forth across his grid, punching a hole at every stake to sample the evidence that might lie underground. "It's like prospecting for oil," he said. "You can drill, but if there's no oil there's no pay-off. Some of the plantation houses did not have cellars in the eighteenth century. But even so, if we can find fireplace foundations they may provide a good indication of the size of the house."

Undaunted when his network of holes indicated that there had never been a real house-sized cellar at Shadwell, he went to work with his shovel. Just below the depth of a plow blade, he found stones and bricks laid in the shape of a rude hearth. Robbie believes that this was a fireplace at the main house. A four-foot-square brick-lined pit and a slightly larger clay pit were found near the chimney base. They are thought to be root or cooling cellars built beneath the floor of the main house. Not far away he also uncovered a perfectly formed six-foot-square pit, from which he took out broken pieces of clay pipes stained with tobacco, and rusted knife blades—all evidence of eighteenth-century occupation. Were these articles that Jefferson had handled? It was too early for final answers, but Robbie promised to scrape down every inch of Shadwell's surface for the clues and the artifacts that would help the Thomas Jefferson Birthplace Memorial Park Commission erect an authentic mecca for tourists who now leave Monticello unsatisfied.

How did an odd-jobman qualify for a job with so much responsibility?

One day in April, 1945, while moving furniture in a Concord house preparatory to painting the living room, Robbie got into conversation with the woman owner. She told him that her father had posed for the arms of Concord's famous Minute Man statue, marking the spot where "once the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world." When he returned home that evening, Robbie decided he'd like to know more about the statue—who else had posed for it, where the idea for it originated, and so on.

"I'm just naturally curious," Robbie says now, "so I started digging on my own in old newspaper files and town records. I was lucky enough to turn up many facts which no one before had related to the story of the Minute Man, and I wrote a little booklet which I tried to sell. I didn't

R. W. ROBBINS

Robbins dug out three centuries of fill at pioneer ironworks, uncovered this section of water wheel at blacksmith's forge

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A few century-old bricks, a white pine stump . . . these clue

ROBERT PHILLIPS

The quick find which was the first clue to Jefferson's lost birthplace—bone-handled knives and forks and a pewter plate

make much money on it, but some people thought it was a pretty good research job. As a matter of fact, when that book appeared I was called an archaeologist for the first time."

Soon afterward, Robbie's natural curiosity led him to nearby Walden Pond for a picnic celebrating the centennial of Henry David Thoreau's retreat to woodland seclusion. And there he found an argument. People who had studied Thoreau for years couldn't agree on the original location of the cabin which the philosopher had made famous. The only thing certain was that the cabin had been moved away and later dismantled. Robbie sat there in the woods and listened. This situation, obviously, called for the same kind of sleuthing he had exercised in the case of the Minute Man. So he was easy bait for members of the Thoreau Society, who had heard about his unsolicited Concord research; they talked him into trying—without payment—to settle the Walden issue.

Blacksmith Makes Robbie's First Probing Rod

Robbie started by buying a 95-cent copy of Walden in a Concord bookstore, a 98-cent GI trench shovel, a pocket compass and a couple of pairs of canvas gloves. Then he had an inspiration. He went to a neighboring blacksmith and ordered his first probing rod—36 inches of steel tapering to a point at one end and with a strap-steel handle at the other. With this device, he reasoned, he could poke into the ground for objects like boulders and bricks without having to wear himself out digging.

After several readings of Walden, comparing it line for line with sections of Thoreau's journals, he ransacked all material available in archives. He spent long hours in the Concord and Lincoln libraries poring over nineteenth-century files of Boston newspapers, and he had lengthy sessions with the Middlesex County commissioners, with the superintendent of the Walden Pond State Reservation, and with Thoreau scholars in Massachusetts and in places as far afield as Vermont and North Carolina.

Robbie determined that Thoreau's house had been moved several miles away shortly after its builder vacated in 1847. "Within a few years the action of the elements on sandy soil—the work of erosion—eliminated all surface evidence," Robbie reported. "By 1945, with such evidence lacking, hearsay had developed many legends about the cabin and its fate."

Robbie studied the frontispiece drawing in the first edition of Walden and noted that Thoreau had written, "My house was on the side of a hill . . . half a dozen rods from the pond." He carefully compiled every other phrase Thoreau had used about the house. "With these I painstakingly reconstructed in my mind the scene," his report says, "and taking this mental model out to Walden Pond, I endeavored to locate the spot into which it would fit. The needle in the haystack was what might be left of the foundation of the house chimney, which my research indicated had been covered over along with the cellar hole when the house was moved."

His first day out, accompanied by three intrigued Thoreau Society members, he came across two or three pieces of brick embedded in a path on Thoreau's side of the pond. The find clicked with his library research. "Thoreau was the only one known to have brought brick into this vicinity," he told his friends, and he marked the spot. On his next trip, "in an area eight feet long, three feet wide in its greatest width, and from two to seven inches beneath the surface," he found 100 pieces of brick. He hastened to a Cambridge brickyard to have them analyzed for age. They were found to be water-struck, handmade bricks, at least a century and a half old, and they appeared to be fragments of the "one thousand old bricks" Thoreau reported he had purchased for four dollars. But these pieces showed no evidence of mortar, and the neophyte archaeologist still had the chimney foundation to locate.

Robbie was momentarily discouraged. Then he reasoned that Thoreau might have dropped a load in carrying bricks to the house site, a possibility that would account for Robbie's first find. He went out the next Sunday and laid out what he thought was a logical path from the brick chips to the hill Thoreau had mentioned. Probing along this narrow area, he found under a white pine stump chunks of plaster, mortar-covered bricks and "several old, badly rusted handmade square nails. Some of the bricks were smoke-blackened."

At this moment, Robbie heard a young voice say, "What are you digging for?"

Robbie recorded the incident in his report: "Looking up startled, I found two Army sergeants viewing my labors. One of them was a six-foot, rather slender, good-looking young man who seemed unusually interested in what I was doing. Courteously but insistently, he plied me with questions about Thoreau and his life at Walden until, apparently thinking he was annoying me, he apologized.

" 'Sorry to bother you, sir, but you see I'm a distant relative of Henry David Thoreau. I live in California and am on my way home from the war in Europe. I've never been here before—may never get here again—so naturally I'm anxious to learn what I can of Walden.'

" 'You mind my asking your name?' I inquired.

" 'I'm Henry David Thoreau, Jr.,' he replied."

Astounded, Robbie scrambled out of his hole and brushed the soil of Walden off his pants. Then with an inward grin, he asked young Thoreau for his dog tags—and he still has one as evidence. "I knew then I couldn't miss," he said. "It was such a colossal coincidence that it had to mean something."

But the realist in Robbie pooh-poohed even colossal coincidence. The fact was that he had found some evidence embedded in the roots of an old tree, and the fact called for a specialist. He summoned his friend, John Lambert, of the Massachusetts Department of Conservation, Division of Forestry, and together they established the age of the white pine stump at "eighty-eight, a year one way or the other." Robbie pushed back his duck-billed cap and beamed. Here was proof that the tree had been seeded and had grown *after* the hut had been moved away; it had taken root on what must have been the very site.

Two Sundays later, the spare-time archaeologist found more nails, pieces of window glass and, two feet below the surface, boulders bound together by mortar. "By evening," he wrote in his casebook, "earth that for nearly a century had covered the remains of the chimney's foundation was removed, revealing the answer to the true location of Thoreau's Walden house. We had put an end to all the legends and to the years of disagreements among scholars as to the exact site."

So satisfied were the scholars with Robbie's discovery that the spot

Wooden stakes every ten feet made a pattern which helps Robbins

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...solved the riddle of Walden Pond

has been marked with a line from one of Thoreau's poems: "Go thou my incense upwards from this hearth." On a nearby granite slab is the inscription, "Site of Thoreau's Cabin, Discovered November 11, 1945, by Roland Wells Robbins." In addition, Professor Walter Harding of the University of Virginia, secretary of the National Thoreau Society, wrote, "He authenticated the exact site of the cabin so that we are now far more certain of just where Thoreau dwelt than on which boulder the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth beach."

Here was heady eulogy for a window washer, but it failed to deter Robbie from his appointed rounds. There were plenty of storm sashes to be cleaned and hung that fall, floors to be scraped and refinished during the winter, screens to be put on in the spring. Robbie is a good businessman and he respected his reputation as the most dependable handy man on Boston's western periphery. He continued to earn a good living for his wife and three children until archaeology again caught up with him in the fall of 1948.

Twenty miles away in Saugus, The First Iron Works Association had been formed. It owned the ancient ironmaster's house on Central Street and had discussed some sort of restoration which would do justice to the site of an ironworks built in 1646-1647. The association people called in Robbie because of the fame he had won at Walden.

"They were willing to pay me what I knew I could earn at my window and painting business," Robbie says, "plus a limited amount for pick-and-shovel men. Nobody thought the project would last more than a few weeks, but they felt a pass ought to be made at seeing if any remnant of the place was left underground. I had my regular customers to take care of, so I agreed to use what time I could until the middle of October, when I knew the storm-window rush would come."

Driving to the ironmaster's house one day, Robbie came across a couple of laborers digging a sewer trench—and promptly signed them on to work in their off hours. In the time that he himself could spare from his odd-job contracts, he put his trusty probe rod into action. Almost immediately he located a pile of cinders which could have been left only by operation of the colonial foundry. Taking rough directions from this pile, he probed with his rod until he struck boulders, and before the month was out he and his awed helpers had uncovered a disintegrating

R. W. ROBBINS

Here ended the search of a century for Thoreau's cabin site at Walden Pond. Finder stands near plaque commemorating his find

rock pile which still showed the shape of the blast furnace foundation. Next to it he unearthed the base of the giant bellows which had fanned the long-dead furnace fire.

Robbie's immediate success caused the Iron Works Association to report the findings to the American Iron and Steel Institute—with the result that this manufacturers' group agreed to finance the further digging and reconstruction of the foundry in its seventeenth-century form. Robbie was hired for the duration.

Still no one sensed how much colonial life lay buried in the overgrown bank of the little Saugus River, and for many months Robbie continued to surprise everyone by unearthing 300-year-old items as diverse as workmen's eating utensils, nails and rust-encrusted castings.

Springing a Surprise at the Town Meeting

Then one day he appeared at a Saugus town meeting with a strange request. "If you'll only reroute Central Street," he told the people of Saugus, "we can excavate to the exact location of the water wheel which powered America's first assembly line."

Somebody in the meetinghouse guffawed. "You're talking about three hundred years ago! Water wheels are made of wood. Buried timber don't last that long."

Robbie, steel-springed and persuasive, endeavored to explain. He knew that normally wood rots away when buried so long in the earth, but he had figured out on paper that 22½ feet below the Central Street pavement was the site of a water wheel which had furnished power for the ironworks. He didn't expect to find the wheel itself, but he had to get permission to dig out three centuries of fill if the final restoration was to be accurate.

"I kept saying I was talking about the site, not the wheel itself," Robbie recalls. "But you should have seen the expressions on the faces of the sidewalk engineers the day we actually found a big segment of the sixteen-foot water wheel. The pieces had been miraculously preserved by an underground water table, and all of a sudden I was a prophet."

To some of Robbie's admirers this find was even more astounding than the witnessing of the Walden discovery by young Thoreau.

Robbie's Saugus tour of duty lasted five years, ending in August, 1953. In September, 1954, the Saugus Iron Works Restoration, complete to the last major detail, was formally dedicated. It is tucked away on the edge of the twentieth-century village of Saugus, a mile off U.S. Route 1 and ten miles north of Boston. As the result of Robbie's work, today's tourist can go back in history as suddenly as he hits the fence that now severs Central Street. First to catch his eye will be the rebuilt blast furnace, beyond it the forge building, the slitting mill and the wharf. In spring, summer and fall, water splashes over seven giant water wheels, spilling through replicas of seventeenth-century sluices. Above the blast furnace and next to the ironmaster's house is a museum containing tons of artifacts which Robbie retrieved—everything from calipers to a 500-pound hammer used for refining red-hot iron.

Robbie would be the last to say that such success is built solely on luck. His muscles tingle with too many memories of pick-and-shovel excavations. He still thinks of himself as a detective who goes underground "for clues that aren't in the books." And his face is alive with enthusiasm when he talks about any of his projects. As this is written, he is still hard at work on the Shadwell-Jefferson excavation. When he finishes that, he will direct the research for excavation of early Du Pont powder mills in Wilmington, Delaware.

"My work just helps to show what can be done with archaeology in the United States," Robbie says. "We're a country that has grown too fast and been too careless of our landmarks. The pages of our history, young as it is, are spotted with blanks and contradictions. Yet most of the answers are available, waiting to be dug from the earth. Your own yard may hide a clue that could rewrite an entire chapter." ▲▲▲

ROBERT PHILLIP

seek Jefferson's first home. Fireplace and cellar are at right

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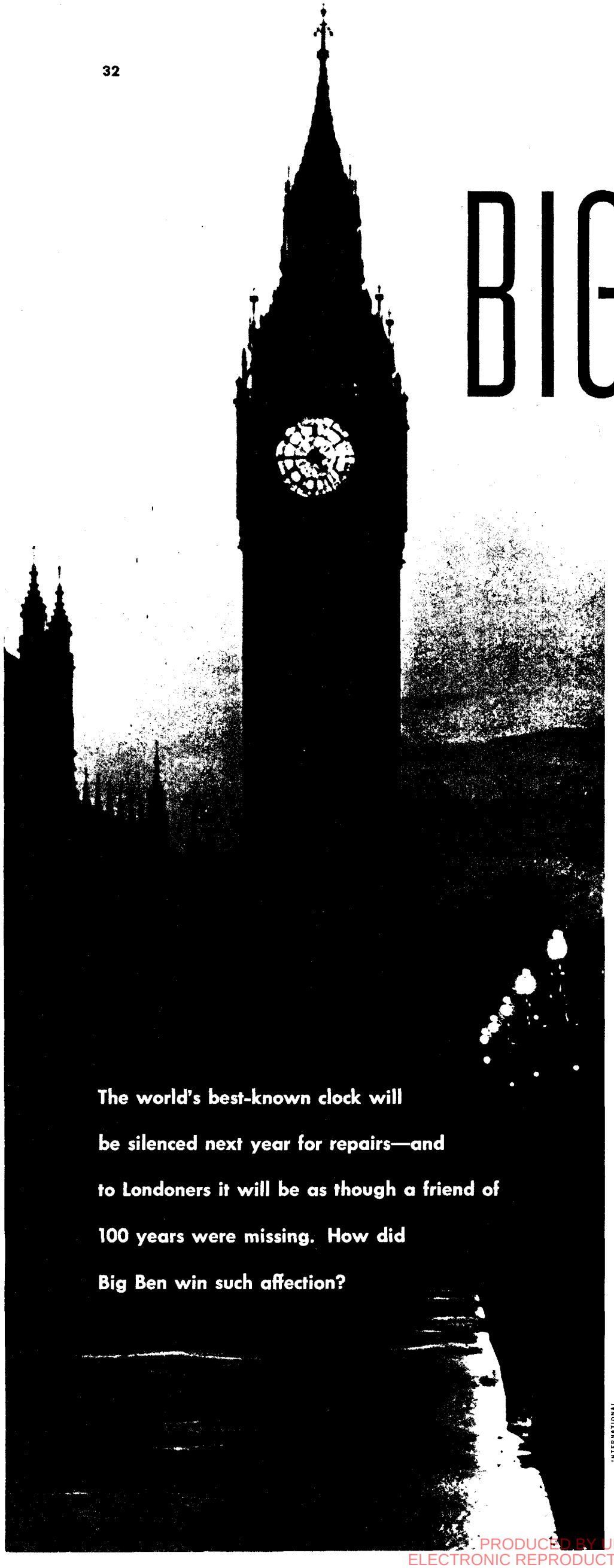
The world's best-known clock will
be silenced next year for repairs—and
to Londoners it will be as though a friend of
100 years were missing. How did
Big Ben win such affection?

INTERNATIONAL

BIG BEN

EUROPEAN

Big Ben booms out the time when this 448-pound hammer hits bell

By E. R. YARHAM

London

A FAMILIAR voice will be stilled in London early next year—a voice that through the years has come to symbolize Great Britain to the rest of the world. Big Ben, best known and best loved of the world's clocks, will be shut down for probably the longest period in its history to permit overhaul of its home, the 320-foot tower at the northern end of the Houses of Parliament.

For two to three months, Big Ben's resounding boom no longer will echo across London, no longer will go out to the far corners of the earth in 50 daily transmissions of the British Broadcasting Corporation. An understudy—Great Tom, atop St. Paul's Cathedral—will take over the radio chores, but to Britons it won't be the same.

Big Ben has a tremendous sentimental hold on the people of the United Kingdom. It has sustained and inspired them in two world wars, boomed out the joyous news of victories, tolled requiems for departed sovereigns, aroused pangs of homesickness in explorers in Africa and tommies fighting Communist guerrillas in Malayan jungles. For nearly 100 years, it has been London's most notable landmark and an intimate part of British life.

The Ministry of Works has already begun the £40,000 ($112,000) overhaul of Big Ben's tower. Although the clock's 13½-ton bell will continue to clang the hours until a still-undetermined date early in 1956, Ben's four faces disappeared from public view behind scaffolding last spring. The work will go on for nearly another year, and while the clock is stopped its dials will be reglazed and its works refurbished.

Repair of the clock tower is overdue. Big Ben had its hour of trial on the night of May 10, 1941, during one of the worst German air raids on London. The clock itself emerged battered but still ticking, and its survival gave new heart to Londoners reeling from the horrible rain of bombs. The tower, however, was left a sorry sight.

A bomb had hit the adjacent chamber of the House of Commons, destroying it and showering the tower with debris and bomb fragments. One fragment struck the eaves of the metal roof above the belfry, the glass of one clock dial was blown in, ornamental iron was destroyed and stonework damaged, and one of the four spires was left leaning in so perilous a position that it had to be removed. Emergency repairs were made soon afterward, but a complete overhaul was left until the current project.

Big Ben's vitals were shaken by the raid, but the clock's variation on that terrible night was less than one and a half seconds. Even so, for Big Ben that was a poor performance. Records published by the astronomer royal (as boss of Greenwich Observatory, he's Britain's official timekeeper) show that the clock's error year in and year out averages only four tenths of a second a day. In fact, Ben's accuracy is so outstanding that many people think the clock is synchronized automatically. That isn't so. It is checked at regular intervals and regulated by the simple device of adding or removing a penny (a copper coin about the circumference of an American half dollar) or a halfpenny (the circumference of a quarter) on a tray halfway down the pendulum. The addition of a penny makes the pendulum swing faster and the clock gain four tenths of a second in 24 hours. (Seldom does the tally of coins on the tray reach sixpence.)

Yet even Big Ben cannot do the impossible. The carelessness of men and the vagaries of Britain's unpredictable weather upset this venerable counselor occasionally—the last time, in January. With no glass to protect Ben's faces, snow froze so solid on the north and east dials during a blizzard that the hands could not plow through and stopped at 3:24 A.M. By 8:00 A.M., the clock had been thawed back to partial life; it struck four notes. By 9:00 A.M., it was again telling the time.

Twice before snow has stopped the hands—in February, 1900, and again in 1928. But there have been other involuntary stoppages, and for a variety of reasons. During an overhaul of the clock in 1934, a tarpaulin on the scaffolding worked loose and blew onto the south face, stopping the minute hand. Two years later a careless workman leaned his ladder against

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Folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's

Here's a happy bird watcher! A successful one, too . . . for he's just spotted and identified the best answer to hunger. If you've outdoor types at your house, remember there's nothing they'd rather focus their sights on than Campbell's Pork & Beans. *Because:*

1. There's never anything but the best of everything in Campbell's Pork and Beans . . . the best beans, perfect tomato sauce, and lean, lean bacon pork.

2. The skill of the Campbell cooks can't be equalled. They treat those superb ingredients with greatest respect.

It's no mystery why folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's.

DOZEN TO CHOOSE FROM:
REGULAR, LARGE,
AND THE BIG FAMILY SIZE

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the hand spindle of the clock, again to the detriment of good timekeeping.

In 1941 a workman absent-mindedly left his hammer on the hour-spindle bracket; as the hands revolved, the hammer became wedged between the spindle and the bracket. That stopped Big Ben for 12 hours. Four years later another workman accidentally stopped the clock for three minutes while he was reglazing the south face; he had rested his foot on one of the cast-iron segments of the dial and the minute hand came to a stop against it. Six days later a piece of wood jammed between the minute hand and the dial, stopping Big Ben for a half hour. Then, in 1949, scores of starlings impudently arrayed themselves on the hands and slowed the clock five minutes.

ONLY twice in its 96-year history has Big Ben stopped because of a defect in its mechanism. In 1937, a shackle on the wire cable operating the hour hand gave out and the rope fell onto the escapement. And on December 9, 1944, the original pendulum suspension spring broke.

Big Ben's only other stoppages have been for periodic overhauls—the longest in 1934, when it was shut down from April 30th to July 2d. It seems likely that the present overhaul may still Big Ben's voice even longer.

But apart from holdups like these, Big Ben's trustworthiness is so legendary that the two occasions on which the clock seemed to go haywire had something uncanny about them. When, in December, 1861, Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria, lay dying, the clock tolled 100 times without stopping. Then, on April 9, 1886, when Prime Minister William E. Gladstone introduced the Irish Home Rule bill, the clock refused to strike. Opponents of the bill called the bell's failure an omen, and the legislation failed to pass.

There have been occasions, of course, when Big Ben's chimes have been purposely silenced while its hands continued to tell Londoners the correct time. War has been chiefly responsible—not because enemy action knocked out the bell, but rather because the government decided to silence it lest it aid the enemy. During World War I, the bell was stilled during Zeppelin raids for fear that its far-reaching boom might be picked up by airships and give them bearings over the blacked-out city. That isn't as far-fetched as it might sound, for Big Ben is audible over a radius of four miles. Ben was also silenced during the first few months after the outbreak of World War II in 1939, when heavy air raids were expected. The raids did come nearly a year later, but on Armistice Sunday in 1940 Ben again began booming out in defiance.

Throughout the rest of the war, the clock could be heard in person—and most of the time over the BBC—even during the heaviest air raids and often against a background of moaning sirens and the thunder of antiaircraft fire. Only while V-1 and V-2 flying bombs were crashing on London in 1944 did authorities think it wise to substitute recorded transmissions over the BBC for the usual "live" broadcasts. The decision was based on the theory that if a bomb should destroy the clock tower, the resultant interruption of Big Ben's hourly time signal over the BBC would tip off the Germans that they had scored a hit on the Houses of Parliament. The radio silence lasted two and a half months, and during that time one flying bomb actually missed the tower by only a few feet. A mechanic working on the clock said the missile seemed to be heading straight toward him. "It came so close I could have thrown my hat on it," he said.

Altogether, Big Ben survived 1,224 raids on London and 12 direct attacks on the Houses of Parliament. In time the clock came to be regarded as indestructible as the British capital itself, and apprehensive, weary Londoners emerging from shelters after a particularly heavy raid would look to the sentinel-like tower for reassurance that the city still lived. Often Big Ben would be bathed in the orange glow of dozens of surrounding fires, but its mere survival was enough to lift the spirits of its beholders.

Londoners got their chance to say thanks to Big Ben toward the end of the fighting in Europe. Through most of the war the clock had been blacked out (that is, the faces were not illuminated at night), but the government announced that the lights would be turned on again on April 30, 1945, at 10:15 P.M. As the appointed hour approached, crowds gathered in Parliament Square and along the banks of the Thames. It was a joyous occasion, almost like Times Square on New Year's Eve. The crowds fell silent as the minute hands moved toward the quarter-hour mark. When the 15-minute chimes struck and Big Ben suddenly glowed against the night sky, a great cheer went up. For the watching thousands, the lights of London were truly on again.

Three and a half months later—at Tuesday midnight, August 14, 1945—Big Ben struck the hour of final victory while Prime Minister Clement R. Attlee was informing the nation by radio in calm, unemotional tones: "The last of our enemies is laid low."

The most solemn reason for interrupting Big Ben's normal chimes is the funeral of a sovereign. The most recent occasion, of course, was during the last rites for King George VI in 1952; the bell was muffled and tolled by hand 56 times at one-minute intervals—once for each year of his life.

WHAT is the background of this unique clock? How did it come to be built? How did it get its name?

The subject of a clock for the Houses of Parliament was first raised after the old Palace of Westminster was destroyed by fire in 1834. In planning a new home for the Houses of Commons and Lords, the government agreed that a clock tower should be included, and the then astronomer royal, Sir George Airy, was given the task of finding a clockmaker.

Airy set what seemed an impossible requirement for the clock—that it register the time correct to one second a day. No public clock in the world, driving long hands exposed to wind and weather and controlling heavy striking mechanism, had ever been asked to work within such fantastic limits.

Regular clockmakers shunned the assignment, and a fierce controversy over the practicability of Airy's specifications raged for several years. Finally, the astronomer royal called in Edmund Becket Denison, later Lord Grimthorpe, an eminent lawyer, brilliant mathematician and sort of minor Leonardo da Vinci. Denison produced his own design, and E. J. Dent of London, an expert chronometer maker, was given the job of building the clock.

Before it could be completed, Airy had to retire for health reasons. Denison carried on, but then Dent died. However, his stepson, Frederick Dent, took over and completed the giant clock in 1854. For the next five years, it was tested in the Dent factory.

The next move was to get the bells. The four quarter-hour bells gave no trouble—but the specifications called for an hour bell of 14 tons, and the largest bell that had been cast in England up to that time was 10¾-ton Great Peter at York Minster. Nevertheless, a Stockton-on-Tees firm undertook the assignment and cast a 16-ton monster. It was strung up on scaffolding in Parliament Yard and a 1,650-pound clapper rigged to test it. Six men pulled on the rope that swung the huge clapper—and the blow cracked the bell, ruining it.

MESSRS. MEARS, an East London firm, cast a second bell on April 10, 1858. While crowds cheered, the 13½-ton bell was drawn by 16 white stallions to Westminster and, like its predecessor, hung in the yard for testing. It survived not only the first blow, but the daily test blows that continued thereafter for several months.

Finally satisfied that the bell would do, Denison directed its hanging in the great clock tower. To get it to its eyrie, he ordered the bell placed sideways on a cradle, wheeled to the bottom of the shaft, and hoisted inch-by-inch by man-powered tackles. The sides of the shaft were timbered and lined with friction rollers to guide the bell upward. The job took a week.

At last the great clock and bells were ready, and Londoners listened breathlessly for the long-promised chimes. Denison's troubles seemed over. But the clock refused to go. The Cockneys and the clockmakers laughed but Denison was unperturbed. "Change the hands," he ordered. He was right; the huge cast-iron hands weighing up to 2½ tons each were too heavy for the mechanism to move. Lighter hands were made and installed—the hour hands of gun metal and the minute hands of flat, hollow copper.

Denison's hour of triumph and vindication came on May 31, 1859, when the giant clock boomed out for the first time. The entire job had taken 15 years and cost £22,014 (about $110,000).

More trouble lay ahead, though. Only two months after the clock went into regular service, the voice of the big bell broke and became ghastly hoarse. Examination showed that, like its predecessor which had never left the ground, the bell had cracked—possibly due to the use of too heavy a hammer. The fault was about a foot long, but removal and recasting were practically impossible. A slot was cut in the lip to prevent the crack from spreading and the bell was turned around one eighth to obtain a different striking surface. All went well—except that to this day the bell's voice is abnormally gruff.

Big bells traditionally are given names in England, and the question of a name for the new hour bell was raised as soon as the clock began striking. Parliament held a special sitting to find a suitable name, and tradition has it that the Chief Lord of Woods and Forests, Sir Benjamin Hall, a man of large physique and known affectionately as "Big Ben," made a long oration on the subject without arriving at any decision. As he sank back into his seat, mopping a perspiring brow, an irreverent and waggish member, thoroughly bored with the proceedings, shouted: "Call it 'Big Ben' and have done with it!" The House rocked with laughter, and Big Ben the bell became. Today the name is applied indiscriminately to both the clock and the bell—although the clock is more formally known as The Great Clock of Westminster or The Great Clock of Parliament.

Big Ben's vital statistics are as fascinating as its history. The total weight of the working parts of the clock is five tons, yet some are as light and delicate as those of a wrist watch. Each dial is 23 feet in diameter, and the cast-iron frame of each dial weighs four tons and holds 312 panes of opalescent glass. The minute hands are 14 feet long, weigh 224 pounds each and travel 100 miles a year. The minute markings are one foot apart. The hour hands are nine feet long, and the hour figures are two feet high.

The clock has a three-legged gravity escapement, which is released every two seconds to advance the minute hands two fifths of an inch. The pendulum weighs 685 pounds and the bob (at the end of the pendulum), 448 pounds. The pendulum is 13 feet long and swings once every two seconds. There are three trains, each driven by a separate weight. Those for the chimes and striking weigh about 2½ tons, while the clock weight itself tips the scales at about 560 pounds. All these weights are hung by wire ropes and descend almost to ground level when run down.

Before the introduction of electrical winding about 40 years ago, it used to take two men from Messrs. Dent five hours to wind the clock by hand, and they did it three times a week. Now the Dent firm sends one man on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; he may be any one of its employees, for no special crew is assigned the task. The man spends four hours at the clock tower. He takes 40 minutes to wind all three trains simultaneously with the aid of a 2½-horsepower motor, then wipes over the whole mechanism with an oily rag, dusts the rails around the clock and cleans the floor. Big Ben is struck by a hammer which weighs 448 pounds. It rises about a foot and then drops with a terrific thud on the sound bow. The first stroke indicates the correct time.

ALTHOUGH Big Ben's boom has been London's most impressive sound for nearly 100 years, it was radio that made it the best known of the world's time signals. Ben made its radio debut on New Year's Eve, 1923, and its voice has been traveling around the globe ever since. The microphones are hung in the belfry on the river side. The first microphone was suspended in a soccer-ball bladder stuffed with cotton batting to lessen the vibrations. The bladder had to be replaced at frequent intervals; pigeons kept puncturing the rubber to get at the cotton for nesting material. Now two mikes are fixed in a felt-lined metal box fitted on a panel.

Great Tom, at St. Paul's Cathedral, will take over for Big Ben next year on the BBC when it becomes apparent that the sound of workmen hammering is likely to interfere with the broadcasts. Great Tom was cast in the reign of Edward I. It has subbed for Big Ben before, during the 1934 renovation, and is a worthy deputy.

Great Tom's note is far superior to Big Ben's in musical tone, but Ben's voice somehow seems to hold the spirit of London itself. It has been said, if the lions around Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square could roar, they would make that same gruff, defiant noise.

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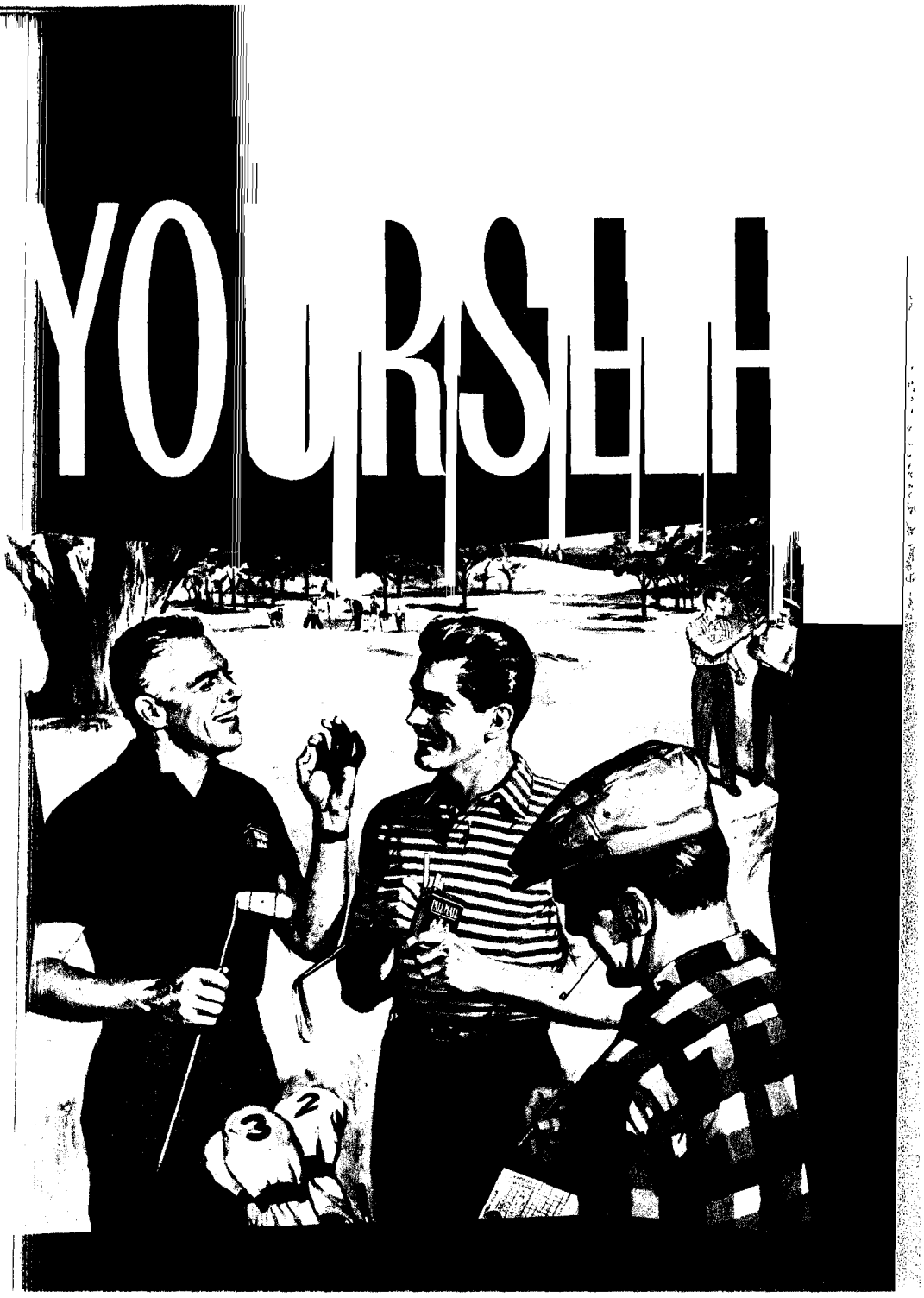

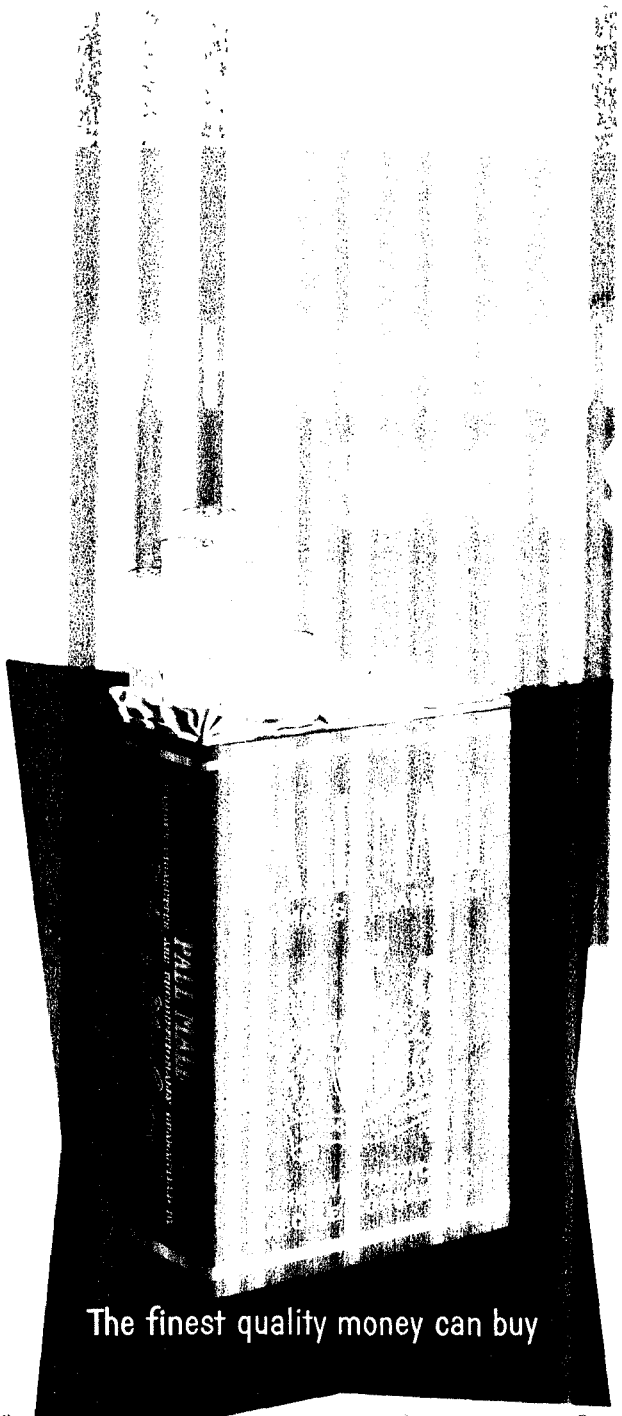

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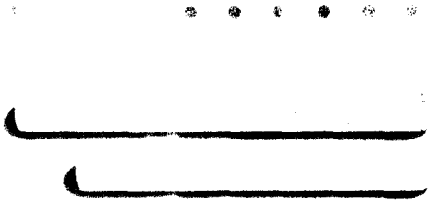

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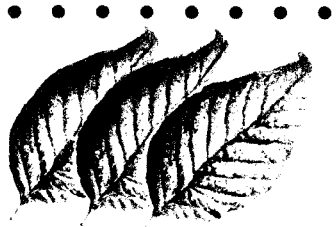

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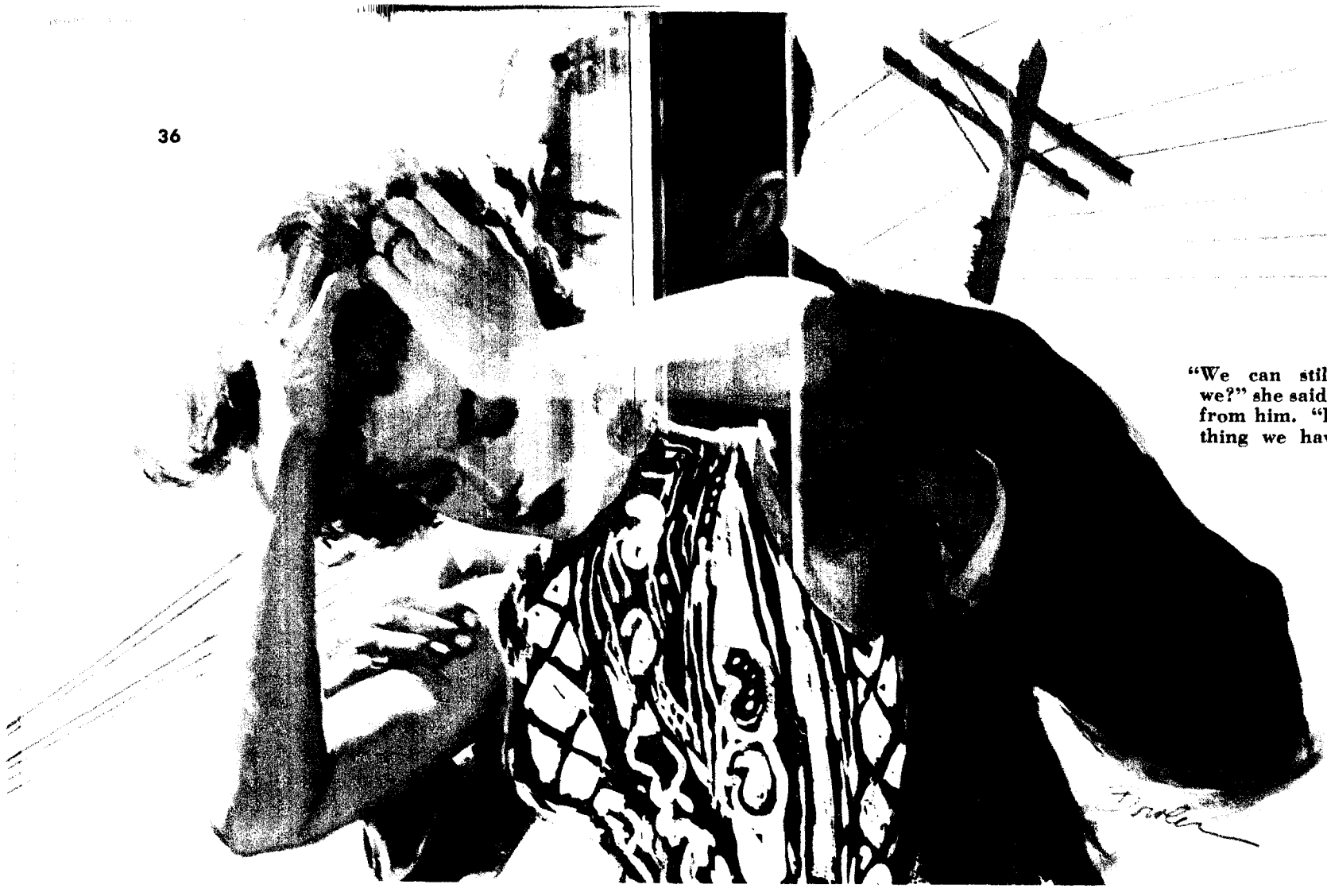

"We can still fight, can't we?" she said, twisting away from him. "Is that the one thing we have left to us?"

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit

By SLOAN WILSON

Tom wondered if Betsy—if any wife—could accept the shocking fact he was about to confess

The Story: Unable to support his family as he wanted and disillusioned with the postwar world, TOM RATH cynically joined the ranks of the salary-hungry young men around New York and got a job as assistant to RALPH HOPKINS, president of the United Broadcasting Corporation. Tom's first assignment in this job was to draft a speech Hopkins would give at a medical convention in Atlantic City, a speech that would inspire the doctors at the meeting to ask Hopkins to establish a mental-health committee that would raise funds in much the same way as the March of Dimes. Tom did not entirely believe in either the committee or Hopkins, but the salary was attractive. Tom's only other hope for more money lay in the estate he had inherited from his grandmother, FLORENCE RATH. Though the estate was not particularly valuable in itself, Tom and his wife, BETSY, sold their house in Westport and moved into the big house at South Bay, hoping to get permission from the local Zoning Board to subdivide the property. Tom needed this extra money desperately because CAESAR GARDELLA, a man from his paratroop outfit in the war and now an elevator operator in the United Broadcasting building, had approached him and asked him to contribute to the support of MARIA. Maria was a girl Tom had lived with in Rome for several weeks during the war, and Tom now learned she had had a son after he left. Though she had married a man named LOUIS LAPA, the family was destitute. Tom had never told Betsy about Maria, and now he was afraid that Caesar Gardella might reveal this episode and not only break up Tom's marriage, but also make him lose his job. And then another obstacle was placed in Tom's way: EDWARD SCHULTZ, who had worked for old Mrs. Rath, contested her will, claiming the estate was meant for him.

The Last of Three Parts

WALKING into the First National Bank of South Bay, Connecticut, Judge Saul Bernstein opened a gate in a low partition at the rear, and approached the desk of Walter Johnson, the president. "Good morning, Walt," he said. "I'd like to find out the bank balances of two men: a Mr. Thomas R. Rath and a Mr. Edward F. Schultz."

"Just a minute," Johnson said, and picked up his telephone.

Bernstein sat down. That morning he had received in the mail from Edward Schultz a Photostat of a document written on the personal stationery of Mrs. Florence Rath. *To Whom It May Concern,* the document said. *In exchange for his services for the rest of my life, and in place of paying him a regular salary for same from this day forward, I hereby bequeath my entire possessions, including my house and land, to Edward F. Schultz, who has served me faithfully for more than thirty years.* This was typewritten, with the date June 10, 1953. Florence Rath's signature followed, written by a quavering hand.

Bernstein had studied this and carefully reread the long, precisely phrased will that Mrs. Rath's lawyer had sent him, a document that was dated January 18, 1948. Edward's document was not a legal will like the one that left everything to Tom, Bernstein saw, but it might be considered a legal contract, and quite a case might be built on that. And regardless of the legal technicalities, what had old Mrs. Rath intended?

It was possible that old Mrs. Rath had simply been forgetful, had made her bargain with Schultz and forgotten to tell her lawyer or grandson. On the other hand, she might have told her grandson of the change, and young Rath might have decided simply to say nothing about it to anyone, confident that his grandmother's agreement with Schultz would be thrown out of court because of legal technicalities—because it bore the names of no

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Malted barley and other grains are carefully selected from our country's choicest crops. The tangy hops that give beer its distinctive taste are harvested only when their flavor is at its best.

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witnesses to the signature. And theoretically it was just as possible that the document presented by Schultz was in some way a fake, although Bernstein was quite sure that Schultz's lawyers would have had the signature examined before accepting the case. His real responsibility, Bernstein felt, was to discover which of these circumstances had actually happened.

The bank president put down the telephone. "Mr. Rath has a savings account with approximately nine thousand dollars in it, deposited on September the second, all in one check from a real-estate outfit in Westport," he said. "Mr. Schultz has a savings account of approximately seventy-eight thousand dollars, deposited here over a period of thirty years, in varying amounts on the third of each month."

"Thank you," Bernstein said, concealing his astonishment.

Bernstein walked slowly up Main Street. There was nothing he could do with this information, since it was confidential, but he wondered how old Schultz could have continued his deposits if he had had no salary for several months. And why were his monthly deposits of "varying amounts"? Would not an employee with a regular salary tend to deposit the same sum every month?

SUDDENLY Bernstein had an idea. Quickening his pace, he walked to Hopeland's Grocery Store, which specialized in luxury items. That is where Mrs. Rath would have been almost sure to order her groceries. He went straight to Julius Marvella, the manager.

"Morning, Judge," Julius said, grinning. "Have you come to take me in?"

"Not today, Julius. I wondered if you could tell me something. Did old Mrs. Rath trade here?"

"Nope—she went to Fritz's place. Hasn't traded here since I was a kid."

"Do you know why she changed?"

Julius shrugged.

"Nobody's going to get into trouble if you tell me," Bernstein said. "And you won't have to appear in court. I won't mention your name."

"Okay, Judge," Julius said. "This guy Schultz did all her buying for her, and he wanted kickbacks. He asked Pop to pad Mrs. Rath's bill. Not just a little, mind you—Schultz wanted him to add twenty per cent every month. You know how Pop was on that stuff. He threw the crook out."

"Thanks," Bernstein said.

"I'm making no charges—I'm just telling you what happened here. I don't want to get Fritz into trouble."

"I won't even have to talk to Fritz," Bernstein said. Six years ago he had successfully represented a man bringing suit against Fritz for padding bills. That clears up one thing, the judge thought—Schultz is dishonest. A piece of knowledge like that was a lot more help than the legal reviews that came to his office each month.

Bernstein strolled around the town, chatting casually with shopkeepers. Within two hours he had accumulated a fairly complete dossier on Schultz. The man had done most of Mrs. Rath's purchasing at stores whose proprietors Bernstein suspected, some because of rumors he had heard, others because of their record. All this was perhaps less strange, Bernstein thought, than the fact that virtually no one could remember ever having seen Schultz spend money on himself. . . .

It was a little after ten o'clock that same morning that Ralph Hopkins telephoned Tom Rath to postpone their luncheon date to talk about the mental-health speech. In his usual friendly way Hopkins explained that he had to go out to South Bay to discuss a family matter with his wife.

When he arrived Helen was sitting alone in the huge living room overlooking the harbor. She was a short woman who had grown rather stout, but her face retained its delicate shape. She wore a severe black cocktail dress which had been designed for a much slimmer figure.

She got up a little nervously when Hopkins came into the room. She hadn't seen him for more than a month; he had been staying in his New York apartment.

"Hello, dear," he said. "You're looking grand!" He kissed her lightly.

"Is Susan here?"

"No—she's at some party out on Long Island. That's what I want to talk to you about, Ralph. She's at parties all the time."

"That's natural. She's young. I don't see anything to worry about."

"Well, I do!" Helen paused as a maid came in with a tray of drinks.

"After this, please try to have a closet or something in here with some liquor in it," Hopkins said to Helen. "I like to mix my own drinks."

"All right," Helen said. When the maid had gone, she went on: "I don't think you understand the situation. Have you ever *thought* about Susan? What is going to happen to her?"

"Happen to her?" Hopkins said. "Nothing, I hope. I hope she marries and has a nice family. She's pretty, and she won't be exactly a pauper."

"No, she won't be a pauper," Helen said. "I'm glad you've thought about it at least that much!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"To put it bluntly, your daughter is probably going to be one of the richest young women in the country, and we haven't done anything at all to prepare her for it. And if she keeps on the way she's started, she's going to get into a lot of trouble."

"I think you're exaggerating," he said. "Money is no reason why she has to get into trouble."

"Isn't it?" Helen said. "Don't you see what a difference money makes for her already? Everything she does gets into the newspapers! Any little joke she makes gets into the gossip columns. Don't you read the papers?"

"Not the gossip columns."

"Well, try them! You'll learn a lot about your daughter. At the age of eighteen, she's a celebrity! And the men she goes out with! You should see them. A man called for her here the other night who's older than I am!"

"Who?"

"Byron Holgate. He drives a ridiculous-looking automobile, he's had two wives, and he sails in ocean races."

"I know Holgate," Hopkins said. "He's a fool. What's she running around with him for?"

"She's not just running around with him—she's with him half the time. I wouldn't be surprised if she were thinking about marrying him. And the other people she sees aren't much better—it's the whole café-society crowd."

"All right," Hopkins said, "you shouldn't let her run around with that crowd. Have you had a talk with her?"

"Sure, I've talked with her! She says I'm old-fashioned, and she says I'm nobody to talk, because my own marriage has been a failure."

"That's not true," Hopkins said. "I consider our marriage a success."

"Let's not go into that," Helen said. "The point is, I can't do anything with her. And I'll tell you exactly what's going to happen if she keeps on: she's going to be one of those women who's in and out of the divorce courts most of her life."

"I think you're being an alarmist," he said. "She's young and high-spirited. Give her a few years, and she'll straighten out. Meantime, she ought to go to college."

"Yesterday she flatly refused. College is for children, she said. She claimed most of the men she knows are more brilliant than college professors!"

"Maybe we've got to get a little tough with her. Tell her if she doesn't go to college we'll stop her allowance."

"I've already told her that," Helen said patiently. "She said to go ahead. She said plenty of people would be willing to give her a fancy job. Simply because she's your daughter, she's not the same as other people. You've given her a problem, and it's time you started helping her to handle it."

"I don't see what I can do," Hopkins said. "She's not a child any more. If she wants to ruin her own life, let her. I'll set up a small trust fund for her and put the rest into my foundation."

"The Ralph Hopkins Foundation!" Helen said bitterly. "That and the headlines about your daughter's divorces will perpetuate your name."

"Let's not get emotional," he said.

"I'm not emotional!" Helen replied, her voice rising. "I just want to discuss a few facts. Since they were born, you've left the upbringing of the children to me, and I haven't done a bad job. Bobby was a good boy—you were never particularly aware of him, but he was. He enlisted in the Marines because he thought it was the right thing to do. He wanted the hardest job he could get, and no favors from you!"

Tears suddenly came to Helen's eyes, as they still did quite often when she talked about her dead son. Hopkins got up and awkwardly put his arm around her. "You've done a wonderful job," he said.

"But Susan has me licked, and I need your help! What I want you to understand is this: If I don't get your help, I'm through. I'll get a divorce, on grounds of desertion."

"I'm going to try," he said.

"Trying isn't enough. I don't mean you've got to succeed with Susan, but you've got to do more than just make a halfhearted effort to get yourself interested. And don't come back to me and tell me you're sorry, but you are what you are, and nothing can be done about it. You've got to give her *time*. Put her down on your calendar. Treat her as though she were something you were a trustee of!"

AT NOON of the day finally set for Tom to have lunch with Hopkins to discuss the speech, Tom's secretary came into his office and said, "There's an elevator man here to see you. His name is Gardella."

A moment later Caesar entered and shut the door behind him. "Hello, Caesar," Tom said. "Nice to see you."

"We heard from Gina's mother," Caesar said. "She doesn't know where Maria is. Maria and Louis and the boy aren't in Rome and more, and she hasn't heard a word from them for six months."

"What do you think happened?" Tom asked, and glanced out the window. He found it hard to look at Caesar.

"Gina's mother thinks they may have gone to Milan to look for work, and that they didn't tell anybody they were leaving because they owed so much money," Caesar continued. "Anyway, there's no sign of them now. But if things went real bad, Maria would have to go to some relatives for help. Sooner or later she'll turn up. I'll let you know."

"Thanks," Tom said.

"Well, so long," Caesar said, and went out the door.

Tom walked over to the window. What would I do, he thought: What would I do if right now I knew they were starving and knew where to reach

COLLIER'S **"And now my signature will mean something on a check"** CHARLES STRAUSS

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them? I couldn't do anything without telling Betsy, but how would you tell your wife a thing like that?

What would she do? Would she cry? Would she be angry, jealous? He simply could not imagine what she would do—he couldn't picture himself telling her about Maria at all. Maybe I'll never have to, he thought. Maria isn't there any more; it is as though she never existed. Suddenly he was praying like a child: Dear God, I want Maria to be all right . . .

CARRYING the speech in its Manila envelope, Tom went to keep his appointment with Ralph Hopkins. "How about the University Club for lunch?" Hopkins asked when they got out on the street.

"That would be nice."

"Let's walk—it's a grand day," Hopkins said.

I hope he doesn't ask me what I think of the speech now, walking along Fifth Avenue in the sunshine, Tom thought. It would be very difficult for me to play games with him here and now.

On the way to the University Club, Hopkins kept up a pleasant line of chatter about fishing. And when they had sat down at a table in the corner of a high-ceilinged dining room, Hopkins asked, "Well, what do you think of the speech?"

Tom glanced at Hopkins and saw that he was watching him intently. But the business of ordering luncheon delayed the necessity of his saying anything for a few more minutes. The hell with it, Tom thought suddenly. Here goes nothing. And then he heard himself saying aloud in a remarkably casual voice, "To tell you the truth, Mr. Hopkins, I read the latest draft, and I just don't think it's very good."

"What do you think is the trouble with it?"

"It doesn't say anything," Tom replied. "That's the main trouble I had when I was trying to write it. The only point you really make is that mental health is important, and you can't repeat that for thirty pages."

"I see," Hopkins said. "What do you recommend that I do?"

"I think you should come up with some concrete recommendations on how to solve mental-health problems," Tom heard himself boom confidently.

Hopkins said with a trace of impatience, "Don't let's forget that I don't know anything about concrete solutions for mental-health problems, and I don't want to pretend that I do."

"But—" Tom began.

"Wait a minute. I think you've put your finger on something. This draft of Bill Ogden's rings false because it confuses the job of starting a mental-health campaign with carrying it out. So now let's go back to the original purpose of this speech. What I'm trying to do is to form a committee to publicize mental-health problems—that's a subject I do know something about. I'm trying to make myself a rallying point, to bring the doctors and a committee of publicity boys together. What this speech should say, in effect, is that I know the problem, and Barkis is willing if wanted. That's all. Do you get the picture?"

"I think so," Tom said.

"All right. We've been way off base on this speech. Try it for me from scratch, will you?"

"Be glad to," Tom said, paused, and added, "I was wrong in advising you to make specific recommendations—I can see that."

Hopkins smiled. "You've helped me cut through a lot of fog on this," he said. "Can't thank you enough!"

That night when Tom got home to South Bay, Betsy immediately asked, "Did you see Hopkins?"

"Yes," Tom replied.

"I suppose you told him his speech is great," she said bitterly.

"No, I didn't."

"You didn't?" Betsy asked.

"It didn't go the way I expected it to at all," Tom said. "I was completely honest with him, and I think he was with me. And what's more, he cleared up a doubt I've always had in the back of my mind—he showed me he's completely sincere about wanting to do something about mental-health problems. All this talk about his starting this committee just for a publicity build-up is a lot of nonsense—I'm sure about that now."

"You seem so astonished," she said, laughing, "almost disappointed."

Tom grinned. "I don't know," he said. "Maybe I've been worrying too much about Hopkins' honesty and not enough about my own. Anyway, from now on I'm going to play it straight with him, and we'll see how it goes."

"I'm glad!" Betsy said. "You know, for a while there, I wasn't sure *what* kind of a man I had married."

Tom glanced at her sharply. "Don't let's go into that," he said. "Let's have a drink." . . .

On the day Hopkins was to have lunch with his daughter, he let himself into his apartment and looked quickly around the big living room. No one was there. He walked back to

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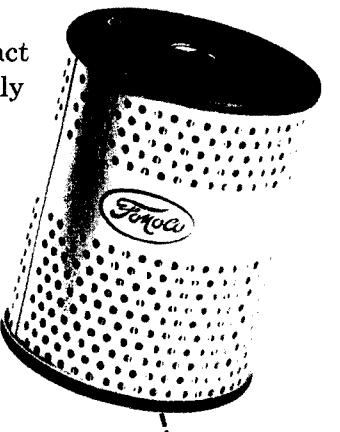

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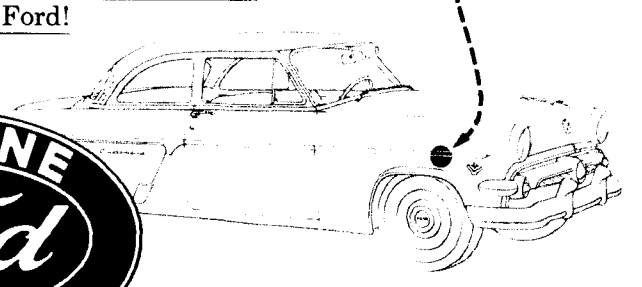

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the kitchen, where the cook was fixing luncheon for two and the waitress was filling a silver bucket with ice cubes. "Has Miss Hopkins called?" he asked.

"No, sir," the waitress said. "No one called all morning."

He returned to the living room and sat down. He had canceled an important business meeting to keep this date and now was suddenly seized with the fear that Susan simply would not come. Impatiently he got up, walked to his desk, and took out a draft of a promotion brochure. Picking a pencil from his pocket, he began to edit it.

HALF an hour later there was a knock on the door. He sprang from his chair, dashed across the room, and opened it. Susan said, "I'm sorry I'm late. The traffic—"

"It's all right!" he said. "Come in! Come in and sit down!"

She walked hesitantly into the room, which she had seen only once before, long ago. She was a slight, dark-haired girl with a good figure, and a beautiful, intense face. She sat down and nervously lighted a cigarette. "You wanted to talk to me?" she asked. "I suppose Mother told you I don't want to go to college, and now you're going to try to persuade me."

"Of course I'm not!" Hopkins said without hesitation. "I don't want you to go to college if you don't want to!"

She glanced at him. "What do you want to see me for, then?"

He had answered from instinct, and now the arguments he had planned to use must be discarded. He sipped his drink slowly. "I've got a problem I've never discussed with you," he said. "It's a rather hard one to talk about, but perhaps we should."

"What kind of a problem?"

"It's difficult to describe. You are aware, I suppose, that the world has treated me pretty well. Over the years, I have gradually accumulated a good many responsibilities, a good many of them could easily fall upon your shoulders quite suddenly, and you've had no opportunity to get ready for them—"

"Are you talking about money?"

"In part."

"I'm not interested in money. I think it's a bore."

"No sane person is interested in money as such," he said.

"You've always seemed to be. I always thought it was all you were interested in. That's what everybody says."

"I'm sure they do," he said. "But anyone who holds even a million dollars in his hand is actually holding the entire lifetime earnings of six men, and he'd better be damn' careful what he does with it!"

"All right, but I'm not going to let that worry me," she said. "I want to get some happiness out of life! I don't want to be like you and Mother. I want to have a good time. And no matter what you say, there's nothing wrong with that!"

"Of course there isn't," he said. "I just want to see that you set about it properly."

"I don't need any help. Not from you, anyway. I don't think you're anyone to be giving lessons!"

She was breathing hard, and he saw that she was upset.

"Believe me, I want you to have a good time," he said gently, "but people who have that primarily in mind rarely accomplish it."

"What do you want me to do? You must have asked me up here alone for some reason. You never did anything like this before!"

BUTCH

"Well, I think they're very sensible in warm weather"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

"Look, Susan," he said. "I'm quite ready to admit that I've made a great many mistakes, and that a great many things are the matter with me. I'm not apologizing to you—there would be no point to that. The main thing is for us to see if we can start working together on what really are common problems. I can't undo the past, but I'm going to try to be of more help to you in the future."

She stared at him a moment. "Why are you doing this?" she asked finally.

"Because you're my daughter," he said. That sounded strangely inadequate, and he added awkwardly, "Because I love you."

"That's not true!" she exclaimed. "Don't be a hypocrite! You've hardly bothered to see me since I was born! You don't love me and you don't love Mother. To tell the truth, I don't think you love anyone—I don't think you love anyone in the whole world! And I don't want to be like that!"

Before he could say anything, she got up and fled from the apartment, slamming the door behind her.

"Susy!" he called. *"That's not true!"*

EDWARD SCHULTZ wore a shabby raincoat over his uniform. He had always had his uniforms provided by his employer and for years had refused to buy a suit to wear on his day off. He walked into Judge Bernstein's office without knocking and stared for a moment at a man sitting in a wheel chair there. Then he turned and looked at Bernstein. "Who's he?" he demanded, jerking his thumb toward the man in the wheel chair.

"This is Mr. Sims, Mr. Rath's lawyer," Bernstein said.

"Why isn't my lawyer here?"

"This isn't a trial, and you are at liberty to call your lawyer whenever you want," Bernstein said. "Mr. Sims just wants to give you a preview of the hearings on this document you brought in signed by the late Mrs. Rath. He thinks that might save you money—lots of it."

"She signed it!" Edward said.

"We know that," Sims replied. "But she never told anyone about it, and there are no witnesses to her signature. Do you know why the law generally requires witnesses to a signature?"

"It doesn't always!" Edward said. "I read that any document can be considered a will if in the opinion of the court it represents the intention of the deceased."

"That's true," Sims replied gravely. "But if you persist in pressing your claim against the estate, I intend to show the court that it was part of your job to type up Mrs. Rath's checks and submit them for her signature. I also intend to prove that her eyesight was extremely poor during her later years. And finally, Mr. Schultz, I will prove that you are dishonest."

"How?"

"By presenting at least five witnesses who will swear that you asked them to pad bills," Sims said mildly.

"They're lying," Schultz said.

"Our witnesses happen to be the most respected tradesmen in town," Sims continued evenly. "And there are other things we could look into. It might be interesting, for instance, to compare your bank balance with your income-tax returns—that too might show you are dishonest."

Edward gasped, "You can't—"

"Just keep quiet a moment," Sims said. "I'm going to give you a chance to save your neck. If you withdraw this document of yours and sign a release giving up all claim to the Rath estate, you can get out of this by paying only a small fee to your lawyer for the trouble you've already caused him."

"Wait a minute," Bernstein said. "Mr. Schultz, if you have a clear conscience, I suggest you sign nothing and that you call your lawyer immediately. If, on the other hand, you know that Mr. Sims's suspicions are justified, you will probably be saving yourself and everyone concerned a lot of trouble if you drop your case here and now."

Edward said nothing.

"If you don't sign, we'll go ahead with our case," Sims said. "I'll start by impounding your bank account."

Without a word, Edward took the papers from Sims and read them. Then he reached for a pen.

"Wait a minute," Bernstein said. "We want to call a notary public as witness. . . ."

When the notary public and Schultz had gone, Sims said, "That's that."

"I'm glad it's over," Bernstein said, and sighed. "In conducting my own little investigation, I really exceeded the prerogatives of a judge. It wasn't ethical at all!"

Sims laughed. "Now if you'll help me down the stairs, I'll go and tell the Raths," he said.

"Wait," Bernstein said. "You might as well give them the bad news with the good. I've just been appointed a member of the Zoning Board, and although I can't speak for the other members, I personally would not like to consider a housing project unless the town votes for a new school. If the people here won't build schools, we can't bring in a lot of new families. Ask Rath to hold up on his housing project, at least until the vote on the school next month. . . ."

THAT same morning Tom finished a new, much shorter draft of the speech. He liked what he had written, and only an hour after he sent the speech up to Hopkins, Hopkins called to say: "Well, you've really done it, Tom! That's just what I wanted. Let's have lunch by way of celebration."

Only about five minutes after Tom had learned of this success, Betsy called with the news that Edward had withdrawn his claim, and that in due time the house, land and a small amount of money would be theirs.

"There's only one thing for us to worry about now," Betsy said. "Bernstein says we shouldn't do anything about our housing project unless they pass a bond issue for a new school. If they vote that down next month, it may be ages. Bernstein says that in a few days there's going to be a public hearing on the whole thing, that we ought to go to. Anyway, tonight we're going to have a *double* celebration."

"That will be swell," Tom said. "I've got to meet Hopkins now."

When Tom and Hopkins passed St. Patrick's Cathedral on their way to lunch, Tom saw on the wide stone steps a worn woman with a shawl around her head leading a thin child, a little boy. The cathedral looked like one that was not far from Maria's apartment in Rome; he had said good-by to her there. After he had received his orders to go, and after she had told him she expected a child, she had insisted that they go to the cathedral one more time together. "After you have gone, I will come here often and light a candle for you," she had said, thinking only of him, not of herself. And he had cried—for the first time in his adult life he had cried when he said good-by to her.

Now, on this day of his good luck, Tom wondered whether she had lighted many candles for him. Now he was safe, but where was she? He had a sudden impulse to leap out of the moving taxi, run into the cathedral, and light a candle for her.

At luncheon Hopkins was effusive in his praise of the speech, and his assistant, Bill Ogden, gave even more satisfaction by seeming pained at the compliments Tom got; but the thoughts set in motion by the glimpse of the

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worn woman with a thin little boy robbed Tom of a feeling of victory. It is strange, he thought, that almost always there is so much irony in success.

"We people in the business of communications have a fundamental responsibility . . ." Hopkins was saying.

Tom couldn't concentrate, and Hopkins' voice seemed to fade away. *Maria,* Tom thought, *Maria.* Somehow the very name sounded heartbreakingly lonely and forlorn. He felt as though he had been awakened suddenly in the night by the distant echo of a cry for help.

IT WAS eight fifteen on the evening of the fifteenth of September. The Grand Ballroom of the big hotel in Atlantic City had been changed into an auditorium, and now there was mild applause as Ralph Hopkins walked to the platform and stood behind the lectern. He looked astonishingly small, almost frail. He placed on the lectern a black notebook containing his speech, looked up, and coughed apologetically. Tom, sitting in a back row, thought with astonishment: He's nervous—the poor guy doesn't like to make speeches, and he's scared.

Hopkins waited until the applause died down. Then in a small, unassuming voice, he said, "Dr. Stutgarten, and other distinguished physicians: It is a great pleasure for me to have this opportunity to talk to you tonight . . ."

It was an odd sensation, Tom found, to sit in the audience and hear the words he had written come back to him. He did not feel very proprietary about the words. If I myself said them, they would mean little, he thought, but coming from Hopkins, they mean a lot. At the end of precisely twenty minutes, Hopkins concluded by saying, "There is a possibility that some organization might be formed, similar in purpose to the March of Dimes, to subsidize research on mental disease, but, beyond that, to banish unreasonable fear. In such an effort, the medical profession would have to take the lead. I think you can be sure that those of us whose business it is to transmit information to the public will do everything we can to help."

The audience clapped politely, almost enthusiastically, and several doctors walked up to the lectern to congratulate Hopkins. He stood in the middle of a small circle of physicians, shaking hands and smiling.

Fifteen minutes later, Tom walked into the crowded living room of Hopkins' suite. "How do you think it went?" he asked Bill Ogden.

"Fair," Ogden said. "The advance publicity wasn't much. We'll see what the morning papers do with it."

As it happened, the morning papers played the story up. Some of them put it on the front page, but Hopkins barely glanced at the clippings Ogden handed him. He seemed much more impressed by the many requests he had got from doctors to start the committee. "I didn't sense a bit of opposition," he said to Tom. "I know that speech was a lot of work, but I think it's done exactly what we intended." . . .

On September 16th, Susan Hopkins eloped with Byron Holgate, an aging playboy with an affectionate smile. Ralph Hopkins heard about it in his office, soon after he returned from Atlantic City, on his own company's three-o'clock news broadcast. He promptly called up his wife in South Bay. She answered the telephone herself. "Hello," she said, and her voice sounded so dead that he knew she had heard about it and had not hurried to let him know.

"I just heard about Susan," he said. "I'll be right out."

"No," she said dully. And then she went on: "I know you tried to talk to Susan, and I'm sorry it didn't work." There was a pause, and then she said, "Ralph, will you do me a favor?"

"Of course!"

"Have one of your secretaries get me a ticket on one of those cruises that go around the world."

"I'll go with you," he said.

"That's awfully nice of you, dear, but I think I want to be alone for a few months. I'm awfully tired. And one more thing: Could you get rid of this place out here? I don't know—with Susan gone, there doesn't seem to be much point to it any more. I don't want to have to worry about it."

"Leave it to me," he said.

"Thank you, dear," she said quietly.

Later that afternoon Miss MacDonald, Hopkins' secretary, told Tom that Hopkins would like to see him that evening at seven o'clock. At two minutes after the hour, Tom knocked at Hopkins' door. Hopkins opened it. He was alone, and to Tom's surprise he looked tired. The first thing he said after greeting Tom was, "I've definitely decided to go ahead with this mental-health committee. I want to get rolling on it now fast."

"Maybe we should—" Tom began.

"Wait a minute," Hopkins said. "Here's what I want to do." And then, with his usual efficiency but in a curiously dead voice, Hopkins outlined the make-up of an Exploratory Committee and an Advisory Medical Panel. Tom took notes, speaking only to let Hopkins know he was putting it all down. Then Hopkins gave a description of the publicity program he wanted.

FINALLY he paused. "Now, Tom," he said, "I want you to carry the ball on this. You did a grand job on that speech—I think I can count on you. I'm not going to be able to give this project much time. Wrap the whole thing up for me. Figure out the details for yourself."

"We'll get everything ready," Tom said and stood up to go.

He was surprised when Hopkins said, "Don't rush. Sit down and have a drink."

"Sure," Tom replied.

"I don't know, I just thought it might be fun to sit and talk a little while," Hopkins said. He mixed two strong highballs, and handed one to Tom. Tom was astonished to see him drink his very fast. The silence became painful.

"Do you have any children?" Hopkins asked suddenly.

"Yes," Tom said. "Three."

"That's a nice family," Hopkins said. He mixed another drink for himself and to Tom's surprise stretched out comfortably on the couch. On his face was an expression Tom had never seen there before: a look of exhaustion, confusion and, incongruously, great kindness. "What are your plans?" he asked.

"I don't know," Tom replied. "I want to do my job here as well as I can, I guess, and see where it leads."

"That's the best way. When I was your age, I didn't have any plans—I just thought about the job at hand."

There was another interval of silence, during which Hopkins apparently was thinking, but he never took his eyes off Tom's face.

"I had a son once," Hopkins said

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suddenly. "He was killed in the war."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Tom said.

"Were you in the war?"

"Yes." Tom sipped his drink. He was tense and wary, terribly conscious that it was important for Hopkins to like him.

"How did you happen to get interested in working on this mental-health project?" Hopkins asked abruptly.

Tom started to say, "I've always been interested in mental health," but he remembered how he had made up his mind to play it straight with Hopkins. Aloud he said, "I was working over at the Schanenhauser Foundation. I needed more money, and a friend told me there was an opening in your public-relations department. I applied, and Mr. Walker steered me into this."

"I wonder whether the mental-health project is right for you," Hopkins said contemplatively. "I think you have a lot of capabilities. You look at things straight—I like the way you brought that speech down to the ground. And you're at an important stage of your career. How old are you, Tom?"

"Thirty-three."

"That's an important age. In the next six or seven years, you should really be on your way."

"Do you think there will be many opportunities with the mental-health committee?"

"Yes—of a kind. Of course, there's always a limit to that sort of thing. Organizations that don't make money never pay much, and the top planning is done by volunteers. There's a limit to how far you can go as a staff member on that sort of thing."

"What do you think I should do?"

"I don't know," Hopkins said thoughtfully. "It depends on what you want, I guess. Is money important?"

"Yes."

"I could look around the company and see if I could find a spot for you."

"I'd appreciate that," Tom said. Hopkins' eyes were still upon him. It was disturbing, that steady, unabashed gaze, the eyes tired, the face exhausted, yet so curiously intense and kind.

"How would you like to be my personal assistant?" Hopkins asked.

"What?"

"I mean, not just on this mental-health thing—someone to help me with everything I do. I've never had a personal assistant—I've never wanted one. But I like the honesty of your approach, and it strikes me that you might be able to help out in many ways. The job would give you a chance to watch lots of operations in the company and see what you're best fitted for."

"It would be a great opportunity," Tom said.

Hopkins stood up, and he seemed his old self again. "I'll talk to Bill Ogden about it in the morning," he said. "Thanks for coming up. It's *so* nice of you to give up your evening."

WHEN Tom got home that night, he found Betsy waiting up for him. "Hopkins wants me to leave the mental-health committee and become his personal assistant," he said.

"Why, that's wonderful," she replied. "What a marvelous opportunity! It must mean he likes you."

"I guess it does. But I'm not sure I want to be given a job simply because a man likes me," Tom said. "I want to feel that any time I want to quit a job, or any time my boss dies or retires, I can walk two doors down the street and get something as good."

"What makes you think he's hiring you because of friendship? He liked that speech you wrote. He must think that you're simply the best man for the job."

"I don't know," Tom said. "He's never had a personal assistant before. And the way he was tonight—it's hard to explain. He was trying to do something for me."

"Aren't you making this awfully complicated?" Betsy asked. "He's offered you a better job. Maybe a raise will go with it."

"Maybe. But this *is* complicated! What it all comes down to is, what do we want? He asked me whether money is important to me, and I said yes, but I forgot to say why. I want money to help us enjoy life, but that's not what a guy like Hopkins wants. He doesn't care any more about money than a good violinist does. He's totally absorbed in his work—nothing else matters to him. You could pay him in medals or in beans, you could put him in the middle of the Sahara Desert, and he'd still find some way to go on working day and night. Something about the way he acted tonight scared me. It sounds crazy, but I think he wants to try to create me in his own image and I don't want any part of it."

"What makes you think that?"

"Figure it out for yourself. Hopkins doesn't *need* a personal assistant, and the whole time I've known him, he's never had the slightest personal interest in me. But now all of a sudden he wants me to be his personal assistant. Why?"

"Because he likes that speech you did for him," Betsy said.

"Partly. But you know something? His daughter eloped today. And his son got killed in the war—I'd heard that, and he told me tonight. I think the poor guy's just lonely, and he's trying to hire a son."

"What are you going to do, turn him down?"

"No—that might hurt his feelings. This is like petting a tiger—you have to be awfully careful. And the funny part of it is, I'd like to be his personal assistant for three reasons: I might learn something, it would be a good recommendation for anything else I wanted to do later, and I like the guy. I think I better take the job, but I'm going to have to keep my fingers crossed—nobody can tell how it's going to turn out. When he finds I have no idea in the world of trying to be like him, he may get mad—and then he may fire me altogether."

THE next morning at a quarter to seven Betsy came into the bathroom while Tom was shaving and said, "I don't know what to do. Janey says she won't go to school."

"Why don't you let her stay home a day or two," Tom said.

"If I let her stay home," Betsy said, "Barbara will want to stay too—she's not very happy about going herself."

TIZZY

"Would you mind if I munch a little and ruin my appetite? I'm on a diet"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

"I'll talk to Janey," Tom said, wiped the soap off his face and walked to the bedroom his daughters shared.

Janey was sitting on her bed, still dressed in her pajamas. On the other side of the room Barbara was slowly getting dressed.

"What's the matter?" Tom asked.

"I'm not going to school," Janey answered.

"You have to go," Tom told her. "There's a law. Did something happen at school yesterday? Was someone cross to you?"

"No." She paused before adding, "I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"The hall."

"What's the matter with the hall?"

"Nothing," Janey said.

"I'll take you to school today, and you can show me the hall, Janey. Will that help?"

"All right," Janey said woefully. "If you'll go with me."

At breakfast Betsy said, "I can take her—you'll miss your train if you go."

"I'll take a later train," Tom said. "There's something about the hall that bothers Janey. I want to see this school."

Leaving Betsy at home with young Pete, Tom put both his daughters in the car and started down the road toward the school. He remembered being driven down the same road by a chauffeur during his own boyhood, only he had been taken on to the private school. It was ridiculous to feel one's children had to be sent to a private school, he thought. In Westport, the public schools had been just as good as the private schools.

South Bay's public school was a weather-beaten brick building of Victorian design set in the middle of a black asphalt-covered play yard. The school yard was surrounded by a high iron fence, as though it were a zoo. Tom and his daughters walked up the front steps of the school and entered a narrow, high-ceilinged hall, the walls of which were painted a dull brown.

Suddenly an electric bell rang, and immediately a horde of children rushed through the doors and dashed down the hall. They continued to funnel in from the playground, jostling and pushing one another. The hall quickly became overcrowded, and Tom felt a flash of claustrophobia. Janey clung tight to his hand. She looked scared. "This is the hall," she said.

"Yesterday she got knocked down here," Barbara volunteered.

"It won't happen again," Tom said, his voice sounding false to himself.

"I better go now," Barbara said. "My room's upstairs." She let go of Tom's other hand and was immediately swept away in the crowd.

"Stay with me," Janey said, and led the way to a crowded doorway.

Inside, Tom could see a small room with many desks jammed together. Janey suddenly let go of his hand. "Thanks," she said. He saw her go and sit at the very back of the room.

When Tom got outside, the fresh air felt good. They shouldn't have a school building like that, he thought. They shouldn't have a school like that for *anybody's* children. It wasn't like that in Westport.

I wonder what kind of schools they have for the children of the poor in Rome, he thought.

Money, I need money, he thought. If they don't build a new public school, I should be able to afford a private school. I should get everything but money out of my head and really do a job for Hopkins. I ought to be at work now. He glanced at his watch and saw it was quarter after nine.

Money, Tom thought. The housing project could make money, but it depends on rezoning, and Bernstein says we shouldn't ask for that until they vote on a new school.

A new school, he thought—so much depends on that!

TWO days later, Tom moved into Hopkins' outer office. The secretary, Miss MacDonald, seemed flustered by the change. Whenever Tom said anything to her, she answered with an exaggerated politeness that was almost worse than the coldness Ogden displayed.

A half hour after Tom arrived, Hopkins came out of his inner office. "Good morning, Tom!" he said briskly. "I've got some correspondence I'd like you to answer for me. Miss MacDonald, you can give Mr. Rath the morning's mail after I've looked it over and let him rough out the replies."

"Yes, sir," Miss MacDonald said.

An hour later Miss MacDonald brought Tom a wire basket containing about thirty letters. Some were requests from charities, some suggested various new projects for United Broadcasting, and others concerned complex business transactions already under way. On the latter Hopkins had written in his small, neat handwriting, *See*

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me. On some of the simple requests he had written, *Tell him no,* and on others, *Tell him yes.* On still others he had written, *Maybe—don't commit us.*

When Tom had several answers typed up, he sent them into Hopkins' office. To his surprise, they came back almost immediately with carefully inked corrections on them. Most of the letters had been made a little more gracious, a little more informal. Tom glanced up and, seeing that Miss MacDonald was looking at him smugly, he realized that she had been the one who had answered the letters before and that she was pleased to see his work needed correction. He called the stenographer to his desk again and *redictated the letters.*

A FEW moments later, Hopkins asked Tom to come in with the letters marked *See me.* For nearly an hour Hopkins discussed these while Tom took notes. By the time Tom got back to his desk, his head was whirling.

"Mr. Ogden wants to see you," Miss MacDonald said. "And a Mr. Gardella left his number. He wants you to call him back."

Tom dialed the number. "Hello," Caesar's deep voice answered.

"This is Tom Rath. Did you—hear anything?"

"No—not yet. I just wanted to tell you I've got a new job. Gina and I got a job taking care of a new apartment building over in Brooklyn—we're going to be custodians. I won't be around the United Broadcasting building any more, but I wanted to tell you that when we hear from Maria, we'll let you know."

"Thanks," Tom said, and hurriedly added, "I'm glad you've got a good job, I wish you luck."

"Same to you," Gardella said.

Tom put the telephone receiver down. So Caesar's got a new job, he thought—I won't be running into him on the elevators any more. Suddenly Tom felt sure he would never see or hear from Caesar again. So that is my punishment, he thought—I probably never will know what happened to Maria and the boy. Maybe this is just retribution. The hardest thing of all for me is going to be never to know. She and the boy could be starving. They could be dead. How strange it is never to know. . . .

When Tom arrived at Ogden's office, Ogden said, "For the time being your duties as Mr. Hopkins' personal assistant will be in addition to your work on the mental-health committee. Have you got a statement on the Exploratory Committee—something to tell the press how it got started?"

"No. *We haven't discussed that,*" Tom said.

"You mean you haven't even thought of it? It's the first thing Hopkins will want."

"I'll work something out," Tom said.

"How about a suggested budget?" Ogden asked.

"Nothing yet," Tom said.

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you that someone might inquire how much this whole operation is going to cost? What's Mr. Hopkins going to say: 'I'm sorry, but we hadn't thought of that'?"

"I'm sorry," Tom said hotly, "but I've never been able to get a very clear idea of just how big a project Mr. Hopkins is planning!"

"We're supposed to do the planning for him! That's what we're paid for. Get some data together! What are the budgets for the cancer and polio outfits? You've got to think these things out for yourself! All this should have been done two months ago."

"I'll do my best," Tom said.

There was an instant of silence before Ogden said, "Now listen, Tom, I know you're Mr. Hopkins' personal assistant now, but that doesn't mean you can forget about this mental-health committee. It's going to grow. Mr. Hopkins has got to be able to rely on you. If you're going to be Hopkins' personal assistant, you should get to the point where you anticipate his needs. Don't wait for me to tell you."

"I understand," Tom said. His face was hot.

"Thanks for coming up," Ogden said, and began reading a letter.

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

"We're a minority too, blast it! Why doesn't somebody worry about us?"

COLLIER'S FRANK B. MODELL

WHEN Tom returned to Hopkins' outer office, the first thing he saw was a pile of about fifteen thick leather-bound books on his desk.

"Mr. Hopkins asked me to give you those," Miss MacDonald said. "They're the company's annual reports. He said he thought you'd like to go through them."

"Thanks," Tom said. He sat down, picked up one of the books, and leafed through it. The pages were full of graphs and statistics, and he thought: I bet Hopkins knows these by heart. I should be spending every spare minute on these, all my evenings and weekends. Work in the office on Saturdays and do your background reading on Sundays—hundreds do it. He glanced at his watch. It was only eleven, but he longed for the day to be over.

Tom rolled a piece of paper into his typewriter and began to write a brief statement describing the origins of the mental-health committee. After finishing it, he glanced at his watch again. Almost an hour before lunchtime—it was ridiculous to be so restless. I'll bet Hopkins never was a clock watcher, he thought.

Time—I need more time, he thought. I've got to get this work done for the committee, and I've got to read the annual reports, and I must get our housing project going. I've got no business wishing time away.

Time, he thought: I wonder how much more time I've got? I'm thirty-three years old—I'm probably halfway through my life. What am I going to do during the other half—ride the commuters' train, and read annual reports, and write endless letters for Hopkins or someone like him, and pride myself on working every weekend? Shall I make a full-time career of being Hopkins' ghost? Is that what I want?

I don't know, he thought—who the hell knows what he wants?

Tom's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the telephone ringing. It was Betsy. "Hello," she said cheerfully. "Can you get home a little early tonight?"

"Why?"

"The P.T.A. is having a meeting in advance of the public hearing on the new school. We ought to go—Bernstein says rumors about our housing project have got around, and we may get involved in the discussion tomorrow. We should get boned up on all the facts tonight."

"I'm afraid I won't be able to make it tonight," Tom said. "I'm going to have to stay here and work late this evening. I may not be home until after midnight. And don't count on me for weekends for a long while."

"All right," Betsy said resignedly.

Tom put the receiver down and turned toward his typewriter. That school thing is important, he thought—I should be helping to work for it. How interconnected everything is! If we could get the school, maybe we could get the housing project through and really make some money. Then maybe I could find and help Maria, and maybe I could work something out with Hopkins. Maybe I could find a good honest job with him that would pay me a decent living, but not require me to work day and night, pretending I want to be some kind of tycoon.

Maybe that's why I'm on edge all the time, he thought—I have to keep pretending. Maybe if I could tell Betsy about Maria, and if I felt that Hopkins really understood that I don't want to get as wrapped up in my work as he is, then maybe I might relax. It's no damn' fun to keep the truth from people. And it's not fair to them. Damn it, I'm really cheating Hopkins—by agreeing to become his personal assistant at all, I in effect promised him something I have no intention of delivering. Of course he'll be angry when he finds out! And I'm cheating Betsy too. I bet she doesn't like this kind of life any better than I do. It must not be much fun to have a husband as incommunicative as I've been. It's funny how hard it is for us to understand each other! But how could I ever expect her really to forgive me for Maria and her boy?

ON THE evening of October 8th, Tom and Betsy went to the town hall in South Bay to attend the public hearing on the proposed new school. The town hall was stuffy, and the people filing in from the commuting trains looked bored. At five minutes after eight Judge Bernstein, who had been appointed moderator, walked out on a raised platform at the front of the hall. Sitting behind a wooden table, he

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picked up a gavel and tapped it lightly. "Good evening," he said. "We have gathered here for a hearing on an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar bond issue which has been proposed for a new elementary school, and which we will vote on a week from today. To begin the proceedings, Dr. Clyde Eustace, Superintendent of Schools, will tell why he believes a new elementary school is necessary."

Eustace was a large man, but his voice was surprisingly soft. He spoke effectively, giving facts and figures about the need for a new school, but he talked too long, and the tone of his voice became monotonous. As soon as he was through, a tall, gray-haired man in the front row stood up.

"Who's that?" Betsy asked Tom.

"Parkington's his name," Tom replied. "He was an old friend of Grandmother's—they used to feud all the time. He's nuts, but he's pretty powerful around here."

"All right, Mr. Parkington, you may have the floor," Bernstein said.

PARKINGTON began in a deep voice. "If you vote *no* on this school, you vote against further development of this community—and, if I may say so, against further deterioration. What I'm trying to tell everyone here tonight is that that's exactly what you should do.

"This has always been a good town, a beautiful town," Parkington continued passionately. "I was born and brought up here. I've never been able to understand why people move here because they like the place and then start to change it. This new school will send taxes up. That will drive the owners of big estates out. If the big estates are broken up, housing projects will come in. Housing projects bring more children than they do money. The average small-houseowner pays the town only about a third of what it costs to educate his children. And now I've heard a rumor that the old Rath estate is going to be made into a housing development. How about that, Tom? Aren't you just waiting for this school to go through, so you can get permission from the Zoning Board to cut up your land?"

"Mr. Rath, would you care to comment?" Bernstein asked.

Slowly Tom stood up. "All right," he said, "the rumor is true. I plan to ask the Zoning Board for permission to start a housing project. But I don't want my plans to hurt the chances for this new school. They ought to be decided as separate issues. A new school is needed right now. I've got two children in the old one, and I've seen it—it's terrible. Let's get the new school first and fight the battle of my housing project later. The school we have today is a disgrace to all of us."

There was mild applause as Tom sat down. Almost immediately Parkington was on his feet. "I just want to warn everybody here that breaking up the Rath estate is just the beginning," he said. "If we don't hold taxes down, other big estates will go. I've just heard that the big place the president of a broadcasting company built down by the water has been placed on the market."

"I know a little about that, and it doesn't have anything to do with schools or taxes," Tom said quickly.

"Maybe," Parkington replied, "but if the big estates go, and we keep on building schools, our taxes will be doubled! To sum it all up, a vote for a school is a vote for a housing project Tom Rath admits he's planning. And that's a vote to make this town a slum."

Judge Bernstein raised his gavel and said, "If there are no more opinions to be heard—"

"Wait a minute!" Betsy called impetuously. Tom looked at her in astonishment and saw that her face was flushed.

"Mrs. Rath has the floor," Bernstein said.

"I'm sorry," Betsy said. "But I just didn't want this meeting to end with the word *slum*. The children need a new school. Don't let our housing project be used as a weapon against—"

"This will be only the beginning—" Parkington interrupted.

"Mr. Parkington!" Betsy cut in. "I may be taking advantage of being a woman, but I refuse to let you have the last word!"

The audience laughed, and although Parkington said something, no one could hear him.

On the way out of the town hall, Betsy clung tight to Tom's arm, and he saw that she had been shaken. "I was proud of you," he said.

She smiled. "I was proud of you too. You were wonderful."

Going home in the car she sat very close to him. After leaving the car in the old carriage house, they walked up to the house, arm in arm. The sitter they had left with the children met them at the door, and said, "A Mr. Hopkins called from New York. He left his number and wants you to call him back, Mr. Rath."

Tom put the call through immediately. When he put the telephone down, he said somewhat bewilderedly to Betsy, "Hopkins wants me to fly out to Hollywood with him. He thinks I should learn something about the company's operations out there."

"He really is trying to do something for you," Betsy said. "How long do you think you'll be gone?"

"Just four or five days, according to Hopkins."

Betsy sat down, looking suddenly solemn. "Gosh, it's going to be lonely around here," she said. "Do you realize that we haven't been away from each other that long since the war?"

"It will be lonely for me too," Tom said. How young she looks, he thought—she looks almost as young as she did before the war.

"I wish we had more time together," she said. "The way things are going now, we hardly see each other, Tommy! I hate this business of your working every weekend. You're always running for a train. We ought to just go off somewhere alone together. We haven't done that for ages."

"Maybe we can." He glanced at his watch. "It's almost midnight," he said. "We better get to bed—I'll have to leave here at eight in the morning to make that plane."

"Eight hours," she said. "We've got eight hours—that's still quite a lot of time."

He glanced at her, startled. She smiled hesitantly at him. It was true: time had become precious again.

THE next morning no one on the plane recognized Hopkins. Tom was so used to seeing him deferred to in the United Broadcasting building that it was a shock to see him treated like anyone else. Hopkins obviously didn't mind—if anything, he appeared more diffident and more anxious to be polite than anyone else on the plane.

Even before the plane took off, Hopkins opened his brief case, took out a thick report, and started to read. When the plane's engines roared, and they taxied toward the runway, he glanced up briefly. "This might interest you, Tom," he said, leaned over, and took another report from his brief case.

"Thanks," Tom said, sat back and tried to concentrate on the report.

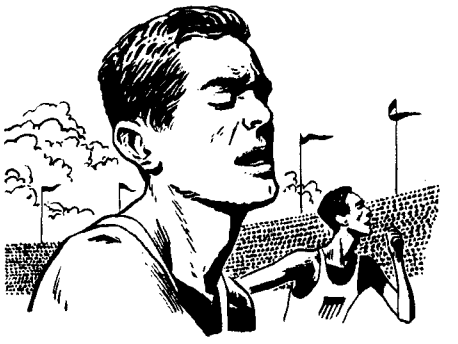
After reading for two hours, Hopkins placed his brief case on his lap and started writing memoranda with a pencil. He worked steadily throughout the long trip. When the plane finally landed in Hollywood, Tom felt tired, but Hopkins seemed energetic as ever. "We're right on time," he said with satisfaction, glancing at his watch. "Let's go to the hotel and wash up. Then we've got some meetings scheduled."

After checking in at the hotel, they hurried to the executive offices of the United Broadcasting Corporation's Hollywood building. Hopkins introduced Tom to a succession of men, all of whom talked fast and with apparent urgency about matters Tom could

"... and may I say, without fear of contradiction ..."

COLLIER'S — DANA FRADON

3 YEARS AGO...



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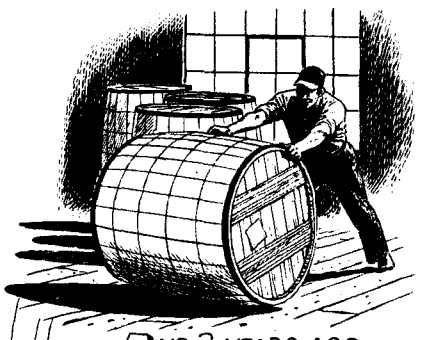

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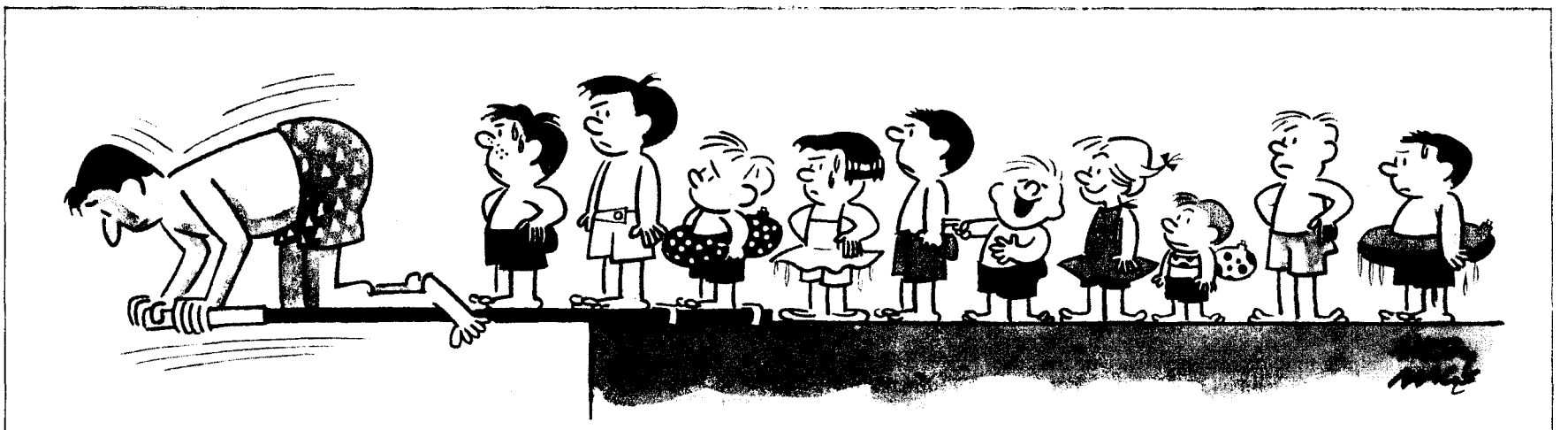

COLLIER'S HARRY MACE

hardly understand at all. He was glad when they finally went into a private dining room adjoining one of the offices. In all, there were eight men present, and they all kept talking to Hopkins at once.

On and on the conversation went. It was nine o'clock in the evening before it was over and a taxi took them to the hotel. In the elevator Hopkins said to Tom, "Want to stop in for a nightcap before you turn in?"

"That would be fine," Tom replied.

WHEN they entered the suite, Hopkins fixed two glasses of bourbon on the rocks and sprawled out on a sofa the way he had the night he and Tom had talked in his apartment. To his increasing discomfort, Tom found that Hopkins was staring at him again. There was the same mixture of tiredness and kindness on his face, the same steady gaze.

"Well, what do you think?" Hopkins asked suddenly.

"I don't know," Tom said. "There's so much involved—"

"Of course—we can't make a decision yet. How would you like to move out here and work on this end of things for a year or so?"

Several thoughts immediately flamed up in Tom's mind. This is his way of getting rid of me, he suddenly knew—this personal-assistant business is making him as uncomfortable as it's made me. But he's still trying to do something for me—now he just wants to do it at a distance, by remote control. It's a great opportunity, he thought, but what would happen to our housing project? He was suddenly filled with the confusion of moving, taking the children out of school, putting his grandmother's house on the market. Out of this welter of impressions came one word: no.

Wait a minute, Tom thought. If I say no, he's going to wonder what the devil to do with me in New York. If I buck him, he's liable to turn on me. This is like petting a tiger. "I don't know," he said carefully. "I'd like to have a little time to think it over."

"Don't you want to learn the business?" Hopkins asked quietly, but with obvious import . . .

"Of course . . ." Tom began. Then he paused and took a sip of his drink. The hell with it, he thought. There's no point in pretending. I've played it straight with him so far, and I might as well keep on. Anyway, he's a guy who can't been fooled. "Look, Ralph," he said, using the first name unconsciously, "I don't think I do want to learn the business. I don't think I'm the kind of guy who should try to be a big executive. I'll say it frankly: I don't think I have the willingness to make the sacrifices. I don't want to give up the time. I'm trying to be honest about this. I want the money. But I'm just not the kind of guy who can work evenings and weekends and all the rest of it forever. I guess there's even more to it than that. I'm not the kind of person who can get all wrapped up in a job. I want to get the most out of the years I've got left. If I have to bury myself in a job every minute of my life, I don't see any point to it. And I know that to do the kind of job you want me to do, I'd have to be willing to bury myself in it, and, well, I just don't want to."

He paused, out of breath, half afraid to look at Hopkins. And then it happened—Hopkins gave a funny, high, indescribable little laugh which rose in the air and was cut off immediately. It was a laugh Tom never forgot, and it was followed by a moment of complete silence. Then Hopkins said in a low voice, "I'm glad you're honest. I've always appreciated that quality in you."

It was Tom's turn to laugh nervously. "Well, there it is," he said. "I don't know what I do now. Do you still want me to work for you?"

"Of course," Hopkins said kindly. "It's just a matter of finding the right spot for you. How would you like to go back to the mental-health committee? That will be developing into a small, permanent organization. I'm thinking of giving my house in South Bay to be its headquarters. That would be quite nice for you—you wouldn't even have any commuting. How would you like to be director of the outfit? That job would pay pretty well. I'd like to think I had a man with your integrity there, and I'll be making all the major decisions."

"I'd be grateful," Tom said in a low voice.

Suddenly Ralph Hopkins faced him. *"Somebody has to do the big jobs!"* he said passionately. "This world was built by men like me! To really do a job, you have to live it, body and soul! You people who give just half your mind to your work are riding on our backs!"

"I know it," Tom said.

Almost immediately Hopkins regained control of himself. A somewhat forced smile spread over his face. "Really, I don't know why we're taking all this so seriously," he said. "I think you've made a good decision. Now if you'll pardon me, I think I'll go to bed. It's been a long day." . . .

The next morning Hopkins was friendly, but brisk and a little distant. "Good morning, Tom!" he said when they met for breakfast. "There's no reason why you can't fly back to New York any time you want."

"Thanks," Tom said. "I guess I might as well take the first plane I can."

"Certainly!" Hopkins replied. "And thanks so much for coming out with me. Don't worry about anything. I really meant it when I said we can use a man like you. I won't keep you on the mental-health committee more than a few years—we'll work out lots of new and exciting projects. I think the two of us will make a good team."

"I'm grateful," Tom said.

"By the way," Hopkins concluded, handing him a large Manila envelope. "Give this to Bill Ogden when you get back, will you? It's just a few notes I've made on some projects he has under way, and I know he's waiting to get my reaction."

"Sure," Tom said. "Glad to. See you later, Ralph—see you when you get back to New York."

After calling Betsy to tell her about his talk with Hopkins, Tom found he couldn't get a plane until evening. The flight was not a direct one, and it was almost nine o'clock the next morning when he got to Grand Central Station. He figured he'd better stop at the office and give Hopkins' envelope to Ogden before doing what he wanted to do, which was to rush home.

Ogden seemed surprised to see him, but accepted the envelope without comment. Tom stopped at his desk in Hopkins' office to see if there were any calls for him.

THERE was a typewritten memo from Miss MacDonald with yesterday's date. *A Mr. Gardella called*, she had written. *He said it was important and asked me to have you call him as soon as you returned.* Caesar's phone number followed. Tom dialed it.

"Hello," Caesar said.

"This is Tom Rath. Did you call me?"

"Yes, Mr. Rath. I heard from Maria. I'd like to see you."

"Is she all right?"

"Things aren't very good, Mr. Rath. Louis is dead. They went to Milan, just as I figured, and he got killed in an accident only a couple of weeks after he found a job."

"Are Maria and the boy all right?"

"They're back in Rome with my wife's folks. They need help bad, Mr. Rath. I'd like to see you and kind of talk it over. Gina and I do what we can to help, but you know how it is. We've got three kids of our own. We'd all sure appreciate it if you could do something."

There was a moment of silence before Tom said, "I'll meet you here in the lobby by the information booth. Twelve thirty for lunch."

"I'll be there."

I'll have to tell Betsy after all, Tom thought. I hope this housing project goes through. Then we'd have plenty of money, and it would be easier to tell her. If it doesn't we'll just have my salary, and is it fair to ask Betsy to share that with some woman I met during the war? She'd never do that—no woman would!

He wished he didn't have to see Betsy until he could tell her about Maria—he didn't want to have to keep secrets from her any more. He telephoned Betsy and told her he had to stay in town for a business lunch.

"You sound funny. Is everything all right?" she asked. "Are you angry at me or something?"

"I'm not angry," he said. "I just have to see a guy. This is a thing I simply have to do."

AT TWELVE THIRTY Tom met Caesar and they went to the same restaurant they had gone to before. When the drinks arrived, he said to Caesar, "Is there anything more you can tell me about Maria?"

"She sent me a letter to give you. I didn't open it."

"You have a letter for me?"

"Yes." Caesar gave him a rather soiled envelope with Tom's full name written in black ink across the front in large, slanting letters. Tom tore it open. He took out a single-page letter folded around a snapshot. He looked at the snapshot first. It showed a plainly dressed woman, quite stout and almost middle-aged, whom he dimly recognized as Maria, and standing beside her was a boy, a thin little boy all dressed up, with a cap on his head, and a shirt with a wide collar, and a little tight-fitting jacket, and short trousers. With his queer old-fashioned clothes, and his slender big-eyed face, and with his shockingly familiar forehead and nose and mouth, he looked like one of the faded photographs of Tom's grandfather. Tom stared at the snapshot and then with trembling hands quickly stuffed it back into the envelope and unfolded the letter.

Dear Tom, the letter said, *I do not like this, but I don't know what to do. For myself I do not need help, but there is the boy. Anything you could do for him would be from Heaven. I am ashamed to ask you, but we were never proud with each other, so perhaps you will understand. The boy needs help. He is a good boy. He studies well. I am sending you this picture that Louis took last year. Do not think that we are trying to make trouble for you. I leave this in the hands of God.*

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The letter was signed, *Maria Lapa*. Tom took a drink before folding the letter carefully and putting it back in the envelope with the photograph.

"Caesar," Tom said suddenly, "can I have some time to think this over?"

"Sure, Mr. Rath," Caesar replied. "Nobody's trying to hurry you. We don't want you to do anything you don't think should be done."

"How much do you think I should send, Caesar?"

"Anything would help. Gina and I have been sending ten dollars a month to her mother. Ten dollars a month is a lot of money in Rome."

"How much would Maria need to raise that boy decently?"

CAESAR shrugged. "Maria will probably go on living with Gina's mother," he said. "If you sent her a hundred dollars a month, she could do an awful lot with it. She could send the boy to a pretty good school, and everything."

"I've got to have time to work this out," Tom said. "I've got to tell my wife—you can understand that. And it's not going to be easy. I've got to have time."

"It's none of my business, Mr. Rath, but aren't you going to make a lot of trouble for yourself? By telling your wife, I mean."

"Could you send money somewhere every month, Caesar, without telling your wife?"

"No, I guess I couldn't. I sure hope this doesn't make trouble for you, though, Mr. Rath. I know Maria wouldn't want that."

"I've got a good wife," Tom said. "I don't think there's going to be any trouble. I've just got to pick the right time. You may not hear from me for quite a while, but I'll get in touch with you, and I'll make some kind of arrangement for Maria. I'll probably do it through a bank or a lawyer. It would be kind of difficult for everybody if I had to write her every month," he concluded.

"What if your wife won't let you do anything? I better not tell Maria until you're sure."

"No, you better not. We better wait and see."

That afternoon Tom had a vicious headache. He threw himself into his work and missed his regular train home. While he waited for another train, he went to the Hotel Commodore bar and drank too many Martinis. When he finally got home, Betsy looked at him with astonishment and concern. "Tommy," she said, "what's the matter with you? You look terrible."

"I guess I just have a little stomach upset," he said. "I think I'll go upstairs and lie down."

Without saying more, he walked up to the big bedroom. A few moments later Betsy came in and looked at him worriedly. "Should I call a doctor?" she asked.

"No," he replied, shaking his head. "I guess I just drank a little too much. I was tired, and when I missed my train, I stopped at the bar in the station."

"You shouldn't," she said. "It's not adult, Tommy! And when you drink like this, I feel as though we were in different worlds—it makes me feel so lonely."

"I'm sorry," he said. "After the school election can I talk with you?"

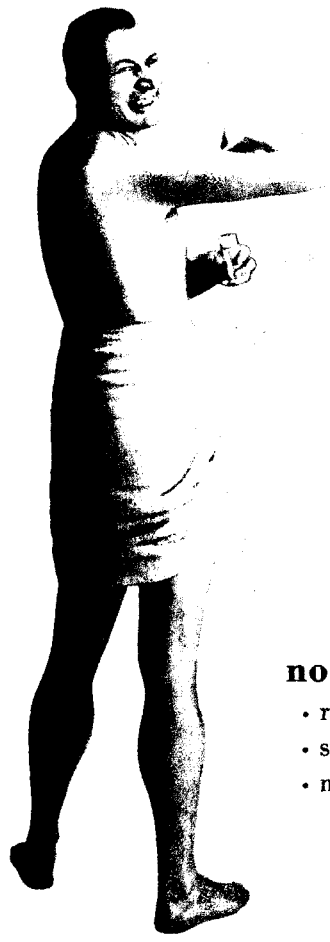
"What about?"

"Never mind now. It's funny you said you were lonely. We've both been lonely so long."

THE day of the school election turned out to be warm and clear. Tom and Betsy had voted early that morning and when Tom got back to South Bay, he stopped at the town hall, where Bernstein and a group of other officials were about to announce the count on the voting machines. A quiet crowd had assembled in the building. Bernstein walked to the head of the

COLLIER'S "Oh, for goodness' sake, do you have to count *every* stroke?" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Social Security in 3 seconds



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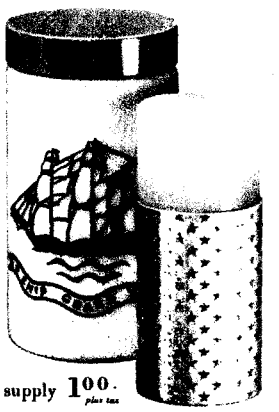

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hall and cleared his throat. "The vote on the school is *yes* by a margin of almost two to one," he said.

There was a cheer, and a rising hum of conversation. Tom shouldered his way through the crowd, headed home. Just as he reached the sidewalk, Bernstein caught up with him. "Well, we got the school," he said. "Now about this zoning problem of yours. I'll be glad to call a meeting of the board next week if you want to submit your petition."

"Do you think they'll approve it?"

"I can't tell you that. As a friend of yours, all I can say is that, in my opinion, now would be a good time to submit it."

"Thanks," Tom said. "If you don't mind, I'll hurry back and tell Betsy."

When he got to the house, Betsy came to the front door to meet him. She had brushed her hair until it shone. She smiled, and he found he didn't want to keep secrets from her any more. Now is the time, he thought. The housing project's not sure yet, but nothing's ever sure. Now is the time I'll have faith.

"Did we get the school?" she called as he came toward her.

"Yes," he said. "I've got something important I want to talk over with you. Let's go up to our room."

"Can you wait a minute? I'll put the kids to bed."

"I'll wait in our room," he said.

"Is it anything serious? You're acting so strange!"

"I'm all right. I don't want to worry you. It's just something we've got to talk over."

AS HE went upstairs Barbara and Pete, already in their pajamas, ran to meet him. He kissed them and went in to say good night to Janey, who was already half asleep.

Tom went into the big bedroom and sat down nervously on the edge of the bed. He put his hand in his pocket, took out the letter from Maria, and for perhaps the hundredth time examined the photograph. It was about fifteen minutes before Betsy came in. She was pale and suddenly seemed to him to be as fragile as a girl in her teens.

"I don't know if I should talk to you about this," he said. "I don't know what else to do. It isn't just the money—I don't like to do things behind your back."

"Behind my back?"

"It was all such a long time ago," he said helplessly. There was an awkward silence which he realized must be painful to her.

"There was a child," he began. "During the war. In Rome."

"What child?"

"A child of mine."

She said nothing. He had the strange feeling that he had not spoken, that the secret was still his. "I wasn't sure," he said. "I didn't know where she was. I didn't know for sure until I got this letter."

"A letter?"

HE GAVE her the letter. Her face was pale but expressionless as she read it. Then she took the photograph out of the envelope and stared at it.

"Was this the woman?"

"Yes."

"Did you love her?"

"I can't explain it," he said. "You can't possibly have any idea what the war was like."

"We've never talked about it."

"I can't. Do you want me to tell you horrors? I wouldn't have brought this up at all if it weren't—"

"What do you want to do?"

"I'm going to support this child," he said. "I've thought it over, and I'm going to send him a hundred dollars a month. I guess what I want is your blessing."

"My *blessing!*" she said, her voice rising suddenly.

"Betsy, do you want me to apologize for this child? So much happened during the war. What do you want me to tell you?"

"All of it," she said. "I want you to tell me all of it. You can't just come and tell me you had a child in Italy, and that's that. If you don't tell me now, I'll wonder about it the rest of my life. Where did you meet the girl in that photograph?"

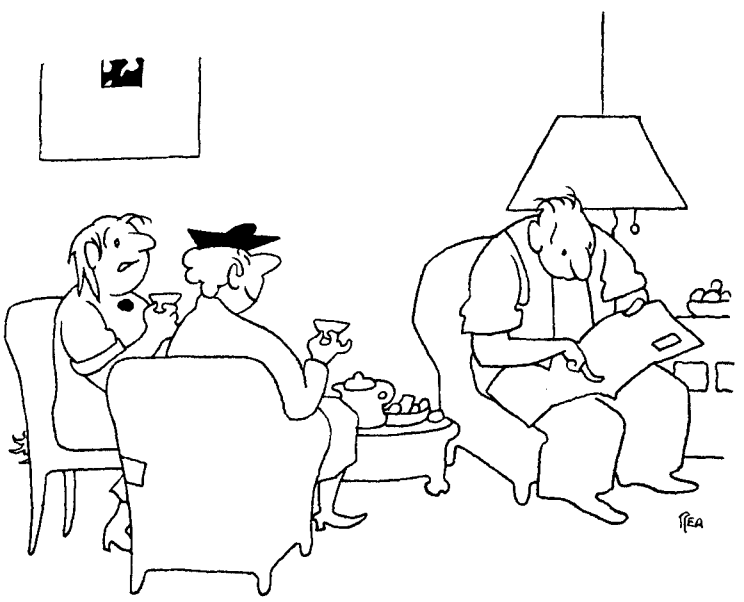
"In Rome."

"*Where* in Rome?"

"Damn it," he said. "Don't let's make this any harder than it has to be."

"I'm not making it harder than it has to be! Was she just an ordinary pickup? Were you drunk, Tommy?"

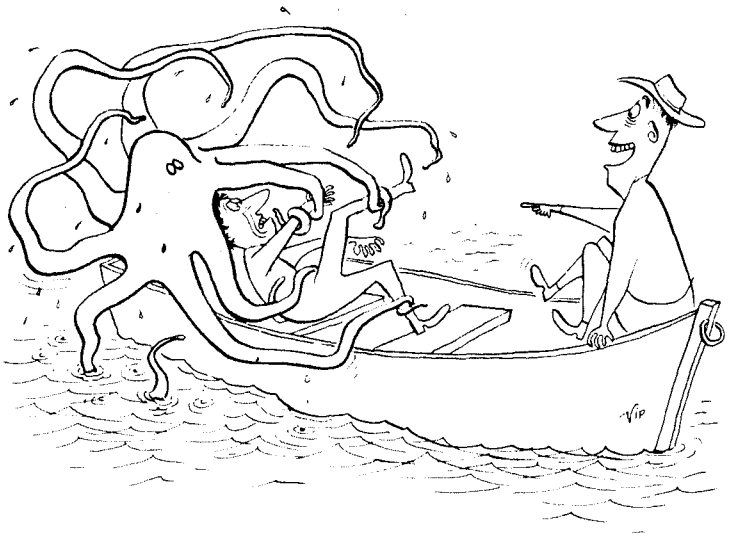
"I wasn't drunk. I was scared. And so was she. She was eighteen years old. Her parents had been burned to death before her eyes. She was broke and hungry. Now let this thing alone."



COLLIER'S

"Poor Ed reads so slow that by the time he gets through the want ads it's too late to apply for a job"

GARDNER REA



COLLIER'S

"Sam! You're not going to believe this—it's got *nine* tentacles!"

VIRGIL PARTCH

"No," she said. "I want to know."

"I lived with her," he said. "I lived with her in December of nineteen forty-four and during part of January of the next year."

"The turn of the year," she said. "You know something, Tommy? I almost went crazy worrying about you those months. You didn't write. It was the first time I'd gone that long without letters. I didn't hear from you for three months. I'll never forget that. I used to jump every time the telephone or doorbell rang, for fear it was a telegram. I can remember trying to write you letters during those months. I can remember trying to be cheerful, not to let you know I was worried. What did you do with my letters when you were living with her? Did the two of you read them together for laughs?"

"Don't," he said. "Don't torture yourself."

"I want an answer."

"I did not love her as much as I love you."

"You're lying a little, aren't you? Do you catch yourself wishing for her when you're with me?"

"Try to be adult about this," he said. "I'm not the only man to leave a child behind during the war. Anywhere the men were sent out to fight, quite a few ended up becoming fathers. Call it a practical joke of nature. The human race goes on, in spite of itself."

"You sound almost righteous when you talk about it."

"I find it hard to be really ashamed. When I met Maria I thought I was never going to see you again. Do you know what it's like to be scared right down to the bottom of your guts? Do you know what it's like to be sure beyond the shadow of doubt that you'll be killed on the next jump, or the jump after that? And do you know what it's like to be half afraid of yourself, to know in your heart that the last man you killed was killed with pleasure? I'm not trying to shock you, Betsy, but you've got to understand that having a child doesn't seem to me to be so bad. Ever since the war, it's been as though I were trying to figure something out. I've never been able to get it quite clear in my mind, but I keep feeling just the way I did when I was about to make a jump and knew a lot of us were going to get killed. I keep having the feeling that the whole world is insane."

"And now you've done your bit to straighten things out," Betsy said. "A few more illegitimate children, and everything will be fine."

"All right—I don't make sense. I don't love Maria any more—you don't have to worry about that. But she was with me when I didn't have a hope in the world. She was the only good thing that happened to me in the whole war, and we had a child. What do you want me to do, forget? Maria hasn't got any legal hold on me. I can just tell her to go to hell. I can write her now and tell her I don't believe this child is mine. One more act of brutality wouldn't change the world. But I'm not going to do it. Supporting this child is one decent thing I *can* do, even if I never do anything else, and I hope you'll help me."

"Go ahead and send him money," she said. "I'm not trying to stop you. You have my blessing."

"I didn't think you'd be bitter."

"I'm not bitter, but things haven't been very good since you got out of the service, have they? We haven't had much of a life together. You and I seem to have learned a lot of things since the war—a lot of things I don't want to know. We've learned to drag along from day to day without any real emotion except worry. We've even learned to stop fighting together, haven't we? We used to fight a lot when we were first married, but we don't really care enough to fight any more, do we? I haven't even cried for months. All I know how to do nowadays is be responsible and dutiful and deliberately cheerful for the sake of the children. And all you know how to do is work day and night and worry."

HE BEGAN pacing nervously up and down the room. "I know things haven't been good since the war," he said. "I think they'll be better."

"Were things good with Maria?" she asked.

"Maria was part of the war. I can't explain that to you."

"No, I don't know anything about war. All I know is the wife's side of it—four years of sitting around waiting, believing that faithfulness is part of what you call love."

"Stop it," he said. "We're going to have a good life together." He put his arm around her, but suddenly she twisted free and fled out of the room and down the stairs. He followed her.

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She ran out the front door. There was brilliant moonlight on the tall grass and on the distant waters of the Sound. She ran through the dark shadows to where the car was parked. He caught her just before she got there, but she whirled and hit him on the mouth with her clenched fist. He kissed her and she bit him hard.

"Did Maria kiss like that?" Betsy asked.

WITHOUT saying anything, he grabbed her. She twisted away, tearing the shoulder of her dress. He caught her around the waist, pulled her down in the tall grass, and lay beside her with one arm imprisoning her.

"We can still fight, can't we?" she said, struggling. "Is that the one thing we've got left?"

He threw himself across her and, feeling her fingers digging into his back, kissed her hard.

Suddenly she burst into tears and, burying her face in his neck, clung to him like a child. Her whole body was quaking.

"It's all right," he said. "Everything's all right."

There was no answer but her sobs. Then, after an instant of complete silence, she said, "Now let me go."

He released her and she lay full length in the grass. "Leave me alone for a little while, will you?" she said. "Go in the house and let me be by myself for a while."

"Come in the house with me."

"No, I'm not sure what we should do. Maybe you should take a few weeks off and fly over to Italy and see Maria."

"I don't want to go to Italy. I want to stay here with you. Let's get someone to take care of the kids for a week. We could drive up through Vermont together."

"I don't know. Go in the house—I'll be in after a while."

"All right." He kissed her gently and walked slowly through the moonlight toward the shadows of the house. Just before he went inside, he heard the car start. He ran toward it, but before he got there, it careened down the hill. There was nothing for him to do but wait.

It was two o'clock in the morning when the telephone finally rang. He leaped to answer it. "Hello," he said. "Is that you, Betsy?"

"Yes," she said in a small voice. "The car broke down."

He started to laugh with relief. "That's a good old car," he said. "It won't take you away from me."

"I was trying to get home—I was trying to get home as fast as I could. I got everything figured out in my mind and was on my way home when the engine made an awful noise and stopped."

"Where are you calling from?"

"The police station in Westport. They're holding me for driving without my license and registration."

"Let me talk to the cops," he said. He explained who he was to a sergeant, and used Judge Bernstein's name for influence.

"You're out of hock," Tom said when Betsy came on the line. "They're going to call you a cab. Come home. I can't wait to see you."

"I'll be there as soon as I can," she said. "I've been an awful fool, Tommy. I know that."

He went outside and sat down on the front doorstep. The moonlight was still bright on the long grass and on the water of the Sound. At last a taxi stopped in front of the house, and Betsy jumped out. She ran immediately to him.

When the taxi had gone, he turned to her. "Don't let's go in yet," he said. "It's too nice a night out."

THEY walked over to the stone wall and sat with their backs against it. He kissed her. "There are some things I have to say," she said. "Don't kiss me again, or I'll never say them. Tonight while I was driving alone, I realized for the first time what you went through in the war, and what different worlds we've been living in ever since. I'm sorry I acted like a child."

"I love you."

"You're right about helping your boy in Italy. Of course we should do all we can."

"I love you."

"He should have a good education and everything he needs."

"I love you—I love you more than I can ever tell."

"I want you to be able to talk to me about the war. It might help us to understand each other. Do you want to talk about it now?"

"No. It's not that I want to and can't—it's just that I'd rather think about the future. About getting a new car and driving up to Vermont with you tomorrow."

"That will be fun. It's not an insane world. At least, our part of it doesn't have to be."

"Of course not," he said. "I guess I expected peace to be nothing but a time for sitting in the moonlight with you like this, and I was surprised to find that this isn't quite all there is to it."

"I disappointed you."

"Of course you didn't. I was my own disappointment. I really don't know what I was looking for when I got back from the war, but it seemed as though all I could see was a lot of bright young men in gray flannel suits rushing around New York in a frantic parade to nowhere. They seemed to me to be pursuing neither ideals nor happiness—they were pursuing a routine. For a long while I thought I was on the side lines watching that parade, and it was quite a shock to glance down and see that I too was wearing a gray flannel suit. Then I met Caesar, running an elevator. He's the one who knew about Maria—he went through most of the war with me. There was Caesar in his purple uniform, staring at me, in my gray flannel suit, and reminding me, always reminding me, that I was betraying almost everyone I knew."

"I wish I could have helped you."

"You did help me—you and Caesar. I needed a great deal of assistance in becoming an honest man. If you hadn't persuaded me to play it straight with Ralph Hopkins, I would be thinking differently now. By a curious coincidence, Ralph and a good deal of the rest of the world have seemed honest to me ever since I became honest with myself. I'm sure things are going to be better. I've become almost an optimist."

"Do you love me?"

"A little."

"Don't tease me. Do you like the way I look?"

"You're beautiful. You never used to like to have me tell you that."

"I want to hear it now. Often. Tell me again that I'm beautiful."

"Every time I look at you, you are a delight to me. Every night when I get off the train and see you, I want to tell you that. I haven't for years, because you told me once that you would rather have other compliments."

"I guess when I decided to be a fool," Betsy said, "I had to play it big." She shuddered.

"You're cold," he said. "I'll take you in now."

"No. Hold me tight."

"You're trembling. Why?"

"I don't know. I feel as though we almost died and have just been rescued."

"We're not going to worry any more. No matter what happens, we've got a lot to be grateful for."

"When I think of all you've been through, I'm afraid."

"Don't be. Ever since you came back to me tonight, I've been remembering a line from a poem that used to sound ironic and bitter. It doesn't sound that way any more. Tonight for a little while at least, I feel it's true."

"What is it?"

" 'God's in His heaven,' " he said, " 'all's right with the world.' "

—SLOAN WILSON

COLLIER'S **"Now please, dear . . . try to have a boy!"** JEFF KEATE

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IKE'S "BUNKERED

It's Burning Tree Country Club, where the Washington brass can play golf an

Some well-known members of Burning Tree. L. to r., President Eisenhower, Justice Stanley Reed, radio-TV commentator Edward R. Murrow and Rep. Charles Halleck. At far right is a Secret Service man (unidentified, as usual) bearing walkie-talkie radio

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HAVEN"

By ANDREW TULLY

:lax with no concern for clothes, business, politics—or even etiquette

IT COMES to few men to be invited to play a round of golf at "Ike's Club," and the Midwestern banker felt a certain awe as the car in which he was riding turned into the driveway of Burning Tree Club in the Washington suburb of Bethesda. His eyes took in with approval the rambling fieldstone clubhouse and the well-manicured greens, then turned—and stopped, horrified—to a figure about to tee off from the number-one tee. The figure, human and male, was wearing a pair of old khaki shorts, sagging socks, shoes—and nothing else.

"My Lord!" exclaimed the guest. "Who in Heaven's name is that?"

His host, who happened to be George Allen, one-time White House jester during Harry Truman's administration and an old friend of Dwight D. Eisenhower as well, grinned.

"That," said Mr. Allen, "is Mr. Justice Stanley Reed of the Supreme Court of the United States."

The guest could not have received a better introduction to the club which is Dwight D. Eisenhower's golfing home. It is the boast of Burning Tree members that their club is the most distinguished and the worst-dressed in the world. They also acknowledge, with a kind of sheepish pride, that it may well be the noisiest and the one least likely to get a medal from Emily Post.

These raffish qualities, and the fact that it's an all-male institution, are what constitute the charm of Burning Tree, at least so far as its members are concerned. Wives may wish their big boys would be a little less shabbily masculine at their play, but since wives are not allowed inside the gate except on special occasions their complaints are genially dismissed.

President Eisenhower has been a member of Burning Tree since 1945. He likes it for the same friendly, informal qualities that appeal to the other members. But now that he is President he likes it even more for one of its unwritten rules—that no business may be transacted within the club's sacred precincts.

The membership realizes it would be impossible to ban all shop talk among golfers who represent the top drawer in Washington's government, military and business circles. But the rule is that all such talk must be casually conversational and entirely theoretical. No deals may be made, no promises given or asked, no contracts entered into at Burning Tree.

And members know that punishment for violation of this rule is swift and severe. There was the club member several years ago, when former Ambassador to Russia Joseph E. Davies was president of the club, who asked a senator if he'd made up his mind how he was going to vote on a certain bill. He didn't ask the senator how he was going to vote, merely if he'd decided how he'd vote. But the question was ruled illegal and the member was suspended for a year. Earlier, a member was forced to resign when he insisted, after several warnings, on pursuing his lobbying.

Of course, members do ask their highly placed partners highly confidential questions—but only to gain their own golfing ends. Some time ago, for example, General Nathan F. Twining, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, was lining up a difficult putt when his partner put it to him bluntly:

"What are you going to do if Chinese Commie planes attack Formosa and then run away to the Chinese mainland?" he asked. "Is there going to be hot pursuit by our guys?"

General Twining pursed his lips impatiently and a growl came up from his toes. He knew the question hadn't been asked seriously and he knew his partner expected no information. But he knew the question was supposed to knock him off sufficiently so he would miss his putt—and he did.

They say the air around that green was enveloped in a blue haze for days.

This incident is merely a casual example of an ancient art which has been developed to near perfection at Burning Tree. It is the art of nagging your opponent into defeat without actually cheating. At Burning Tree it is as much a part of the day's play as hooked drives and replaced divots, as much a part of the club as the outlandishly comfortable attire of its members.

One of the most accomplished at this art is Robert V. Fleming, president of Washington's solid and fashionable Riggs National Bank. When on the golf course, Mr. Fleming perpetually wears the innocent air of a new kid in a kindergarten. He forever seems ripe for the plucking, a perfect fall guy for the golfer with an eight handicap who is seeking a 12.

Mr. Fleming has parlayed this lamblike demeanor into sizable success at Burning Tree. Like the day he was playing against Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark. Justice Clark had waltzed through the first nine holes, largely by means of some phenomenal putting.

"Boy, you're really dropping them in today," said Mr. Fleming, awe dripping from his unctuous tones. Then, innocently, "But what are you doing with your right thumb?"

Justice Clark shot a glance from the corner of his eye at his right thumb. He kept doing it for the next nine holes and Mr. Fleming won going away.

A Rugged Day for Corporation Executives

Former club president John L. Sullivan, who was Navy Secretary under Harry Truman, has only one such coup to his credit but it gave him the biggest day ever enjoyed by a member. It was during World War II, when Mr. Sullivan was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and he was delayed in getting to the club because he'd been called to the White House to witness a wartime executive order limiting incomes from corporate salaries to $25,000 a year.

Mr. Sullivan took a copy of the order to the club with him. When he got there 18 fellow members—all corporation executives—chided him for his tardiness and demanded that since he was late he should give them some extra strokes that day. As usual, Mr. Sullivan told them, "Take all your pride will allow you." One of the executives, who usually was allowed two strokes, took 12. The others took from 5 to 8 above what they usually got.

Then, before the round started and after all bets were in, Mr. Sullivan casually asked his pals if they'd heard about the new executive order limiting salaries. Howls of incredulity and anguish filled the air. Mr. Sullivan showed them his copy of the order—then led the trembling wretches to the slaughter. That day, for the first and only time in his years of membership, John Sullivan won every bet he made.

Then there was the late Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, a sort of club patriarch who was kind to children and dumb animals but whose golfing heart was jet black. He played in a famous foursome composed of the late Steve Early, press secretary of President Roosevelt, Merle Thorpe, then editor of The Nation's Business, and the late John J. Pelley, president of the Association of Amer-

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The President, like other members, plays to win. He once made a congressional opponen

It's a tough course. Senator Homer Capehart once shot 148, a club record

ican Railroads. Senator Harrison showed up at the first tee one day with his right thumb bandaged three inches thick. When bets were made, his opponents sympathetically made allowances for his thumb.

Whereupon the senator calmly removed the bandage and threw it away. "I hate a man who carries a joke too far," he told his red-necked pals.

Members like to feel that the reason for Burning Tree's informality and delightfully outrageous atmosphere is that it is strictly a golf club. There is no swimming pool and no tennis court—it is dedicated solely to the golfing male. And it was born of male impatience.

Its birth pains occurred one peevish summer day back in 1922 when four Washington men were playing golf on a local course and had to wait 45 exasperated minutes on the tenth tee. They were Isaac T. Mann, a financier, Marshall T. Whitlach, an engineer, John H. Clapp, a bank director, and William M. Ritter, a well-to-do businessman.

"Dammit," said Mr. Mann. "This is ridiculous. We ought to start a new club with a limited membership so a man doesn't have to stand around all day waiting on a bunch of damfool women. Whit, why don't you start it?"

Next day, Mr. Whitlach began his search. He rode and tramped all over the Maryland and Virginia countryside until, three months later, he found what he wanted. It was a site on a farm five miles northwest of the District of Columbia line near the Potomac Hunt country in Maryland. Adjoining the farm was a plot of 30 acres owned by an enthusiastic golfer named Walter Tuckerman. Mr. Tuckerman tossed his 30 acres into the venture and the project was under way. The original charter members put up $10,000 each and other members, including today's, put up a $1,000 initiation fee.

The club took its name from a legend which says that a big tree on the site of the course smoked and flamed in Indian days to call the warriors together for a council. Much of the site was wooded and the first nine holes were cut through the forest, leading one visiting golfer to snort, "Burning Tree, indeed! The trouble is you didn't burn enough trees."

As might be expected, the clubhouse is a big, casual building full of the well-worn leathery comfort of most men's clubs. In the dining room, which serves only breakfast and lunch, the members sit at long tables seating 14 to 16 people, a device to make sure no new and timid—or high-hat—member can sneak off and eat by himself, or even with an individual pal.

The big meal of the week is Sunday breakfast, which is served from 8:15 to 8:45 A.M.—and the word big is the only adjective applicable. Members are offered a fare that would stagger a herd of elephants. There are, of course, ham and eggs and bacon and eggs. There is sausage. There are hot cakes. There are kippers, creamed chipped beef, grits and fried apple rings, and dozens of assorted breads and hot rolls.

Caricatures and Flags in Locker Room

But for the golfer the sanctum is the locker room, a huge English manor hall with vaulted ceiling, a room designed both for comfort and for a little genteel showing-off. The walls are covered with caricatures of the most prominent members—starting with President Eisenhower—done by Charley Dunn of Nation's Business magazine. And from the ceiling beams hang the flags of past and present Cabinet members and flag officers, and the flags of foreign nations represented in the membership by ambassadors and ministers. These include the banners of Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Twining, General Eisenhower, General Omar N. Bradley, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, the late Navy Secretary Frank Knox, the late Defense Secretary James V. Forrestal, former Defense Secretary Louis Johnson and the late Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg.

Also on display in special racks are the golf clubs of those Presidents who have been club members. Harry Truman, a nongolfer, was not a member, but there are the clubs of four other Presidents —William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding and Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was a golfer in the days before poliomyelitis crippled him.

During the 1952 campaign, three members battled for, among other prizes, the right to be represented in these racks. They were President Eisenhower, Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee and the late Senator Robert Alfonso Taft of Ohio. Before he died, Senator Taft wistfully told a friend during a round at Burning Tree, "I wish I could have gotten my sticks in there."

The course itself is beautiful, spread out over lush green countryside that rolls like gentle ocean waves. It was designed by the Scottish firm of Colt, MacKenzie & Allison with a minimum of traps but with a devilish use of the natural contours to test the hardiest golfer's skill—and patience and cussing vocabulary. The par is 72, but the difficulty of attaining this goal is attested by the recent horrible expedition of Senator Homer Capehart, the roly-poly Republican from Indiana, who set a club record with a gruesome 148 one Sunday morning.

Ike Eisenhower, a man whose patience has never rivaled that of Job, loves the course but sometimes he wishes they'd break it up and cover it with three-bedroom homes. Ike plays in the middle eighties, but he has had some titanic struggles with the 430-yard fourth hole, which is corrugated with gullies, and he seldom speaks fondly of the 18th.

Once, indeed, the President of the United States slammed into the locker room in such a pet that he swore he'd never play at Burning Tree again "unless they smooth down that blankety-blank fourth."

Then there is the marsh on the 18th hole which is known as McIntyre's Lake. It is so called after the late Marvin Hunter McIntyre, President Roosevelt's White House Secretary, who never managed to lift a ball over it.

But at least the charter members achieved their goal of soothing the impatience of the male golfer. There is no waiting at the tees at Burning Tree. The clubhouse is in the middle of the course, and members can start from any one of five tees.

The President, whenever possible, allots Wednesday afternoons and Saturdays to golf at Burning Tree. Possibly, he enjoys the Wednesday session more since generally he has just come from his weekly news conference and a man needs a golf ball to knock around after such an ordeal.

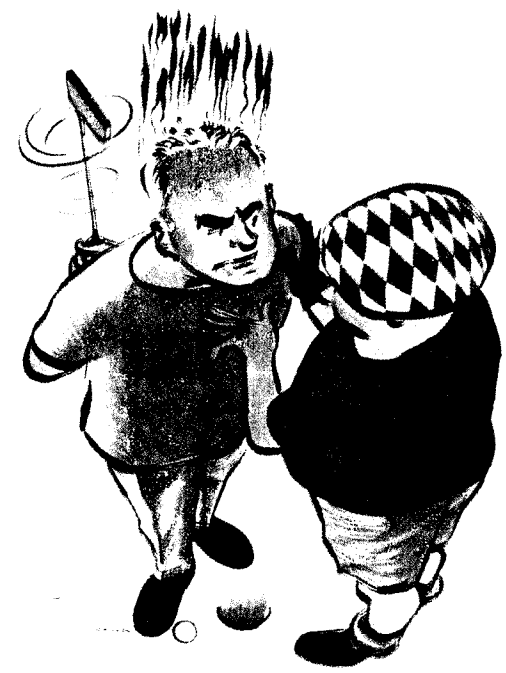
He is driven out in his White House limousine shortly before lunchtime, with the usual following of Secret Service men. During the 20-minute ride he generally polishes off some business with one of his staffers, who rides along in the car with him. Usually this is Bernard Shanley, his appointments secretary, who always has a few more documents for the President to sign, although often it is Press Secretary Jim Hagerty, who likes to seize a chance to have 20 uninterrupted minutes for the purpose of briefing the boss on public relations.

Ike lunches at one of the big tables in the dining room, and joins in the general discussion. He laughs uproariously at the high jinks and often throws a small verbal dagger himself, but whenever he is around, the members censor their stories down to parsonage levels. The members, most of whom Ike has known all his public life, always address him as "Mister President," but there are times when, in the free-and-easy atmosphere, somebody slips—as lawyer John McClure did one afternoon when he was just coming out of the shower and Ike was coming in from the course. When Ike hailed him, "Hello, John," the attorney shouted back a "Hi, Ike," before thinking. Members kidded him for days about that, since it is an unwritten law in the club never to speak familiarly to the President, no matter how well you know him.

"We're not being stuffy," explains one member. "It's just that even out here you owe respect to that office."

As a result, Ike Eisenhower is not subjected to the same kind of artful heckling other members suffer. Nobody ever is seized with a fit of coughing when he's putting, or smothers a laugh in the middle of his downswing. But after the stroke has been taken, the President takes his verbal beating just like any other member.

There was, for example, the day Ike was playing with Representative Charley Halleck, the Republi-



Business is forbidden, but ribbing is okay, as Gen. Nathan Twining learned

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...y out of a poison ivy patch

can House Whip from Indiana, and one of the President's favorite partners. Halleck laid a drive down the middle for a good 250 yards. Ike hit a pop fly that went a mere 100.

Ike looked up apologetically. "I really ruined that one," he said.

Charley Halleck peered down the fairway at his distant golf ball, and then blew nonchalantly on his fingernails.

"Class," he said, "always tells."

The President is a tough competitor who hates to give quarter, as he demonstrated one day when playing another congressman—Representative Les Arends of Illinois. Les sliced a drive into the rough and, upon approaching the miniature jungle, discovered his lie was in the middle of a patch of poison ivy.

"I can't play that lie," said the congressman.

"Yes, by golly, you can," Ike told him. "If you get poison ivy I'll have Doc Snyder treat you free." (Snyder is the President's personal physician, Major General Howard Snyder.)

Ordinarily, Ike will choose his partners in advance, making a date by telephone before he goes to the club. He particularly enjoys playing with members of Congress like Halleck and Arends, but he also plays often with John McClure and Tom Belshe, a retired Army colonel and an old military pal. His most frequent Democratic partner is John Sullivan.

Ike's locker is plain except for an American flag on the door, stuck there by one of the caddies. After a round of golf he sits around for a while chatting with other members, then takes a long—and noisy—shower, filled with snatches of song hummed in a kind of roar. Afterward, like other members, he wanders around with a towel draped about his middle, replaying the tough holes or talking about trout fishing in Colorado or quail hunting in Georgia. Sometimes he sips an orange juice or a soft drink; he never takes a drink of whisky at the club. After he's dressed, if there's time, he may play a rubber of bridge.

Secret Service Men Camouflaged with Golf Bags

It's a security secret how many Secret Service men guard Ike at Burning Tree, but he always has one man ahead of him, another just behind him and two at each side—all about 50 yards distant. All the agents carry golf bags and in the bag carried by the first one is a walkie-talkie outfit which can receive phone messages from the clubhouse. In the course of an 18-hole round Ike usually is called three or four times for answers to questions.

Like other governmental bigwigs such as Cabinet members and members of the Joint Chiefs, the President now has an honorary membership in the club—although when he joined in 1945 he forked over his $1,000 initiation fee, and still pays $300 a year dues. He also is charged $5 for every nonmember he invites to play with him. His caddie fee is a flat $3.

The Burning Tree membership, which is limited to 250, is nicely representative. There are businessmen like Frank R. Jelleff, owner of a big Washington women's store, and Richard P. Dunn, of the specialty store Julius Garfinkel & Company. There are lawyers like former New Dealer Paul Porter and Ellsworth C. Alvord. Sports is represented by Gene Tunney and Del Webb, co-owner of the New York Yankees. Journalism has Pete Brandt of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, David Lawrence of U.S. News and World Report, William H. Lawrence of The New York Times and Ed Murrow of CBS. Vice-President Nixon is an honorary member (and a constantly improving golfer) and numerous other less well-known government functionaries belong, such as the fast-rising young Deputy Attorney General, William P. Rogers.

These men belong to the club because they like to play golf in a men-only atmosphere and because they enjoy being with their fellow members. For the members who are in public life Burning Tree offers something else which they can get nowhere else but in their own homes. It is sanctuary from the pressures and lobbying of the outside world.

This precious privacy sometimes causes members to become somewhat emotional about their club. They speak of it in tones that are almost reverent, and quite unashamed.

John Sullivan, for example, was so moved by his affection for Burning Tree that in his last annual report as president he tossed off a verbal ecstasy in its honor. It was a paraphrase of John of Gaunt's famous speech about England in Shakespeare's Richard II:

This royal throne of golf, this bunkered haven,
This earth of majesty, this seat of pars,
This other Eden, demiparadise,
This fortress built by nature for ourselves
Against intrusion, boredom and self-seekers.
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious gem set in the emerald sea,
This blessed sanctuary—Burning Tree.

Dwight D. Eisenhower read this, penned a message at the bottom and sent it off to John Sullivan.

"Dear John," read the note. "That's how I feel, too. DDE."

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MARRIAGE on Location

By JEROME WEIDMAN

When we ran across Nick's wife, Nick was off shooting a picture with Gaby Pagini, one of those fiery-tempered Italian stars . . .

The secret life of movie star Nick Brewster came in two versions: the studio's and this one—

WHENEVER I see a guidebook I am reminded of a remark I once heard a woman make about dictionaries. "They're all right if you know how to spell," she said bitterly. "But what good is one to me? I spent hours trying to find 'giraffe' under the letter j!"

According to our guidebook, *the Villa d'Este (16th cent.) on Lake Como is a former residence of Caroline of Brunswick, when she was Princess of Wales.*

"Who was Caroline of Brunswick?" my wife said.

I didn't know, and the lack of knowledge seemed curiously disconcerting. We had just arrived. Everything was exactly as our friends had told us it would be. In fact, it was better. The management had apparently mistaken us for honeymooners. They had given us a corner room on the second floor. Thus we had two views of the lake and the gaudy mountains that surround it. We also had two balconies between which we would have to choose when breakfast was served the next morning. At the moment it was late in the afternoon and my wife was unpacking while I tried to orient her, as well as myself, by reading aloud from the guidebook.

"What was she doing in Italy?" she asked.

"I don't know. The guidebook doesn't say."

"While I finish unpacking, why don't you go down to the desk and see if they've got any literature on her," my wife said. "It'll be time for cocktails soon, and I don't think I'll enjoy mine unless I know a little more about Caroline of Brunswick."

The chances of enlightening my wife from the store of knowledge possessed by the man at the desk were soon demonstrated to be slim.

"Caroline who?" he asked.

"Caroline of Brunswick," I said.

"I will look, *signore*." The man behind the desk turned to the registry index. "There is a Mrs. Caroline Brewster," he said. "Will she do?"

"No, of course not," I said. "I'm trying to—"

"Since when won't she do?"

I turned to face the person who had asked this. "Carrie!" I said.

I put out my hand, but Carrie Brewster had been living in Hollywood since 1939. Hollywood is a community in which only prize fighters shake hands. Carrie Brewster threw her arms around me and kissed me.

"Darling!" she said. "What are you doing here?"

"Celebrating my tenth wedding anniversary."

"Good heavens!" she said. "It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

"Sixteen years," I said.

"You were always good at dates." Carrie examined me through narrowed eyes, as though she were trying to guess my weight. "You've lost some more hair. But that's about all. How about me?"

"You've had your nose fixed."

A look of concern raced swiftly across her bold, handsome face. "Is it so very noticeable?"

"No, of course not," I said. "I read about it in the papers."

"What else have you read in the papers?"

"Nothing much," I said. "I'm a family man now. I don't have much time for reading the papers. What are you doing here?"

"Nick has been shooting a picture with Gaby Pagini in San Gimignano for the last six weeks. It's one of those costume affairs about the Borgias; she wears very little and he wears tights. They're finishing up around noon. I left early and drove up with the bags. Nick will be getting in around seven. We thought we'd spend a couple of weeks just resting up and loafing before we fly home." She turned and looked out at what the extraordinary sunset was doing to the lake and the mountains. "Isn't this absolute heaven?"

"That's why my wife and I came," I said.

"Why don't we have dinner together?" Caroline said. "We'd love to meet your wife."

"All right," I said.

"The bar at seven?"

"All right," I said.

I went back upstairs, wondering how best to explain to my wife not about Caroline of Brunswick, but Caroline Brewster. It was not going to be easy. Nick Brewster himself had never been able to explain her, not even in the early days of our friendship, when he had still been known to the world as Nat Brinker.

IN THOSE days, when neither of us was yet old enough to vote, he was an intense, sullen young man who used to play basketball in a gym to which I sometimes went for a workout. He had curly black hair and a tremendous number of muscles. We never spoke to each other beyond the few words necessary to keep the game under way. Then, one night after my shower, I found him getting dressed three lockers down from mine.

I nodded and uttered a casual greeting. It was as though some inner trigger of reserve had been tripped. By the time I was tying my necktie, he had explained to me why I was missing so many off shots, introduced himself as Nat Brinker, told me he was an actor, and asked what I was doing with the next half hour or so.

"I've got an eighty-thirty class down at Washington Square every night," I said. "I usually get something to eat first."

"How about getting it at Steeger's? I'll have

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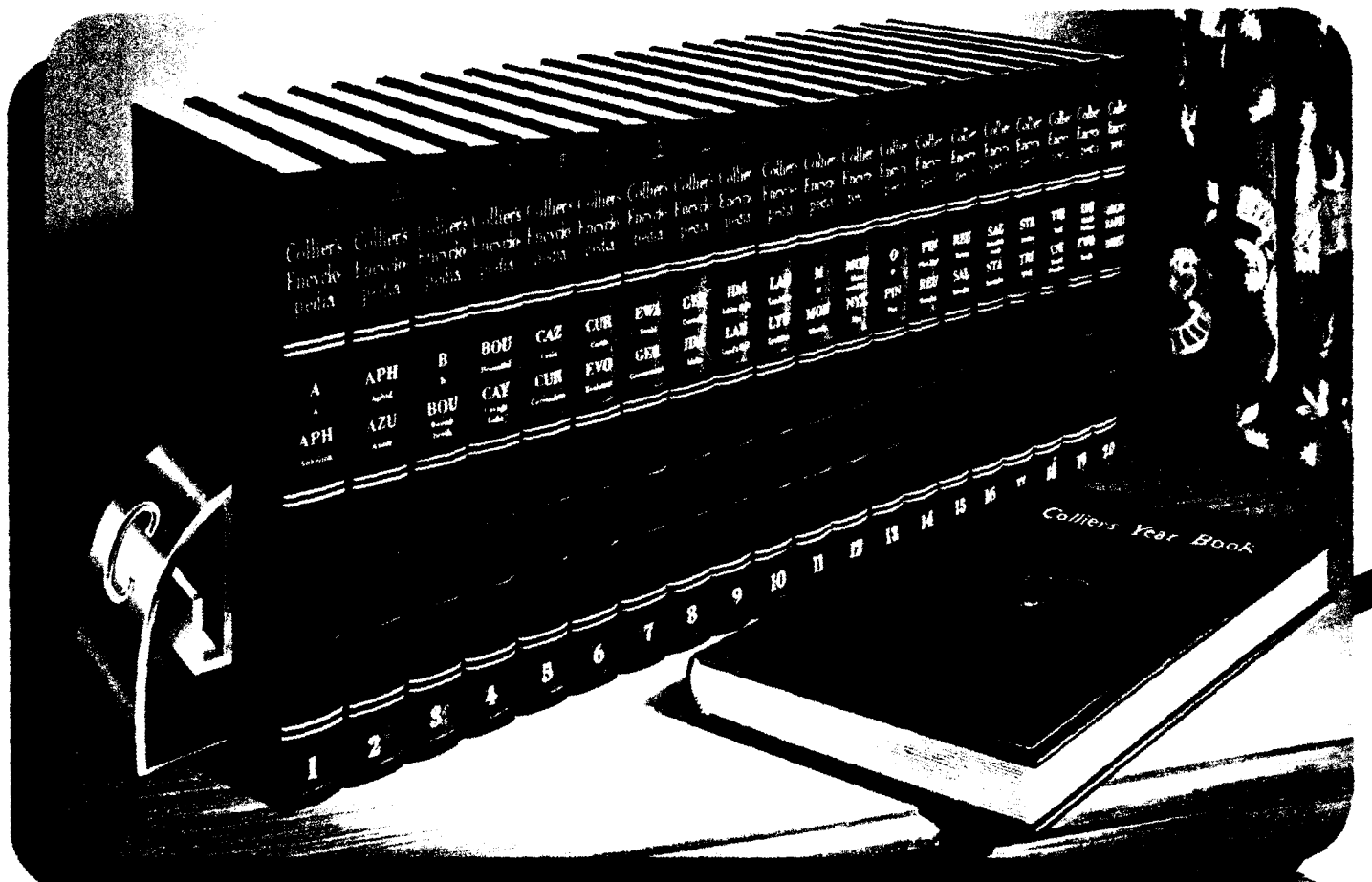

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1. Mt. Rushmore National Memorial (South Dakota) is perhaps the largest sculpture ever attempted. It was carved from solid granite by craftsmen using compressed-air drills. The heads of four U.S. Presidents are depicted. Name these four presidents.

2. The emperor penguin is unusual because it holds its egg between its feet and belly to keep it from freezing. Where is the native home of the penguin?

3. Russian born, now a citizen of U.S., he pioneered the development of multi-engined airplanes. His was the first successful long-range clipper. In 1940 he demonstrated the first American-built helicopter. What is his name?

4. The star Betelgeuse is rated a supergiant. It is so large that the earth could follow its customary orbit inside this star. To what constellation does Betelgeuse belong?

5. In the United States, the first subway was opened in Boston in 1898 and the second in New York in 1904. Only four cities in the United States have subway lines of any extent. Name the two not mentioned.

ANSWERS:

1. Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt. 2. Mainly on antarctic and subantarctic coasts and islands. One species lives on the Galapagos Islands. 3. Igor Ivan Sikorsky. 4. Orion. 5. Chicago and Philadelphia.

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coffee with you," Nat Brinker said. "My girl's meeting me there at eight."

"Okay, but let's get going," I said. "I've got a little less than an hour."

Nat Brinker filled the time by telling me all about his girl. The phrase was his. What he actually told me could hardly have been considered "all about" anybody.

"Wait till you see her," Nat Brinker said as he peered anxiously toward the door. "Just wait till you see her."

But I couldn't wait. I had that class.

"I guess she's been held up somewhere," I said. "I'll be late."

"You coming to the gym tomorrow? I'll make another date with Carrie," Nat Brinker said. "You'll meet her tomorrow."

I didn't. Even though we waited in Steeger's for almost an hour before I had to leave to make my class.

After five or six of these sessions, during which the promised Carrie failed to make her appearance, I had learned a good deal about Nat Brinker. He was an orphan who had grown up in a tough neighborhood on Manhattan's West Side. But this short, muscular boy had come under the influence of the director of a settlement house who had a flair for amateur theatricals.

His unchanneled energies, which had been driving him toward juvenile delinquency, were suddenly poured in a single direction, and he began to live for that strange ambition: theatrical stardom.

NAT BRINKER was not very bright. He was almost completely uneducated and it was impossible for him to read more than ten printed pages without suffering actual physical pain. But he had an extraordinary gift for mimicry, and he was powered by savage energy. In the theater these are frequently enough.

They were enough to carry Nat Brinker from the settlement house to fairly regular employment as a radio actor, and when I met him he had had three or four bit parts on Broadway.

When ambition appears in an essentially simple-minded person, there is almost nothing to baffle the imagination of the observer. Consequently I was not surprised to find Nat Brinker a bore, but what did surprise me was his relationship to the mysterious Carrie.

"Why does she make these dates with you," I asked, "if she has no intention of showing up?"

"No intention? You nuts or something? She'll get here, she'll get here," Nat Brinker said. "It's just she can't always control what happens."

"Why not?"

"She works on the registry desk over at Bellevue, but for Carrie that's only to buy groceries. It's like the way I do radio shows just to keep eating until I hit. What she wants to be, Carrie's big ambition, she's a painter."

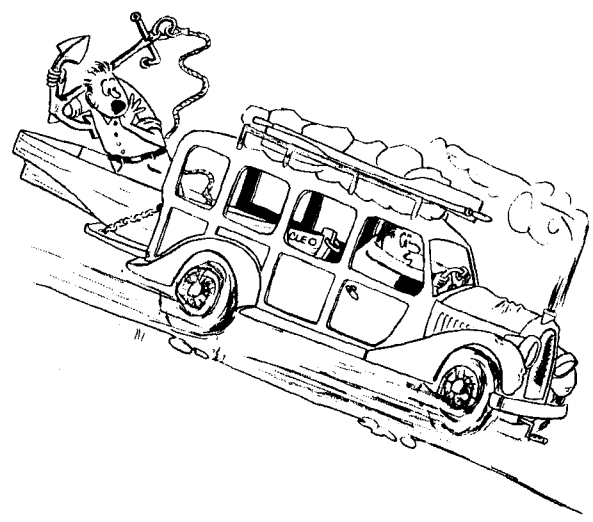
"How good a painter is she?"

"How good?" Nat Brinker said. "She's terrific. Wait till you meet her."

About a week later my own girl invited me to a party over in Brooklyn that her parents were giving in honor of her brother. The girl her brother brought was tall and dark, with the sort of bold features that always draw a second glance.

The next night, when I was finishing dinner at Steeger's, Nat Brinker's sullen face brightened.

"Here she is!" he said. "Here comes my girl!" With a proud smile he introduced me to the girl with the bold features who had been at the party in Brooklyn.



COLLIER'S **"Say when, Max!"** HERB GREEN

"Hello," I said. "I think we've met."

"I don't think so," she said. I wondered if she was joking. She turned to Nat Brinker. "Waiting long?"

"Oh, no," he said happily. Not counting the seven preceding nights, we had been waiting almost an hour. "You sit down," he said. "I'll get you some coffee." He hurried away across the cafeteria to the steam tables.

"I don't know what the act is," I said, "but I don't think there are two girls in this town named Caroline Starr who look exactly alike. All I have to do is call—"

She laughed, and her laugh stayed with you, just as her features drew that second glance. Both made you a little uneasy.

"There isn't any act," she said. "It's just that Nat takes our friendship a lot more seriously than I do. He's a nice enough boy, and someday be might—" She shrugged. "I can't help it if he thinks I'm his girl."

"Are you?"

"Of course not."

"I see," I said. "Well, if you get any fun out of kidding him, I guess it's none of my business, but I think you ought not to let Nat go around telling people you're his girl."

"How can I stop him?"

"You talk English," I said. "And Nat understands quite a few words. Try telling him the half dozen that add up to the truth."

"Such as?"

"He's in love with you. He thinks you're his girl. If you're not, say so."

"It's not as easy as all that."

"Why not?"

"Nat's sort of simple-minded," she said. "I don't want to hurt his feelings."

"If you don't hurt his feelings now, all you'll do is hurt him really badly in the end. You can't let him go on like this, waiting for you night after night, while you're out with other men."

"Who says I can't?" she asked.

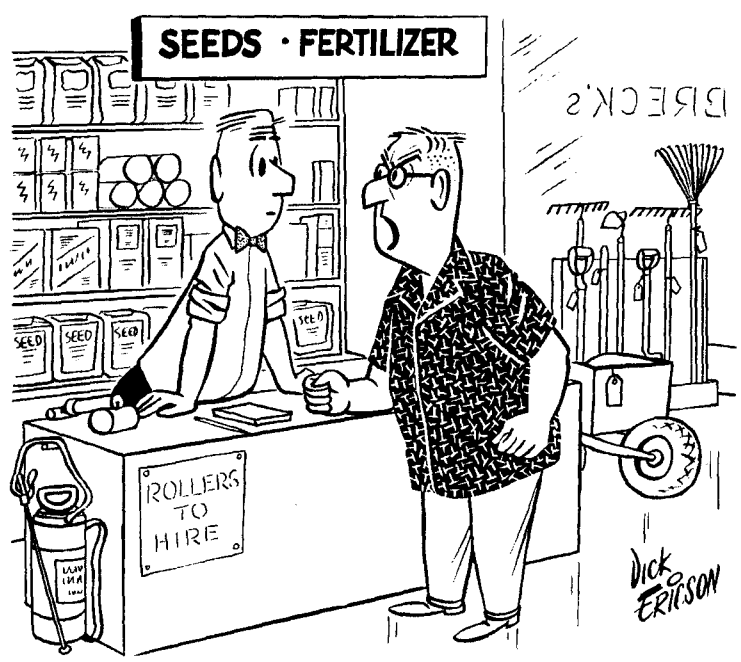
The confidence oozed out of me like air from a punctured balloon. I could feel my face flush. Carrie Starr watched me with a cool little smile.

"What do you get out of it?" I said. She didn't answer. "What do you *expect* to get out of it?" I said.

"Someday, when I think you're bright enough to understand," Caroline Starr said, "I may tell you."

Soon after I met her, Nat landed a part in a play that received fairly good notices. It ran for six weeks. During that time, I decided to leave law school and try for another career. My visits to the gym became less frequent, but when I did go, I played basketball with Nat Brinker. We still sat in Steeger's, drinking coffee and waiting for Carrie. And she still stood him up regularly.

I saw her around town, but the meetings were not especially cordial. Usually she was with somebody I didn't know, and, besides, I was bored with her and with Nat Brinker. Early in 1939, when I went abroad, it never occurred to me to look him up to say good-by.



COLLIER'S **"Do you have something that will cause crab grass a very slow and painful death?"** DICK ERICSON

ABOUT eight months later, in Sydney, Australia, I was asked to go to the movies with some people I had met in Singapore. They were eager to see a new American film that had rocketed to stardom an unknown actor named Nicholas Brewster.

Nicholas Brewster was none other than Nat Brinker. It was astonishing, but perfectly obvious, that he deserved the eminence he had achieved. His performance was magnificent. And there was absolutely no similarity between the Nat Brinker I had known and the Nicholas Brewster I had seen on the screen.

The man I had known was dull, sullen and not very bright. He was so lacking in perception that he had been unaware that the girl he thought was his girl was not even remotely that.

The actor I had just seen on the screen was vital and exciting. There was life in his every movement. There was intelligence in his grasp of the difficult role he played. When he talked, you listened. When he suffered, you suffered with him. He had that rare quality, the capacity to stir the heart.

"My word!" said the Australian girl sitting beside me. "That's quite a lad!" So he had sex appeal too.

A few weeks later, on my way back to New York, I paused for a brief visit with friends in Hollywood. Nick Brewster's name was in the forefront of most conversations. Even in that city of fantastic success stories, Nat Brinker's success story was more fantastic than most. I didn't mention to my friends or to anybody else the fact that, no more than a year ago, we had played basketball together. This reticence was not due to my disinclination to bask in reflected glory, even though I have always felt it is an illumination that makes most people look a bit sallow.

During my last months in New York I had dropped Nat Brinker because he had become a bore. I could hardly look him up now. But before I left Hollywood, I learned that I had misjudged Nat in another way too. Nick Brewster called me up.

"You big ape," he said with a touching mixture of eagerness and irritation. "Why didn't you let me know? From total strangers, by accident, I have to find out you been in town over a week?"

"Well, I—I've been busy."

"Busy? You talk to me about busy? You don't know what busy is until you get caught up in this town. Get a pencil and write down this address. You're coming to dinner tonight."

THE house was in Bel-Air; it was a slightly implausible structure made of glass and sheet copper and redwood, built around a swimming pool and a butler. The butler started to tell me that Mr. Brewster would be down in a few minutes, but he never finished the sentence. At that moment Nick Brewster appeared with a basketball at the far side of the patio. He dribbled the ball fiercely across the flagstones, whooping as he went, circled me twice, leaped high in the air, dropped the ball into an olive tree, and enveloped me in a hug.

"You son of a gun!" he roared. "You look great!"

I told him he looked great too. But he didn't. Or perhaps I should say he didn't look the way I had expected him

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to look. I had expected him to look like Nick Brewster, the man on the screen who had affected me so. Instead, he looked like Nat Brinker, the man who had bored me in Steeger's. Apparently the transformation was purely professional.

"How about this!" he said, gesturing toward the pool and the sheet copper and the glass and the redwood. "Some dump, eh?"

I made the expected replies and accepted a drink from the butler.

"We'll have a few," Nick said. "While we wait for Carrie."

My reaction must have been reflected in my face, because he burst into laughter. "I guess you didn't know about Carrie and me," he said finally. "We got married the day after they sneaked my picture out in Glendale and the studio picked up my option."

ALL at once I felt I understood what it was that Carrie Starr had once said she might tell me someday when she thought I was bright enough to understand. "Congratulations," I said.

Nick and I had a few, and then we had a few more. But by ten thirty, when it was silly for either of us to keep up the pretense that we were not yet hungry, Nick and I went in to dinner alone.

"She'll get here in a little while," he said apologetically. "It's just she can't always control what happens."

"Why not?" I said.

"Carrie's working pretty hard at her painting. When she gets really going, she forgets all about time."

"Where does she do this painting?"

"She's got a studio up in the hills. Carrie doesn't want me to see any of her stuff until she's ready to show it."

When I left, at two in the morning, Carrie had not yet come home. The following day I went up to San Francisco to visit a few days before going on to New York. Three days later the telephone woke me.

"Hello?"

"Come out of it, darling. You sound drugged. This is Carrie."

"Who?"

"How many Carries do you know?"

"Oh," I said, and I sat up in bed. "Where are you?"

"At the Mark Hopkins. We came up last night for the opening of Nick's new picture. What are you doing?"

"Trying to find my slippers."

"When you do, how about coming up to our suite for breakfast?"

"All right," I said.

It was not a happy occasion. The trouble was that all three of us tried hard to make it seem a reunion, and it's pretty difficult to reunite what was never joined together.

Nick and I, for all the basketball we had played together and for all the hours we had spent at Steeger's waiting for Carrie, had never really been friends. And Carrie and I had never been more than acquaintances. They were so determined, however, to pretend otherwise that I could not deny them whatever satisfaction they found. All I got out of the meeting was that nothing much had changed.

Nat was obviously as madly in love with Carrie as he had ever been and, just as obviously, she was no closer than she had ever been to feeling for him anything even remotely resembling genuine affection. While all the rest of the world might know she actually cared nothing for him, Nick Brewster was as unaware of the deception as Nat Brinker had been.

Breakfast ended with both Brewsters insisting that I accompany them to Nick's opening that night. We arranged to meet at six.

When I arrived at the Brewster suite that evening, Nick was alone. "Where's Carrie?" I asked.

Nick's face looked as it had when we used to wait at Steeger's, and as it had when we dined together at his house. It was a look I would always associate with him, no matter how many times he changed his name or how many fortunes he acquired: it was the look of a bewildered puppy, cringing slightly but resigned to the inevitable blow, yet pitifully hoping that just this once it won't come.

"She'll be here in a little while," Nick said.

We had a quick drink, and then another one, and then I looked at my wrist watch.

"Maybe she figured we were supposed to meet at the restaurant," Nick said hesitantly. "Yeah," he added with more conviction. "That must be it. Let's get going. Carrie's waiting for us at the restaurant right now."

She wasn't, of course, and when we finished dinner Carrie was still missing.

"She'll be at the theater," Nick said. "She got stuck somewhere and saw she couldn't make it for dinner, so she went right ahead to the theater. You wait and see."

Everybody in San Francisco except Carrie seemed to be waiting in the lobby. At first, in the excitement of popping flash bulbs and screaming autograph hounds, I thought her absence would cause comment. However, I soon made a discovery that others have made before me: nobody, except perhaps the movie star's wife herself, ever notices the absence of a movie star's wife.

When we were finally inside the theater and the lights were dimmed, Nick leaned toward me. "Let's blow," he whispered. "Let's go pick up Carrie. She'll be at the hotel. You wait and see, she'll be there, waiting for us."

At midnight I put down my glass and stood up. "I've got a train to catch at seven thirty in the morning."

"Stick around," he said. "You don't want to leave San Francisco without saying good-by to Carrie."

When I left Nick at three in the morning, Carrie had not yet arrived. Four and a half hours later I caught my train to New York.

IN OUR room at the Villa d'Este on Lake Como, I said to my wife, "That was sixteen years ago, and in all that time I've never laid eyes on either one of them."

"Now really," my wife said. "Here we've been married ten years and you never told me you knew any movie stars."

"As I've been trying to explain, I never felt I really knew Nick Brewster or Carrie."

"That's because you never understood them. It seems simple enough to me," my wife said. "When they first met, he loved her but she didn't love him. All you saw back in those days was a not-very-bright basketball player. What she saw, maybe because she had an artist's eye, was a dynamic, exciting actor. But it didn't make her fall in love with him, and in the meantime she was fishing elsewhere. When Nick finally did come through . . ." My wife shrugged.

"There's one fact you've ignored . . ." I said.

"What's that?"

"Once she landed him, she kept right on fishing elsewhere."

"But all she got, when she landed him, was money," my wife said.

"What more did she want?"

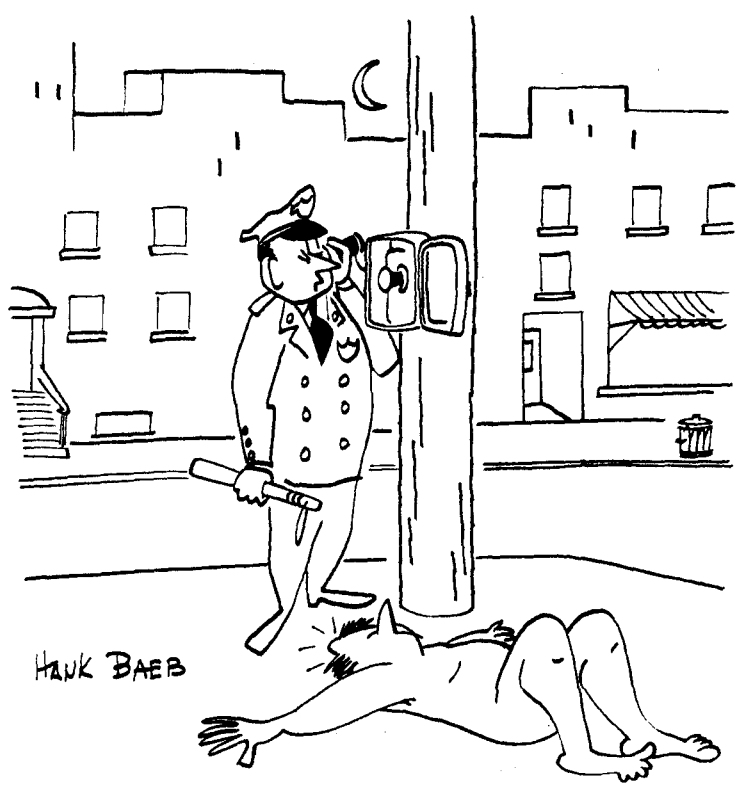
"What he actually had—no matter how she treated him—from the moment he met her," my wife said: "the ability to inspire love."

"Then why didn't she love him?"

"Stop being silly," my wife said. "You can't decide to love someone the way you can decide to marry someone. That's an accident. The people to whom it happens have nothing to do with it."

"Well, if you want to have anything to do with the Brewsters, let's get going," I said. "Carrie said to meet them in the bar at seven."

The bar was crowded, but no place



COLLIER'S **"Looks like robbery. His wallet is missing"** HANK BAER

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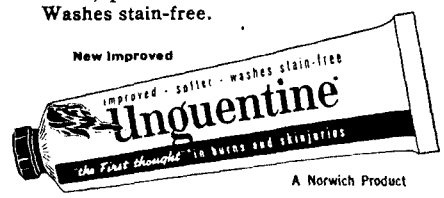

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is ever too crowded for cinema royalty. Carrie waved to us from a large corner table, at which the patrons jammed uncomfortably around the bar were staring with covetous irritation.

"Hi," I said as we reached her. "Where's Nick?"

"He must have been held up somewhere along the line," Carrie said. "You know these Italian roads." She turned and put out both her hands. "So this is your wife!"

The ensuing introductions went down smoothly enough, and so did the first cocktails. After that, everything went much more easily, and it was then that I realized, with some astonishment, that Carrie had been uneasy about meeting us. My wife and Carrie, however, got along beautifully, and this gave me an opportunity to examine Carrie at leisure. I saw how shrewd she had been to have her nose fixed. She had never been beautiful, and she was not really that now. But the operation had given her something she had never had before—a touch of softness.

AT EIGHT o'clock I said, "Look, I hate to break up this gab fest, but hadn't we better begin thinking about dinner?"

"Nick's probably upstairs dressing now," Carrie said. "I'll go see what's keeping him." She left us hurriedly.

"You know something?" my wife said. "I wonder if you couldn't have been wrong about her all these years?"

"In what way?"

"I expected her to be nasty. But you know"—my wife paused—"I don't get the feeling of nastiness at all."

I started to make a remark about the effects of plastic surgery on character, but I did not get very far with it. Carrie came back to the table. She looked troubled.

"Nick back yet?" I asked.

"No, not yet."

"How far away is San Gimignano?"

"I don't know," Carrie said, "but I drove it in seven hours."

"Maybe he didn't get away at noon," I said. "Why don't you call San Gimignano and ask what time he left?"

"I just did," Carrie said. "He left at eleven thirty this morning."

"Oh," I said. "Now, listen, get that look off your face. If there had been an accident, or anything like that, they would have let you know."

Carrie laughed with a promptness that was unsettling. "Of course," she said. "He probably blew a tire, or something went wrong with the motor. Let's give him another half hour before we worry about dinner."

We gave him more than an hour, and by then my wife and Carrie had finished giving each other their autobiographies and my wife had filled Carrie in on the more endearing traits of our two young sons. By the time we were seated in the dining room, Carrie was well launched on a description of life on location in San Gimignano, where Gaby Pagini, who had been signed for the feminine lead by cable, had raised ceaseless hell because she was under the impression that she, and not Nick, was the star of the picture. At midnight I suggested that it was pointless to wait up any longer.

"Nick's been held up somewhere along the way. He's probably decided to spend the night on the road," I said.

"Of course," Carrie said. "Well, see you in the morning."

IT WAS one of those mornings that never get into the travel circulars. When I woke up, both our views of Lake Como were hidden by a curtain of driving rain.

"Not only that," my wife said grimly. "We also have *two* balconies on which we can't have breakfast."

We had it in the dining room, wearing sweaters under our tweeds, and staring out glumly at the rain.

"I wonder . . ." my wife said when the coffee came.

"So do I," I said. "Think we ought to ring her room?"

"Let's wait a while and see," my wife suggested.

We waited until after breakfast. Then I asked the man at the desk if Mr. Nicholas Brewster had checked in during the night. He shook his head. "No, *signore*."

My wife and I stood aimlessly in the lobby, staring out of the French doors at the lake. With the rain pelting down on it, the water looked like stucco.

"If he's held up somewhere on the road," my wife said, "I don't see why he doesn't telephone, or send Carrie a wire."

"Did the guidebook say anything about what you're supposed to do at Lake Como when it rains?" I asked my wife.

"There's always cassino."

A number of other people had the same idea, but we managed to find a table in the cardroom. We played without enthusiasm. Carrie Brewster came in at eleven. She was wearing a yellow turtle-neck sweater. I thought her face looked drawn, but she gave us a bright, cheery smile. "Sunny Italy," she said. "Who's ahead?"

"He is," my wife said. "But he cheats. Any word from Nick?"

Carrie shook her head. There was something about the way she did it that touched a bell in my mind. But even though I listened hard, I couldn't quite catch the echo of memory.

"He'll be along by lunchtime," she said. "You wait and see. Any chance of my getting into this game?"

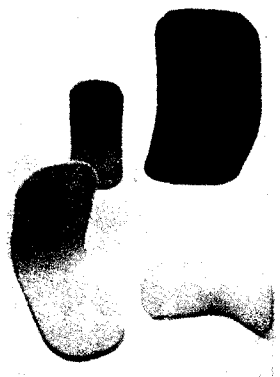
We played until one thirty, but Nick did not show up. After lunch we decided to take naps.

"It's the only way to beat the weather," my wife said. "If you stare at it, the rain never lets up. But if you turn your back on it, go to sleep and show it you don't care, it stops."

This particular rain had apparently never heard of my wife's theory. When we woke up, at four thirty, the rain was coming down so hard that it was no longer possible to see the mountains on the other side of the lake. The telephone rang while we were dressing. It was Carrie Brewster.

"This weather is beginning to get

NEAT SEAT

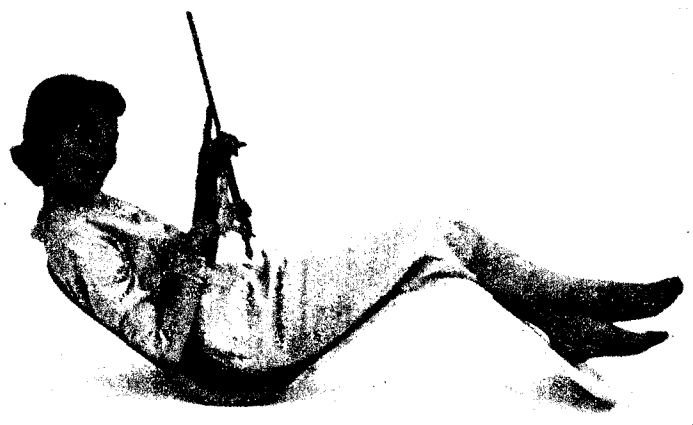


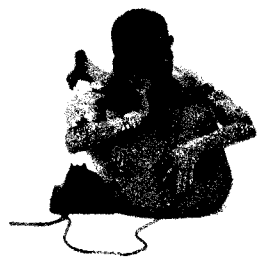
Gay, simply built seats are sold in three sizes; largest weighs 4 pounds

AGES ago, one of our apelike ancestors, but recently elevated from a posture on all fours, propped himself against the nearest tree trunk and sat down. Probably this was the beginning of the chair. Today, after generations of sitting men and conventional-looking chairs, designers are at work re-examining and experimenting with the chair, trying to invent perfect perches for sedentary man. They have raised, lowered, twisted its parts until, in some cases, it looks less like a seat than a surrealistic sculpture.

And now there is a chair on the market, called a Tilt, which is the ultimate in modern simplicity yet reminiscent of that cave man's first seat: it has no legs at all. Designed by Bille Newmarch, made by slipping a colorful canvas cover over bent metal tubing, Tilts have won two Good Design awards from New York's Museum of Modern Art.

The next move toward simplicity in chairs, it has been said, may well be to remove the seat and back. If so, move over. —LEE CAMPBELL





Down-to-earth chair doubles as rocker, chest-rest, new chapeau: above, two make lounge

ALFRED GESCHEIDT

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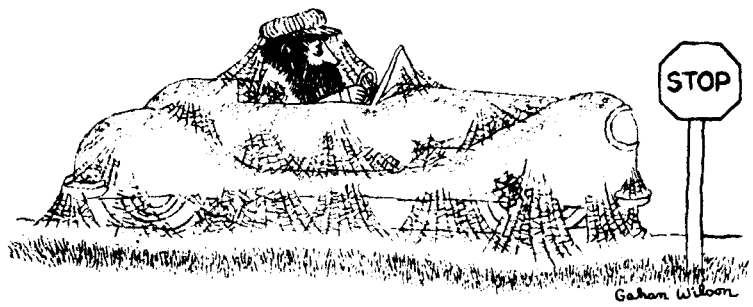

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

me down," she said. "How about a drink? Come along. I'm in two seventy-one."

Two seventy-one was a huge suite, but it was not necessary to inspect all the rooms to know there was only one person in it. The feeling of loneliness struck you in the face.

"I bribed the management into letting me have a fire," Carrie said. "So we're that much ahead of the game."

It was not until we had been sitting around the fire for almost an hour, watching in silence as the rain faded into the dusk, that I realized neither my wife nor I had asked about Nick. It was as though we had agreed, before going to a party, to avoid raising a subject painful to our host. And yet my wife and I had not made any such agreement.

AT DINNER, Carrie Brewster made a valiant effort to lift our spirits with slabs of Hollywood folklore. She knew how to tell a story, and she had a gift for hilarious detail and the explosive phrase. But the rain, and what the rain was doing to our thoughts about Nick, was too much for her. We sat there, listening to the splashing patter on the terrace, kneading bits of bread into gummy pellets, trying to laugh at her stories, and wishing we had not come to Italy.

On our way to the lounge for coffee, my wife nudged me fiercely and, after we were seated, I said: "Any word from Nick?"

Carrie stopped stirring her coffee, and the look that crossed her face touched another bell in my mind. But I could not bring the tantalizing memory into clear focus.

"He'll get here," she said. "He gets held up like this every once in a while."

When we got back to our room, after a couple of hours of cassino during which nobody's mind had been on the cards, my wife threw her bag on the dressing table with a gesture of finality.

"I can't stand much more of this," she said. "Let's get out of here tomorrow."

"All right," I said. "But what can't you stand? The rain or Carrie?"

"Both," my wife said. "I wouldn't mind the rain if I understood what's happening. Last night, when it looked as though Nick would be a little late, Carrie seemed annoyed and then upset. Today, when it's become obvious that he's more than just a little late, when any woman would be justified in having hysterics, she's suddenly acting as though nothing is wrong."

"Maybe nothing *is* wrong," I said.

"Oh, no?" my wife said. "Have you looked into her eyes?"

The next morning the rain was coming down harder than ever and I decided my wife was right. We would get out of here at once. I dressed and went downstairs to arrange for transportation.

The man at the desk was talking on the telephone, so I picked up a copy of the Paris Herald and glanced at the front page.

Staring out at me from the center of the page was the smiling face of Nick Brewster. He had his arm around the waist of a girl with a wicked, toothy smile. The caption under the picture read:

Nicholas Brewster, American screen star, and Gaby Pagini, the fiery queen of Rome's cinema, who have just arrived on the Riviera for a holiday, after completing a new film about Cesare Borgia.

I turned and stopped. Carrie Brewster was standing there, refolding another copy of the Paris Herald.

"Hello," I said awkwardly. "I didn't know . . ."

"Neither did I," she said quietly. "Not until I saw this picture. This is yesterday's paper, you know." Carrie shrugged and then went on: "I should have suspected. She's a very sexy dish."

We went over to the windows that looked out on the lake.

"How long has it been going on?" I asked.

Carrie sighed. "Oh, I imagine this one has just started."

"You mean there have been others?"

"Yes," Carrie said. "Quite a few others."

"When did all this start?" I asked.

"About four years ago," Carrie said. "When someone is in love with you for as long as Nick was in love with me, you think they'll go right on being in love with you forever. Then one day you find out they're not in love with you any more." She uttered a short, dry laugh. "You go out and do a lot of silly things that you think will help. Like having your nose fixed." She shook her head. "It didn't help."

"Why didn't you divorce him?"

Carrie's lips twisted in a small grimace, and again it was the way it had been in the cardroom the day before and in the lounge over coffee last night: a bell in my mind had been touched. But this time the recollection came into clear focus. It was the same expression Nick Brewster used to have in Steeger's, the look he had the night we dined alone at his house in California, and the night we went to the *première* of his picture in San Francisco: the look of a bewildered puppy, cringing slightly but resigned to the inevitable blow, yet pitifully hoping that just this once it won't come.

"When I found out about it four years ago," Carrie said, "I couldn't divorce him. It was too late."

"Too late?"

"I was stuck," she said. "After twelve years of marriage, after fourteen years of not giving a damn about him, I suddenly found out I'd fallen in love with him."

IN THE long silence that followed, we stared out at the rain as though, in the dismal downpour, we could read the words that would break the awkward silence by which we were both trapped.

"My wife and I are going to try to get out of here today," I said finally. "We'll go anyplace to get away from this rain. Why not come along?"

"Thanks a lot," Carrie said. "But I'll just stay here and wait for Nick. It never takes very long. Two or three weeks, maybe a month. Sooner or later he shows up." She paused and cleared her throat. "The way I used to show up at Steeger's," she said, and then she added, "sooner or later."

"That doesn't sound very pleasant," I said.

"It isn't," Carrie said. "But you'd be surprised at what you can get used to, if you're in love." She paused. "Nick took it for fourteen years. Now it's my turn."

—JEROME WEIDMAN

"A ham on rye, a liverwurst on a soft roll, two chicken salad on whole wheat, a case of Frog's Head beer, a box of El Chico cigars, two pairs of no-glare sunglasses, a couple of can openers, a couple copies of Peek-a-Boo Magazine, and . . . oh, yeah! . . . a can of worms!"

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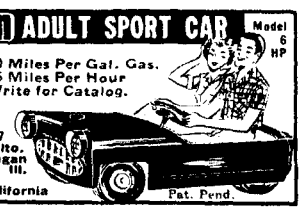

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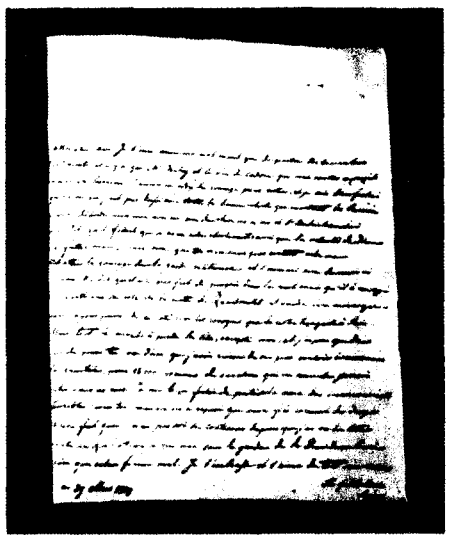
The Lost Letters of MARIE-LOUISE TO NAPOLEON

HISTORICAL NARRATIVE BY THEODORE H. WHITE

WE ARE about to look over the shoulder of a man long dead. His name is Napoleon Bonaparte, and he is reading the letters of his wife, the Empress Marie-Louise. We are going to read them with him.

Our eyes are, to all intents, the first in more than a century to read these long-lost letters. In them, we will see again the flames rising over the fair fields of France, great armies converging for the kill, an empress in flight clutching her child. We can read these letters, perhaps, with even greater wisdom than Napoleon. We can watch, as he did, disaster undermine the love the letters breathe as they begin. But with hindsight knowledge we can also trace, as Napoleon could not, the corruption of a weak woman's character and see the honor of an empress reduced to a forgotten promise.



One of the letters—the last the empress wrote to Napoleon before fleeing Paris

Collier's shares the historic discovery of these letters with its readers through the courtesy of one of Sweden's most distinguished historians, the Baron Carl-Fredrik Palmstierna, private secretary to King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. These letters, which historians have vainly sought for generations, were found only a few years ago in a subterranean chamber of Sweden's royal palace, in the archives of the royal family. In 1952, King Gustavus Adolphus gave permission to Baron Palmstierna to translate and present them to the world. The baron's study of Marie-Louise and Napoleon, with their correspondence, will soon be published in America. It is from this scholarly study that Collier's has drawn much of the historical data that accompanies these letters, as well as the text of the letters themselves.

The story of how 127 letters of the French empress came to lie in the archives of the Swedish royal family is as touched with drama as all things Napoleonic. For it was Désirée who consigned them there.

Désirée was, of course, that famous Frenchwoman who became Sweden's queen consort 137 years ago. But, much earlier, she had been that delightful and charming Désirée Clary of Marseilles, first love of the youthful Napoleon. Napoleon's brother, Joseph, married Désirée's sister. But Napoleon wanted for his ambition a woman of nobler stuff than Désirée, daughter of a silk merchant. No woman—not even the superb Josephine, who followed Désirée in Napoleon's life and became his first empress—could satisfy Napoleon's insatiable sense of history until, finally, he married the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, Archduchess Marie-Louise. The letters we have here are the letters that Marie-Louise wrote him in that climactic year of disaster, 1814. Just before his final exile to Saint Helena, Napoleon gave these precious papers to his brother Joseph, who, in turn, gave them to his sister-in-law Désirée, by then Crown Princess of Sweden and soon to be its queen.

We can only guess at the womanly curiosity with which Désirée, the first love, must have read these letters of Napoleon's last love. After reading them, Désirée apparently ordered the letters packed in a trunk, which eventually was consigned to the palace cellar in Stockholm, and forgotten.

On the following pages, the letters are presented for the first time, in two parts, as edited by Theodore H. White.

Left, wedding of Napoleon (age 40) and Marie-Louise (18) was a marriage of convenience—yet a true romance, until his defeat

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MARIE-LOUISE was afraid. Though she was Empress of the French, herself a daughter and granddaughter of an emperor, descended of kings and emperors going back into the mists of time, still she was afraid. And with good reason. She was, to begin with, only twenty-two years old, queen in a strange land, her husband away at the wars, and this was that year of doom and disaster, 1814, which was to strip him of all his glory and shrivel him to a hunted thing.

She was, moreover, ill-prepared for the violence that lay ahead. Fair-haired, rosy-cheeked, full-bosomed, awkward yet attractive, she was a Hapsburg princess in quality of mind as well as appearance. Which is to say that she was selfish. She had been brought up to think primarily of herself in all matters —not out of malice or nastiness, but because that was the way Hapsburg princes and princesses had always been brought up. History for them, until then, had always been a family matter, all its great events little more than gossip among great families. For Marie-Louise it remained so all during the year 1814, through the terrible happenings which were to strip her first of power, then of health, and finally of her honor as a woman.

Like all the imperial princesses of Austria, she had grown up in the splendid, endless chambers of the imperial palaces so carefully cloistered that her eyes were never permitted even to rest on a male animal. As a child, deep in the vastness of the Schönbrunn Palace at Vienna, she had heard the noises of war far away, like the sound of a man's game she could not understand. When the game went badly and enemy armies approached, she was whisked away to one or another of the many estates of the Austrian throne until the rumbling had passed. Three times as a child between six and seventeen she had been carried away to safety as the armies of her father, Francis I of Austria, and his enemy, Napoleon of France, dueled across the fields of Europe.

In 1810 her father had bidden her marry Napoleon, hoping thus to end the enmity of France and Austria on the bridal couch of his daughter. Thus, at the age of eighteen, she had been dispatched to share the throne and bed of the forty-year-old dictator and he, impatient, not even waiting until she reached Paris, had galloped through a driving rain to possess her in a country village—abruptly, without waiting for the great ceremonial wedding at the Louvre. She had loved him for it. He, the next morning, had called her "good, amiable, innocent, and fresh as a rose"—a sentiment he retained until his death at Saint Helena.

A son had been born to them, cherished by both parents, whom Napoleon styled, even as an infant, "the King of Rome." Yet the baby had not linked the destinies of France and Austria. Indeed, in the three years since the child had been born matters had gone from bad to worse. Now, the game seemed turning against Napoleon disastrously and, for the first time in 20 years, enemy soldiery was trampling over the roads of France, toward Paris. It was a very personal war now to Marie-Louise—with the enemy marched her father, while her own fate depended upon Napoleon, the man she had been taught as a child to loathe. Marie-Louise, pouting, and upset by both husband and father, wished they would stop.

What Marie-Louise never understood—as few did in those crisis months of 1814—was that the gentlemanly game of war that men had fought in her childhood was over. Napoleon Bonaparte, her husband, had harnessed the energies of the French Revolution and shaken all Europe with that revolution's glories and horrors. He had made inevitable this campaign of 1814, which was to end as all modern wars do, with the loser losing forever and losing all. In such wars, there are few neutrals. Neither her family nor her ancestry would be enough to shelter Marie-Louise in this kind of war. There could be no kiss and make up at its end. Before it was over, she would have to choose sides, she would have to give her loyalty as a woman either to her husband and his faded grandeur, or to her father and memories of her sheltered childhood. It would

VERNET. PHOTO BY FLAMMARION

Battle of Montmirail was one of a swift series of victories by which Napoleon almost succeeded in saving his empire—and his marriage

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be hard for a child-woman like Marie-Louise, who loved comfort and shrank from decisions.

All this, however, was still quite obscure that bleak final week in January, 1814, when Napoleon named her Regent of France to govern in his absence. He was off to the front—only 100 miles away.

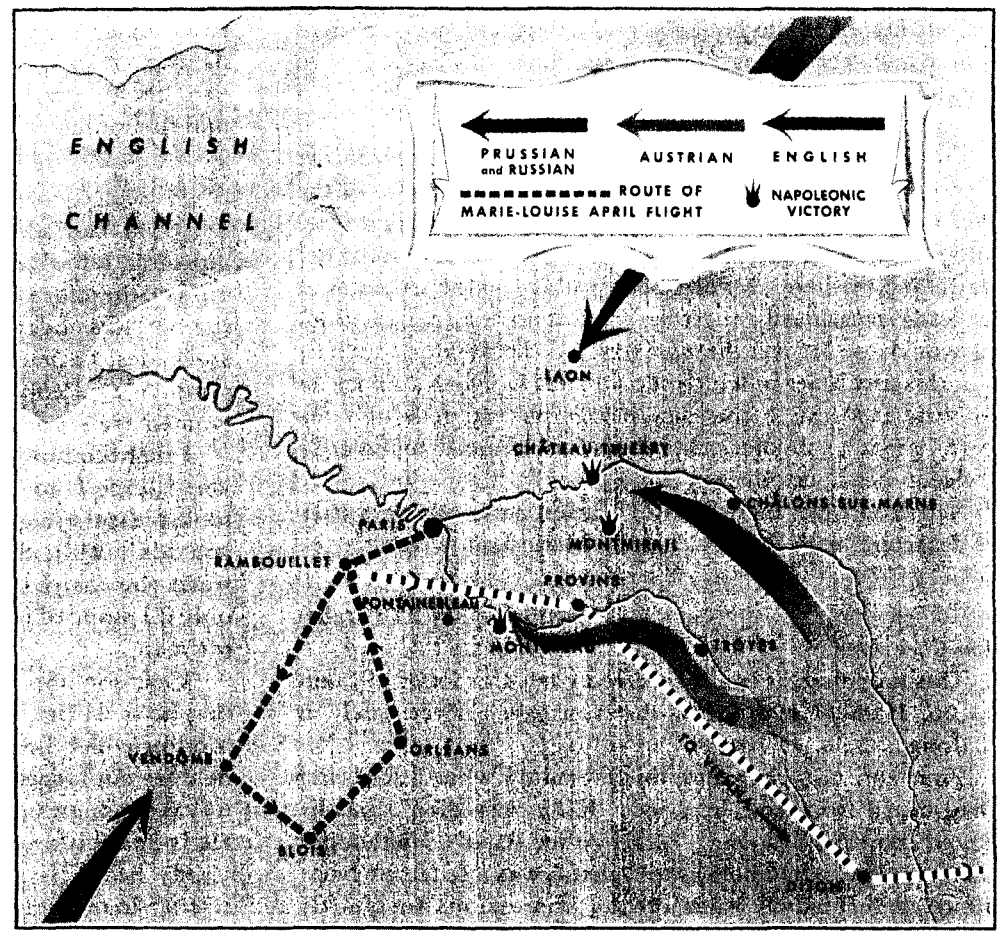
1. FEAR AND LONELINESS

It was night, deep black and bitter cold as the hoofs beat on Paris' icy cobblestones. Out the golden Tuileries, down the new Rue de Rivoli, fading, the sound sped away into nothing as the emperor's cavalcade swept through the eastern gate of the capital and beyond to the wintry battlefields of the East.

No one knows whether Marie-Louise rose to see Napoleon off on his pre-dawn departure, January 25, 1814. She had watched him the night before, burning his papers, preparing to go. He had reassured her that he "still knew his trade." Yet whether awake or asleep, she must have stirred at the sound, troubled by what lay ahead. Never again was she to see her husband.

That afternoon she penned the first of these almost daily letters which were to continue for four months in a torrent of devotion, doubt and despair before trailing off into silence.

"*Mon Cher Ami* . . ." she began, using the beautiful French word "*ami*" that normally means "friend" but which, when used from wife to husband, more accurately means "beloved one." (Until February, Marie-Louise, like so many of us, used last year's date, writing 1813 when she meant 1814.)



AL TARTER

Despite initial successes, Napoleon couldn't save Paris. Empress fled to Blois, then, indecisively, back to Rambouillet—where, half willingly, she became Austrian prisoner

Paris, January 25, 1813

Mon Cher Ami:

I don't know what to tell you today, I feel I'll always be coming back to the same subject, I've been so unhappy since you left, I can't think of anything else. It's useless to tell myself that you've ordered me to be cheerful, I think this will be impossible, this separation distresses me more than the others, I have so long taken a gloomy view of everything that you must forgive me. However, it is one of those things which, though they happen often, can never become a habit with me: I love you too much to be able to be happy and well until you are back, or at least until I have news of you. I beg you write me in detail very regularly, and don't expose yourself to danger as you've been doing up until now, think that my happiness, that of your son, and that of so many persons who love you depends solely on your preservation, for you may be sure that if anything happened to you I should die of grief.

I went to see Madame [Napoleon's mother] who is very ill, she wept with me. The King of Spain [Napoleon's brother Joseph] and the Arch-Chancellor [Jean-Jacques de Cambaceres] came to see me, the former wants me to receive the National Guard tomorrow, the latter says this is out of the question, that the speech will not yet be signed; I shall nevertheless try to arrange it for tomorrow. If you wanted it to take place on that day, this is enough that I should want it too. . . .

Your son [their three-year-old child] sends you a kiss and wants me to tell you that he loves you with all his heart; he is in the best of health, and quite cheerful, he does not even talk much about you, the happy age, at times I wish I could be as indifferent toward you, for really one is quite happy when one feels nothing.

Please let me know whether I should have at present, in my new capacity as Regent, four attendant maids instead of two. Tonight I was made to sign a decree appointing General Carnot governor of Antwerp. Those gentlemen are at last in agreement, they find that it is proper for me to receive the National Guard tomorrow.

I am sending you this letter by the Duke de Bassano [Maret, Minister of Foreign Affairs], so I am not writing to you tonight by the courier. I shall try to be less sad, this will be difficult, for each time I think of you I cry.

Adieu, mon cher Ami, I kiss you and love you with all my heart.

Louise

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This first of Marie-Louise's letters thus falls into a pattern from which the young empress was rarely to depart, even months later when the pattern was charged with panic and despair.

First, in her letters, Marie-Louise would comment on the emperor's latest letter; next she would give him gossip of the council or his family; next she would tell him about their little son and his doings; finally, she would tell him of herself, her health and her love. Marie-Louise would run the sentences of her letter breathlessly together with almost no punctuation. She would also bracket the most trivial and portentous matters, as in this first letter in which she solicits Napoleon's advice on her maid problem in the same paragraph that tells him the great Carnot of revolutionary fame has returned to France's service in her hour of need.

Napoleon's first reply reached Marie-Louise two days after his departure; momentarily cheered, Marie-Louise replied:

Paris, January 27 (night)

Mon Cher Ami,

This morning, at last, I received your nice letter of January 26, I am glad to know that you have arrived safely at Châlons. . . .

Your son was charming this morning; when I told him I had heard from you, he cried, "King very glad!" and he tugged at my hand saying, "Let us go see Papa!" He thought you had come; when he was told that it was a letter, he burst into tears; fortunately at his age sad impressions are quickly erased, for this evening he was as merry as an imp.

My health is fairly good, but Monday or Tuesday I am to have leeches applied to me, which frightens me for I have never had them before, and I am sure this will weaken me a great deal.

Write to me very punctually, *mon cher Ami.* With all the tender greetings of *Ton Amie* Louise

Day by day, her letters mirror the spirit of the somber capital, as well as her own irresolute state of mind. As the Allied armies cautiously pressed their advance Paris gradually became a city of rumor and fear; all those who could prepared to flee.

January 30th

. . . There has been a great deal of fear in Paris since they began to fortify the barriers, already everybody sees the Cossacks and many women and children are leaving; what a ridiculous fear, I am becoming so courageous that I am surprised at myself, I think that it is my knowledge that you're at the head of your armies that reassures me because before then I was as afraid as the others . . .

January 31st

. . . The Arch-Chancellor will report to you a piece of news which, he says, will have a very bad effect in Paris. The pawn office [operated by the government] will have to suspend payments, twelve hundred thousand francs should be paid tomorrow, and the Minister of the Treasury cannot find the money . . .

PRUD'HON. CARNAVALET MUSEUM, PARIS

Infamous diplomat Talleyrand served Napoleon one day, his foes the next

February 2d

. . . I had a meeting of the Council of Ministers this morning, it took a fairly long time, they complain there's no money, therefore they want peace. King Joseph came to see the barriers today, he said they were beginning to put up stockades, he must also have dispatched flag poles for the army . . . People are burying their money and many women are leaving for Normandy.

I am becoming very courageous after your latest successes and I hope I no longer deserve the title of Child that you took pleasure in giving me before your departure, but I hope you don't call it childishness when I worry about you, and I warn you that I could get rid of that kind of childishness only if I stopped loving you, and you know that's impossible for me.

Your son often talks about following you to war, he says that he is willing to sleep in mud and snow, and to eat bad food provided he is allowed to be with you; so you see that he does not forget you; he had a bit of colic last night, I fear it was my fault because I gave him a big bunch of grapes. He is fine this morning, he sends you a kiss.

My health is fairly good, I think I am going to have sciatica in my right leg, because it hurts me quite a bit; moreover, I bumped my knee. I wouldn't have written you this if I didn't know that you are kept informed about everything and I don't want someone else to alarm you on account of this bruise which is nothing at all. I beg you to let me hear from you soon, *mon cher Ami,* in the meantime believe in my tender thoughts, Your faithful *Amie* Louise

If the chronicle of aches and woes, real and imaginary, with which Marie-Louise was to embroider her letters henceforth—and, in three months, she lists backache, swollen legs, kidney trouble, sciatica, colds, migraines, knee bruises, bloodletting, leech treatments, rheumatism, rashes—seems slightly neurotic, the girl empress may be excused. The strain on her untutored mind must have been overwhelming. She had been taught to dance the minuet, to ride horses and to direct the work of serving maidens. Caught now, alone at the helm of history, regent over an empire in ultimate agony, knowing something must be done yet not knowing what, Marie-Louise was baffled.

Nor was the Council of Regency that Napoleon left behind of any help. The great dictator had surrounded himself with courtly or amiable councilors, and ministers of little or no distinction. When he was in Paris, *he* was government. But when he was absent, the men he had assembled were a collective mediocrity. The only man of real talent in the Council over

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which the girlish empress now presided was Prince Talleyrand, the Vice-Grand-Elector—one of the most charming, accomplished and amoral rogues in history. Talleyrand was already at this point a traitor, gracefully participating in Marie-Louise's deliberations and secretly reporting cabinet decisions to the advancing enemy.

Napoleon's family was of equally little help. He had made one brother (Joseph) King of Spain, another (Louis) King of Holland, another (Jérôme) King of Westphalia. He had married off one of his sisters (Caroline) to his favorite cavalry general, Joachim Murat, and made them King and Queen of Naples; anyone closely related to him he had made prince or princess. But these honors only intoxicated the mad family he had brought to splendor from the Corsican hills. They took themselves seriously, making their family jealousies into matters of high policy. They loathed Marie-Louise, alternately browbeating her and kowtowing to her.

Marie-Louise was now regent over this strange facsimile of government. Other queens, at other times, have snatched greatness from such moments of disaster. Marie-Louise was only bewildered.

February 6

Mon cher Ami:

I have not yet heard from you today, I am awaiting your letter with an impatience that I cannot describe, I see so many long faces here that I'll soon lose my mind. I cannot tell you how worried I am, I am sorry I cannot be with you, there is nothing that would reassure me as much as that, at your side I am full of courage. It seems to me that nothing can happen then.

Everybody is in consternation. The Arch-Chancellor, when I was about to go to Mass, stopped me in the doorway and asked whether I had orders to leave, and the King too had a very long face; I wish this anxiety could end. In the meanwhile, my only desire is to hear from you regularly. I hope that you are well, your health is as precious to us at this moment as at any other.

I had few people at Mass; although I am quite ill, I got up, fever and all, to attend; I thought I'd rather get worse than create the impression that the news was bad. My health is not good. I am bothered by my rheumatism, and I do not want to follow the physicians' advice; when one has worries, drugs surely do more harm than good . . .

Your faithful *Amie* Louise

2. VICTORY AND HOPE

Paris was tired. It had known 25 years of ceaseless war and turmoil and sensed disaster close at hand. The palace of the Tuileries lay steeped in gloom. But 75 miles away at the front, matters were different. There, as if out of his past, Napoleon summoned back the old magic and suddenly, in a blazing burst of genius, his mastery of arms dazzled the world for the last time.

The performance was truly prodigious. The armies with which the great Napoleon had conquered Europe were now either long dead or stupidly dispersed in garrisons of the collapsing empire. In early February of 1814, the Emperor could

GÉRARD

Named King of Spain by brother Napoleon, Joseph Bonaparte later tried to deliver Marie-Louise to Austrians led by her father

gather for the defense of Paris, his capital, only 50,000 troops of maneuver.

Against these men, all Europe, under arms and in rage, was converging. For 20 years Napoleon had slapped and cuffed the armies of Europe about at will. His brilliance, however, had finally instructed them in his new technique of war while his arrogance had made them thirst for revenge. Now, inspired to destroy him and experienced in his tactics, they were closing on the heart of France. The English, under Wellington, were fighting their way up from the south. In the Low Countries to the north one of his own beloved French marshals (now fighting under a foreign flag) was leading Swedes and Germans to the assault. Prussians, Austrians, Russians were all sweeping on Paris, with their sovereigns close behind.

Most menacing to Paris itself were the Austrians and the Prussians. The Austrians—cautiously approaching from Alsace in the southeast under Marie-Louise's father, Francis I—were the heaviest of the enemy columns, 200,000 strong. But 80,000 Prussians, with increasing support of Russian Cossacks coming to join them, were closer to Paris and more vigorous. Under Marshal Blücher, these German troops were following the same bloody Ardennes-Marne route into Paris which they

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GÉRARD. MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES

Marie-Louise and son, whom Napoleon dubbed "King of Rome" when he was born. Youngster accompanied empress on flight

AMERLING. PHOTO BY FLAMMARION

Francis I of Austria. He loved his daughter, but loved country more—and gave Marie-Louise to Napoleon as peace offering

have used down to our own day. Each of these enemy columns was larger than all Napoleon's forces.

Napoleon's only hope was to tackle the converging columns individually, annihilating them as they marched by their divided routes on his capital. This strategy required of him an utterly reckless boldness and the stripping of Paris' own garrison. It meant marching his own troops back and forth to each peril point—10, 20 or even 30 miles a day, sometimes day after day. It could work only if luck and valor went hand in hand; only if the victories bought time to mobilize France once more; only if the Allies were willing to bargain out a settlement rather than pay the price of total victory.

For a few weeks, indeed, it seemed as if Napoleon's plans might work. Choosing the Prussian column coming down on Paris from the northeast as his first target, Napoleon picked off a corps of Russians attached to it. The first letter in his amazing series of successes shrieks with exultation:

Champaubert, February 10, 1814

Ma Bonne Louise:

VICTORY! I have destroyed 12 Russian regiments, taken 6,000 prisoners, 40 guns, 200 artillery wagons, captured the commanding general, and all the other generals, several colonels; my losses are less than 200 men. Order guns to be fired at the Invalides and the news to be published at every place of entertainment. . . . Nap

With his letter from Champaubert, Napoleon apparently sent Marie-Louise a sword captured at the battle. She replied:

Paris, February 11

Mon cher Ami.

This morning when I was in the Bois de Boulogne I received your good letter of the 10th, announcing that you have completely defeated the enemy, and that you had a superb engagement, how fortunate it is in view of your small losses, only you are capable of coming off so well in such a perilous position. I spoke to the courier who told me that your health was good, and that he had seen you last night, this too is important to set my mind at ease. I assure you that yesterday I had a premonition that you would fight, I was incredibly sad and worried all day long, and I became calm toward the evening; this will make me believe in premonitions.

Thank you for thinking of sending me the sword of the commanding general, it is a very sweet attention, I was deeply touched thinking that in the midst of battles you still remember your *amie,* this thought gives me strength and courage.

I have carried out your orders. A salute was fired at the Invalides and King Joseph wrote a piece that will be read at the places of entertainment, and since you told him to publish this news, it will also be printed in the *Moniteur.* We had a very fine review of the National Guard, the troops are well clothed and have a fine bearing, there were about 6,000 men; I am told that when the King announced the good news they displayed great enthusiasm and shouted . . .

Your son is well, he had much fun at the parade, and all the National Guards were crazy about him. He wore his

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ISABEY. MUSEUM OF THE INVALIDES, PARIS

The leave-taking. Napoleon bids farewell to his son and his wife (seated) before heading for the battlefield. They never saw him again

uniform and his tricorn, you will be glad to see him in this costume, he saluted gracefully, and he had so much fun that he slept badly and could not eat tonight. . . .

Your faithful *Amie* Louise

Marie-Louise had a streak of childlike stinginess in her that Napoleon, he of the great gesture, knew only too well. The next day he sent two messages. The first was to chide her:

Champaubert, February 11, 1814

Mon amie, I hope you have given 3,000 livres to the courier who brought you the Russian general's sword. You must be generous. When couriers bring you good news, you must give them money, and when they are officers, diamonds.

I am leaving for Montmirail; I hope to send you good news today. . . . *Tout â toi.* . . . Your *ami* Nap

Napoleon guessed right. Marie-Louise had not thought of giving the messenger so grand a gift. Instead of presenting him with 3,000 livres, she had ordered that he be tipped twenty.

The second letter of the day announced another victory. For a week, such letters were to follow one another as Napoleon, in a rarely matched demonstration of personal virtuosity, led his troops from battlefield to battlefield:

February 11, 1814, 8 P.M.

Mon amie.

Today, the 11th, I attacked the great Russian and Prussian enemy army one league before Montmirail. I have defeated it, put it to flight, taken all of its artillery, over 7,000 prisoners, and more than 40 guns. Not a man of this routed army will escape. I am dead tired. *Tout à toi.* Give a kiss to my son. Nap

Faubourg de Château-Thierry, 12 February, 1814

I have captured the entire enemy rearguard, 4 Russian and 3 Prussian battalions strong, and 2 guns. Everything was taken, even the general who commanded it, he is a Russian Major General. . . .

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MEISSONIER. THE LOUVRE, PARIS

Famous picture by Jean Louis Meissonier, often erroneously called Retreat from Moscow, portrays Napoleon's disastrous 1814 campaign

Montmirail, February 14, 1814

I have good news to give you. I have defeated General Kleist who had 36 battalions. I took 8,000 prisoners, and killed 4,000 of his men . . . The cavalry of my Guard covered themselves with glory. Have 30 guns fired and an article published in the *Moniteur.* A kiss for my son . . .

Nangis, February 17, 1814

. . . I have taken 6,000 Russian prisoners, I defeated Wittgenstein's corps, capturing 15 guns and 50 artillery wagons. Several generals have been captured . . .

Montereau, February 18, 1814

Ma Bonne Louise:

I am tired. I have had a superb day. I defeated Bianchi's corps, 2 divisions strong, and the Wuertembergers. I took 4,000 men, killed 2,000, captured 6 guns and a large number of carriages; but better than all that, I captured the bridge of Montereau before they could cut it. I debouched on the enemy, I captured 2 Austrian colors, one general and several colonels.

Adieu mon amie. Tout à toi. Nap

The victories acted on Marie-Louise like a tonic; overnight, her health improved. A tone of gaiety runs through these letters. Coupled with it is a sneering distaste for her fellow countrymen, the Austrians, which is quite convincing.

Paris, February 19, 1814

Mon Cher Ami:

Your letter of yesterday 8 P.M. reached me tonight at 5 o'clock. It took an endless time to come, it is unpleasant not to be able to have news from you more quickly. I already wrote to you this morning to congratulate you on your new successes. They are really very fine, and now it is the Austrians' turn. I hope they will be defeated like the others, and you will soon compel them to make a good peace, they well deserve to be punished. The point that always gives me most pleasure in your letters is to know that you are in good health, and fortunately I find it in all of them. The excellent news you have sent us causes great rejoicing in Paris . . .

Your son is fine, he is becoming very inquisitive, when something is said in a whisper, he wants to know it immediately, and when he is not told he loses his temper, but you will be even more surprised to hear that he has a passion; it is Mme. de Montesquiou's little girl [Mme. de Montesquiou is the governess of the little king]; when she comes to see him, he takes her into corners to kiss her, and hides so as not to be seen, and last night he kept calling her "*mon cher amour.*"

My health is very good, except for a bad cold in the head which I have caught I don't know how. All I wish for is not to be prevented by it from going to Mass tomorrow; however, since the news is good at present, there would be no harm.

. . . *Adieu mon bon Ami.* With all my love.

Ton Amie Louise

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3. DAUGHTER AND FATHER

Whether Marie-Louise's delight in the anticipated defeat of her fellow countrymen was feigned or genuine, we do not know. Napoleon, however, was far above such luxuries as hating his enemy. These February victories, however brilliant, were only details in the grand strategy of the continent, in which Napoleon, the master strategist, knew he must inevitably be crushed by the superior weight of advancing Allied columns—if they held together.

Now, if ever, was the time to negotiate seriously. And the way to negotiate was by using the only diplomatic strength left to him—the affection his archenemy, Francis I, bore for the young woman they shared as wife and daughter. If Marie-Louise could detach her father from the enemy coalition all might be saved; history might turn as it had so many times before—not on the massed might of forces in the field but on the soft, remembered warmth of womanly affection. From the town of Troyes, which he had just captured from Francis I, Napoleon wrote on February 25th to Marie-Louise:

Troyes, February 25, 1814

Ma Bonne Louise:

The cold weather we are having is very unpleasant for poor soldiers who are forced to be on horseback night and day. Your father was at Troyes, very dejected and fairly ill; he saw little of the Russians, they do not like each other.

You would do well to write to him and to complain that you do not hear from him, that he has forgotten you, that he could help us while being useful to his monarchy; that he should be reasonable and have a will of his own, and not be the tool of England and Russia. In short, write to him in strong terms and commend to him your interests and those of your son. Tell him at the same time that we are resolved to die rather than to conclude a shameful and dishonorable peace; that, moreover, such a peace would not be good policy because it would not last. *Adieu mon amie. Tout à toi!* Nap

To Napoleon's request, Marie-Louise replied instantly. This was war as she understood it, and if she could get her father to call a halt she was delighted. To Napoleon, the next day, she wrote:

Paris, February 26, 1814

Mon Cher Ami:

Just as I was sitting down to write to you, I received your letter dated the 25th, 2 P.M. Many thanks for writing to me so promptly, this does me a great deal of good, and I am much more cheerful each time I get a letter from headquarters. I am going to write to my father the way you want me to, I shall send you the letter tonight if I can finish it by then, otherwise I shall send it to you by tomorrow morning's courier, with a copy in French.

I do hope that my letter will produce results, and results that you desire; you have put a very terrible sentence in your letter, the one saying that we are resolved to die rather than to make a dishonorable peace. I hope that the threat will be effective, but I beg you, for pity's sake, do not harbor this idea, it is too horrible, you know very well that if the slightest thing happened to you I would die, and that I would have no peace of mind if I gave credence to this idea, therefore I beg you, for pity's sake, *mon cher Ami,* not to consider anything like this. I am very angry at my father for his inability to come to terms with you; yet it would be much in his own interest, I am sure that things will turn out badly for him, but he is blinded and led by Metternich [Prince Metternich, Francis' foreign minister and real brains].

What you tell me about the enthusiasm in the territory you have relieved does not surprise me; but how could this be otherwise, you are so good, so worthy of being loved, surely if everybody could know and appreciate your good qualities as I do, no one would wish you ill . . .

The Arch-Chancellor has prepared for me a short reply to the speech the Minister of War is to deliver before me tomorrow. I hope you will be pleased with it, I am far too stupid to prepare one myself, and besides I'd be afraid you would scold me . . . *Ton Amie* Louise

To the Emperor of Austria, Marie-Louise wrote quite differently. It is the letter of a little girl to her father and all the more moving for the simplicity with which child asks father to stop the wheels of history because she is caught by them.

Francis I was a stiff and solemn man, devoid of humor, wit or brilliance. Personally, he was an uxorious man who had exhausted three wives (Marie-Louise's mother bore 13 chil-

ZIPPEL

Fickle Paris crowds, once faithful to Napoleon, turn out to cheer the invading Prussians and Russians as they enter the city. Napoleon soon after abdicated and was sent to Elba

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dren), who preferred the bedroom to the battlefield, who liked to collect portraits and rare and exotic shrubbery.

But he was a conscientious monarch, upon whom duty and obligation—as defined by his ministers and councilors—weighed heavily. Politically, he was the hinge upon which the Alliance against Napoleon turned. He had fought Napoleon four times; had loathed him on first sight; had consented to give Napoleon his favorite daughter only because his councilors declared that step the surest guarantee of peace; had finally been disillusioned by Napoleon's insatiable ambition.

Now, allied with England, Prussia and Russia, he had brought Napoleon to the very edge of disaster. To relent now would be to invite Napoleon's revenge at some future, less auspicious time. Yet Marie-Louise was his cherished child. It could have given him little pleasure to read her note:

Paris, February 26, 1814

I am very sad because I have not heard from you for six weeks.

I am afraid, my dear Papa, that you have entirely forgotten me. This idea distresses me a great deal, and it is perhaps the only one capable of increasing my grief at this moment when you are fighting against us, whereas you could help us, and this would even be in the interests of your monarchy.

I am convinced that you would do so if you refused to lend your ears to the insinuations of Russia and England. Moreover, it is not good policy on your part to offer us a dishonorable and shameful peace which could not last.

Here we are determined to die rather than to accept such a peace; just think, my dear Papa, of my situation, this would be such a terrible blow to me that I would not survive it. Therefore I beg you to think of my son's interests and of my own, you know how much I love you and how I have always flattered myself that I have your affection, I hope you will prove it to me on this occasion, which is entirely consistent with the interests of your monarchy.

I beg you to give me news of your health, I have learned that it was not good, this worries me.

My own health is bad, my son too has been unwell for several days, which fills me with anxiety; this worry, added to that caused by the emperor's absence in the present circumstances, cannot contribute to health; therefore it is up to you to relieve me of at least some of my anxiety. In this hope I kiss your hands . . .

Francis' reply was six days in crossing the battle lines. Couriers raced it to Marie-Louise from Napoleon's headquarters with Napoleon's covering note:

Chavignon, March 10, 1814

Ma Bonne Amie:

I am forwarding you a letter from your father. I opened it by mistake; tell me what it contains if it is of interest to me. My health is good though I am a little tired. The enemy is hiding at Laon in very strong positions. Give a kiss to my son and never doubt all my sentiments. Napoleon

Napoleon's pretense that he had not read the reply of Francis could fool no one except possibly Marie-Louise. Napo-

Napoleon in His Study, by Jacques Louis David, who did cover painting. (Samuel H. Kress Collection, National Gallery of Art)

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leon's silence on the letter reflects its contents: Francis I would not yield an inch to his daughter and Napoleon without the consent of his Allies. Their terms remained fixed: dissolution of the entire European empire Napoleon had built in the past 15 years; an end of the trade war with England; in return, Napoleon to be left unmolested on the throne of France.

Francis I worded his reply in double talk, thus:

March 6, 1814

My Dear Louise:

Your letter of February 26 reached me only yesterday. In the intervening time you must have received one of my letters that will have reassured you regarding my health. If I have not written to you for a long time, it was because of political considerations, as I have recently written to your husband. No one realizes the situation better than I do, and I am very sincerely concerned for you and your family. This is quite natural, and that is why I wish that your husband should soon put an end to the war.

Any peace that, by placing France within boundaries relative to the strength of the other powers, will give her the maritime peace of which she has been deprived for so long, is honorable, useful, and acceptable. It is only on the conditions that have been offered that maritime peace can be restored, and without it there is no happiness in Europe, and especially not for France.

You are more interested than anyone in having a little tranquillity. With the restoration of trade, with a government founded on a lasting peace, your husband will receive the blessings of the finest state in Europe. His memory will be cherished by his subjects and his dynasty will be perpetuated. Those who give him different advice are his greatest enemies, and no one wishes him well more sincerely than I do, and every day I give him proofs of my intentions in this respect.

If I alone were at war with him, we could come to terms more easily, but a separate peace with Austria, instead of being useful to him, would only cause him a great deal of harm. I shall never separate myself from the Coalition which really aims only at the general good, so that if the Emperor wants peace, he must do what is necessary to obtain it.

The greatest service you can render your husband, your son, and your new fatherland, is to back up my advice and my friendly, I may even say, paternal, sentiments. I have reigned for 22 years, and your husband can confirm that no one has ever told him the truth as I have in all circumstances. I hope that your son's and the Emperor's health will continue to be good. Believe me always,

Your affectionate father Francis

Still in love with Napoleon, still in love with her father, unable really to understand what the letter meant, Marie-Louise replied to her father once more, at once thanking him for his kindness in replying and chiding him for his harshness:

Paris, March 11, 1814

My dear Papa. I have just received your letter of March 6, and I do not want to lose a moment in telling you how pleased I am with it. . . .

I have read with great attention everything you write to me about the present situation. You may be sure, my dear Papa, that the Emperor wants peace, but it must not be a dishonorable peace, he cannot accept it, and neither I nor France can wish for it; in the meantime, I am grieved to think that you are still determined to continue war against us. Can you realize my situation? Believe me, I have never been as distressed as I am now, you know how I love the Emperor, so you can imagine how tormented I am at present, knowing that his health and his person are exposed to all dangers. Consequently I hope that you will reflect on my situation and I repeat once again that the Emperor wants peace and would accept it if he were offered a peace he can accept without dishonor.

4. COLLAPSE AND FLIGHT

For weeks now the tide of battle had been swinging indecisively between Napoleon and the Allies. Two days before Marie-Louise wrote her father, it had begun, finally, decisively, to flow against the French.

On March 9th, the stolid Prussian marshal, Blücher, hurled back Napoleon at the town of Laon. It was the beginning of a collapse that took only three weeks to achieve. With desperate genius, Napoleon continued to flick his tired men back and forth across the path of the Allied columns, but their blows lacked weight.

On March 23, chance intervened. One of Napoleon's letters to Marie-Louise was intercepted by enemy scouts. In it, he told the empress of his plan to swing wide, fall on her father's rear and chop off Austrian communications. As the Allied Council of War debated, another captured French courier was brought before them; he was en route from Paris to Napoleon with a message imploring the emperor to return because many of Paris' leaders were waiting only to turn the city over to the Allies. With this invitation, the Allies moved. While Napoleon sought to encircle their rear, they ignored him, abandoned their supply lines, moved directly on Paris.

Too late, Napoleon realized that the enemy had shrugged him off. Turning, he raced and flogged his tired columns west, back to his capital, his wife, his child. Yet even as he marched, the empress was writing in despair:

Paris [Evening March 28, 1814]

Mon Cher Ami:

I am writing to you tonight without knowing whether my letter will reach you, but I shall always be glad not to let a day pass without giving you news of me.

We're in a state of gloom here, the enemy, 40,000 strong is at Claye [19 miles away] and Meaux [27 miles away]. The Arch-Chancellor and the King came to see me at about two o'clock saying that in their opinion it was absolutely necessary that I should leave Paris. The King read to us a paragraph from a letter in which you told him not to let me be taken in Paris; thereupon these gentlemen stated that there was no way of defending ourselves against such a great force, that there were very few troops here, and that I must not run the risk of awaiting the arrival of the Russian and Prussian army.

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In an hour, the council will meet to discuss this; in the meantime we have made all our preparations for my departure which is to take place during the day tomorrow, unless grave circumstances oblige me to leave tonight, for we are told that the enemy is moving fast in the direction of Bondy. He is only one league away from there.

At half past eight in the evening the Regency Council gathered at the Tuileries Palace to begin its passionate debate. The heart of the dispute was the person of the empress herself—should she gamble on Parisian resistance and stay to inspirit it for a defense at the barricades while Napoleon raced to the rescue? Or should she be rushed off to safety before the enemy closed, lest she be made prisoner and held hostage?

At one o'clock on the morning of the 29th Marie-Louise sat down to finish her letter:

The meeting is over only now, it is after half past midnight, after long debates it was finally decided that I must leave tomorrow morning at the latest.

It was also decided that the King [Joseph—Napoleon's brother] must stay here, as well as all the ministers and great dignitaries, except the Arch-Chancellor, the Duke de Cadore, and King Louis who are to accompany me, the money, too, will be sent off. I shall go tomorrow to Rambouillet, and then farther on, to a place to be determined. I confess to you that I am entirely opposed to this idea, I am sure it will have a terrible effect on the Parisians, this will rob them of all the courage they would otherwise have to defend themselves. The National Guard will now do nothing, and when you arrive to relieve us, you will find the capital in the hands of the enemy. But you told me that I must follow the Arch-Chancellor's advice, and I shall do it in this case because I should not like to expose my son to dangers . . .

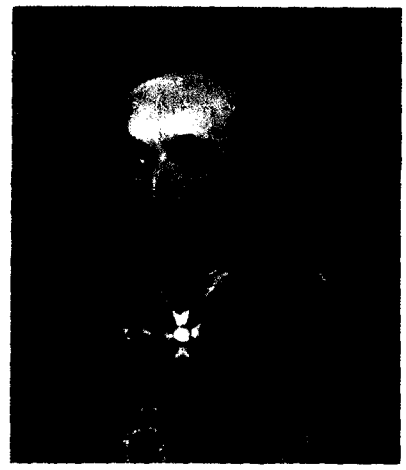
Your son is well, I am passably well, as well as one can be in such circumstances. I stop here because I fear that my letter may not reach you; in the meantime, believe that there is nobody in the world who is more faithfully devoted to you and who loves you more tenderly than I.

Ton Amie Louise

Marie-Louise was up early in the morning. Downstairs, 10 resplendent green carriages bearing the imperial crest awaited the empress and her traveling party. So also was a cavalry escort of Napoleon's old guard. All night the empress' servants had been packing for her—in addition to the crown jewels, the personal jewels, the silverware of the palace and the imperial fortune, Marie-Louise had caused her servants to pack a few other necessities. These included trunks full of laces and kashmirs, her dresses, 48 hats, 85 pairs of shoes, 30 pairs of boots, two enamel chamber pots and a few other articles.

By seven in the morning the cavalcade was ready to roll. Upstairs, however, the officers of the National Guard had come hoping to prevail on the empress to stay. It was a mad, almost panic scene of indecision as the young empress, forced to make up her mind, wept, threw her hat onto the bed, stretched out on the sofa, and cried out, "My God, let them decide one way or the other and put an end to this agony."

Finally, at ten in the morning, those who urged her to leave had prevailed and the cortege got under way. Before leaving she managed to write a last note to Napoleon from the palace:



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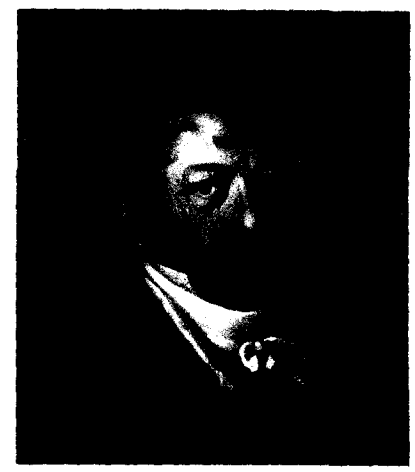

AUSTRIAN EMBASSY, LONDON

Marshal Gebhard von Blücher, l., led Prussians in key defeat of Bonaparte. Prince von Schwarzenberg, right, led Austrians

Paris, March 29, 1814

Mon cher Ami.

I am writing you one more line before leaving. They absolutely want me to go; only two of them . . . are against this plan, including me it makes three. I am quite courageous enough to stay, and I am very sorry not to be doing so, considering the willingness to resist displayed by the Parisians, but my opinion matters little in this case, and the Arch-Chancellor told me that I absolutely must go; thus, God's will be done, but I am sure you will not like this, this will dishearten the National Guard, and the enemy will be in Paris tomorrow . . . Everybody except me has lost his head, and I hope that in a few days you will tell me that I was right in objecting to the decision to evacuate the capital, which was taken out of fear of 15,000 cavalrymen who would never have entered the streets. I am very sorry to have to leave, this will create terrible difficulties for you; but it was pointed out to me that my son was exposed to dangers and that is why I did not dare oppose them after seeing the letter you wrote to the King [in which Napoleon warned against letting Marie-Louise get trapped in Paris]. And so I commend myself to the care of Providence, but I am quite sure this will end badly. I kiss you and love you with all my heart. Your Faithful *Amie* Louise

Even as Marie-Louise swept out of the capital, the Napoleonic fantasy was dissolving, his generals turning traitor, his fickle partisans preparing to break out the Bourbon flags of the dynasty deposed 20-odd years before. Talleyrand, who, the evening before, had been urging Marie-Louise to stay and fight for Paris, was now preparing to greet the Czar of Russia and form a new French government to outlaw Napoleon.

5. THE REFUGEE

The fall of Paris was to Europe of the Napoleonic age as awesome and climactic an event as the fall of Berlin was to our

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GÉRARD. WELLINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON

LAWRENCE. WELLINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON

Czar Alexander of Russia, left, commanded his troops personally against Napoleon. Duke of Wellington, right, led the British

own war-troubled times. Twenty-five years of bloodshed, turmoil, revolution and war were ending. To seal off the epoch, however, to end it with unquestionable finality, it was vital for the Allies to seize not only the person of the great dictator but to capture his family, too—the fleeing empress and her child.

The flight of Marie-Louise was to take her in the next two weeks through the most beautiful of France's countryside at the most beautiful of seasons—through the valley of the Loire, when the trees begin to bud, when the salmon begin to fleck the river with silver, when the many-gardened fields with their splendor of castles are awash in the fragrance of spring flowers. Here, it was hoped, Marie-Louise might rest in safety while Napoleon brought up his troops to form a new line of resistance south of the capital.

This line of resistance was never formed. Collapse and treason were moving all too swiftly. And the next two weeks were to assume for Marie-Louise the quality of nightmare. She was now a prize of war. A dozen submerged and conflicting rivalries focused on her person. How much Marie-Louise was aware of them we do not know. Her letters show simply a woman in flight, clutching her child in panic, miserable without her husband, not knowing what to do. Slowly the letters begin to quiver with the strain. The noise, the violence, the raw emotion that goes with any panic become too much for her.

The ten carriages of state with their following procession and escort of 1,200 men had left Paris at ten on the morning of March 29th. They rolled all day at a steady clip. By late afternoon they had reached Rambouillet, almost 35 miles away. There, Marie-Louise found a moment to write Napoleon:

Rambouillet, March 29, 1814, 10 P.M.

Mon cher Ami.

. . . I am very sad, *mon cher Ami,* and I take a very dark view of things; God knows how this will end, I tremble when I think of you and all the consequences of the surrender of the capital, it will end very sadly; what I know is only this, that I should like, at this moment more than at any other, to find a way of giving you proofs of my tender love and of all my devotion, I have never been as unhappy as I am now to be a woman, for I know I will be of no use to you. We had a very sad journey. I left at ten o'clock. . . . I had your son in my carriage and the poor child was really touching, he treated me with twice his usual affection. We had the utmost difficulty in making him depart from Paris, he would not leave his room, he clung to bedposts and chairs, and sobbed screaming, "I don't want to go to Rambouillet, I want to stay in my house." He is well and is not tired by the trip, he even ate ravenously on the way.

My health is passable, I am very tired after a sleepless night. Here I saw the Queen of Westphalia [her sister-in-law] **and Madame** [Napoleon's mother] **just after their arrival, they are sick. I have just received a letter from King Joseph who advises me to leave here on account of possible danger from cavalry units; he says that there are about 60,000 men around Paris; therefore I shall leave tomorrow and sleep at Chartres . . .**

I hope that nothing bad will happen to you and that we shall soon see each other again. That is the only wish of

Your Faithful *Amie* Louise

From Rambouillet, Marie-Louise pushed on to Chartres, then, the next day, to Châteaudun, and on the fourth day to the village of Vendôme, en route to Blois in the Loire Valley.

By now, the fleeing government was strung out all up and down the road from Paris to the Loire. The procession was headed by the green-paneled carriages which bore the empress, the child king, the crown jewels, the great sword and insignia of the emperor. Behind, came servants and other attendants. Behind, came a score-odd of officials. Behind, the treasure chests of Napoleon's fortune.

Napoleon's brothers, their wives, his mother—assorted princes and princesses of the family, all still clinging to their shabby titles—followed in Marie-Louise's wake, their eyes greedily fixed on the emperor's treasure, their ambitions coldly weighing the value of Marie-Louise's body as a hostage to bargain about with her father, the Emperor of Austria. Not knowing whom to trust, what to do, Marie-Louise wrote Napoleon again for instructions:

Vendôme, April 1, 1814, 9 P.M.

Mon Cher Ami:

This morning I sent you a courier to give you news of me; tonight, although I am very tired, I want to write you another note concerning a matter that seems rather important to me. General Caffarelly [the personal military aide to Marie-Louise] **has just come to point out to me how overcrowded Blois would be if all the princesses and kings were to remain here. The city is very small, and there are very few lodgings; in the event of our having to leave in a hurry, there would be frightful congestion.**

The King and the Queen of Westphalia [Napoleon's younger brother, Jérôme and his wife, whom he had once named monarchs in Germany] **have with them a dozen German officers; they may be very decent people, but they may also be adventurers or spies, for no one knows them. Moreover the princes and princesses demand that you pay all their personal and household expenses, this represents a tremendous outlay for you at a moment when you should be economical, and will make us short of money. General**

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Caffarelly pointed out all that to me and asked me to decide that except for King Joseph they should all go to some other place. I said that I could hardly do this, and that is why I am sending you a courier whom I have instructed to wait for your answer; I think a decision is urgent . . .

The King wanted me to proceed to Tours, I said that I would not do it without an order from you; a terrible epidemic of jail-fever is raging there, killing 60 persons a day; you may judge for yourself how dangerous it would be to move there, both your son and I might catch it.

Your son sends you a kiss, he is in excellent health . . . I am anxious to know that you are back in Fontainebleau, I am very worried about this. I beg you to give me a prompt answer concerning the matter I am writing to you about. I kiss you and love you tenderly.

Ton Amie Louise

Marie-Louise arrived in Blois on April 2d, unpacked, settled down and relaxed for the first time in five days.

All about her, in the little town, swarmed refugees of high and low degree. Some had preceded her, many had accompanied her, for she, as regent, directed at the moment whatever government there was in Napoleon's France.

During the next mad week she kept up a spirited correspondence with Napoleon, who, from his headquarters in Fontainebleau, was feverishly scheming for a counterstroke in Paris. Carefully guarding her emotions and secrets lest her messages be intercepted by Allied raiders, Marie-Louise wrote on April 2d, a Saturday:

GÉRARD. THE LOUVRE, PARIS

Her dilemma: share victory with father—or defeat with husband

Blois, April 2, 1814, 10 P.M.

Mon cher Ami.

. . . Since my arrival here I have seen the auditor, M. de Pallavicini, who left you yesterday at four o'clock. I plied him with questions; all the details he gave me on your health were quite encouraging, I needed to hear this assurance many times repeated. Believe me, *mon cher Ami,* I have much courage; I feel that we are at a moment when we need it more than ever, and I am sufficiently composed, but sad at heart.

I think that only peace will restore all my cheerfulness, you really ought to give it to us soon.

. . . The Arch-Chancellor wishes someone intelligent to be sent to you, someone who could give you a complete oral report; it has not yet been decided who that will be. In the meantime I should far prefer that we could stay here. Our quarters here are far better than they could have been at Orléans or Tours, there is no sickness here, the lodgings are spacious, and the air is excellent for your son. In any case, we shall have to stay here tomorrow all day . . .

Your son sends you a kiss, he's borne the trip splendidly, he is charmingly gay; his is a happy age indeed, I often envy him; on the road he's charming and not at all a bother; he is a child so sweet and so lovable that even persons who barely know him can't help being devoted to him . . .

Tomorrow I shall also have a meeting of the council of ministers. These gentlemen think that you should allow me to send you someone who, things being as they are, could discuss with you many matters about which we cannot write to you, such as where I should go if I were compelled to leave Orléans. Therefore, if you want me to send you someone, please tell me who should go.

. . . In the meantime I promise you to look after my health. Everything you tell me about my being necessary to your happiness touches me deeply, but what I feel above all is that there is nobody who loves you as tenderly and would like to give you so many proofs of devotion as Your faithful *Amie* Louise

Napoleon sent Marie-Louise an immediate reply:

Fontainebleau, April 3, 1814, 6 P.M.

Mon amie,

The auditor Pallavicini has just arrived and given me news of you. You may (1) remain at Blois, (2) send me anyone you choose and act at your discretion, (3) issue proclamations and call meetings, as the provisional government of Paris does, (4) write a very strong letter to your father commending yourself and your son to him. Send him the Duke de Cadore. Make it clear to your father that the time has come for him to help us. *Adieu, mon amie;* keep well. *Tout à toi* . . . Nap

For the first time, in her letter of Saturday the 2d, Marie-Louise had chided her husband, complaining, "I think that only peace will restore all my cheerfulness, you really ought to give it to us soon"—as if Napoleon alone stood between her and happiness. His reply, urging her to appeal to her father for help, must have triggered off all the emotions and weaknesses she had hitherto suppressed. Seven times that week, Marie-Louise was to send couriers galloping over the war-torn country seeking her father, begging that he take her in and protect her. The first letter that week sets their tone:

Dear Papa . . .

The situation is so sad, so dreadful for us that I must turn to you with my child. I know that only you can help us now. I'm convinced you'll listen to my prayer, that you won't sacrifice peace and the interests of your grandson and your daughter to the greed of England and Russia, I'm sure you'll help me through this terrible moment . . . just once more, my very dear Papa, I beg you take pity on me. I confide in your hands the safety of the dearest one in the world to me, a little boy who is too young to know all our chagrin and our worries, a little boy to whom I want so much to say later on that he owes to you his happiness, his peace. . . . I kiss your hands most tenderly, my very dear Papa,

Your most obedient daughter,
Marie-Louise.

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ARIE - LOUISE TO NAPOLEON

No father could save Marie-Louise now.

"Dear Papa" was deep in the rear, safely and wisely staying at Austrian headquarters. The younger, more vigorous Czar Alexander had entered Paris first, followed by the King of Prussia. Without waiting for Marie-Louise's father, the two hurriedly approved a new French government.

The events of the week now squirmed with a terrible, unpredictable complexity.

At midweek, Napoleon was still Emperor of the French, and commander of a small but spirited army that was regrouping for a counterattack on the fallen capital, Paris. Five days later, treachery and desertion had gutted his army, and his marshals had forced him to abdicate. By the sixth he had agreed to give up his throne, his country, his title, his dignities, and, like a dog snatching a bone, accept exile as emperor of the tiny island of Elba. For his wife and son he bargained with greater toughness. For her, his negotiators demanded the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla, in northern Italy.

At Blois, where Marie-Louise and the shredded government were camped, the empress' nerves began to crack.

"Her anxiety," wrote Baron de Méneval, who accompanied her at the time, "had reached its highest pitch; the violent emotions she had undergone, the tears which she was constantly shedding, her painful sleeplessness had cast her into a state of nervousness which nearly approached the convulsive state."

The problem before Marie-Louise was so simple as to be unbearable. It was whether in this hour of distress she should desert her husband and appeal to her father for rescue, or cling to her husband, sharing the bitterness of defeat with him as she had shared the glory of triumph. With that peculiar capacity some women have of proclaiming two contrary intentions at the same time without any consciousness of duplicity, Marie-Louise now pleaded with Napoleon, as she had with her father, to let her come and seek shelter:

Blois, April 7, 1814

Mon cher Ami,

My only wish right now is to join you if that's possible; I would be more courageous and calmer in the knowledge that I share your fate, I would console you as much as possible for all the reverses you suffer, and I would try to be of some use to you. You know me well enough, *mon Ami,* and I promise you that the sight of me will not distress you; so, for pity's sake, send for me.

I fear that the Duke de Cadore [who was bearing one of her pleas to her father] **did not reach my father, because I hear that the Russians intercept all letters that might inform him about what is going on; therefore I decided to send him someone else by the Dijon road; these gentlemen thought that M. Renaud St. Jean d'Angely would be the best choice. I gave him the same letter as I had given the Duke de Cadore, saying to my father that I knew of the generous proposals you had made for the welfare of France, and that the enemy had not accepted them. I told him to choose his route and to see to it that it is the Austrians who intercept him.**

The Guard here grumbled a little, demanding their back pay; on the King's advice [King Joseph] **I ordered that 500,000 be put at M. Mollien's disposal to pay for his expenses.**

I believe the Princesses and Kings are thinking seriously of moving elsewhere. King Joseph told me that they were absolutely destitute. He said that before leaving you had told him that you would put two millions [francs, equal to $660,000] **at his disposal, and that he wanted me to give one hundred thousand crowns to each, this is nine hundred thousand francs. You would do well to give instructions as to what should be done with the treasury and where it should be moved; I fear that it may attract the Cossacks.**

Chartres has fallen, the English have already made an appearance at Saintes, so that Tours is not too secure.

For this reason we have determined to stay at Blois—*where are we to go?* Our situation is terrible, but yours is even more so, it breaks my heart. You should really send me someone to tell me what I should do, everybody has lost his head here, from the first down to the last man.

Your son sends you a kiss, he is well, he is so happy, the poor child, he suspects nothing, how happy he is!

My health is good; on great occasions it holds up enough to be good for everything you may wish to order me to do. I shall be greatly relieved once I have joined you. I am sending a courier who will wait for your answer, I beg you not to leave us in this cruel uncertainty. Besides, I want you to answer the questions I ask in this letter. I kiss you and love you tenderly. Your faithful *Amie* Louise

Within a few hours of this letter, all its questions became irrelevant. On the afternoon of the seventh, a courier from Napoleon's headquarters—Colonel Galbois—galloped in from Fontainebleau. He had bitter tidings: the Empire had ended, both for Napoleon and the little king. Napoleon had abdicated. Marie-Louise herself was now a nobody unless Napoleon's negotiators could win for her and her son the little duchies of northern Italy—or unless her father could help.

Marie-Louise expostulated, sobbed, sputtered, refused to believe Galbois' tidings. "Besides," said the girl empress, "my father wouldn't permit it, he told me twenty times when he put me on the throne of France that he'd keep me there forever, and my father's an honest man."

In the turbulence of the next 24 hours, as Marie-Louise swayed back and forth between father and shelter, Napoleon and defeat, she took the first steps toward disgrace. Her letters in the next issue of Collier's will follow these steps, from initial cowardice to ultimate dishonor in the embrace of Count Adelbert-Adam von Neipperg, one of her father's generals and an enemy of her husband

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This Business of Wiretapping

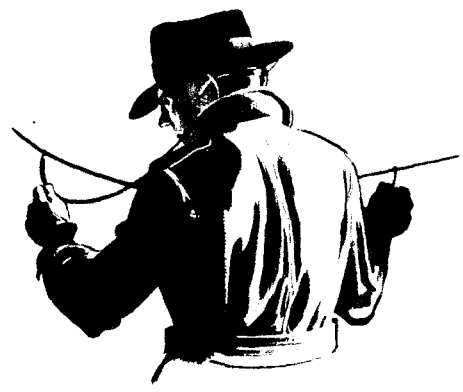
AS THE BRITISH DISCOVERED as early as 1775, privacy has always been a touchy subject with Americans. A man's home was his castle, and if you entered without knocking you did so at your own peril. You didn't ask your neighbor about his quarrels with his wife, or how much money he had in the bank, or which way he voted in the election. In fact, in some rural mountain areas where traditions of personal dignity are still highly valued, it was considered customary and proper to shoot a man who asked an indelicate question. It emphasized a healthy national contempt for snoopers and eavesdroppers, for Peeping Toms and sneaks—and sometimes that included the police. As soon as they could get around to it, the founding fathers set matters straight in Article IV of the Bill of Rights, which guaranteed all citizens the right to be "secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures." Whenever those rights were threatened, folks from Boston to Texas to California were apt to reach for the squirrel gun over the mantel. Why do you suppose we invented window shades, mister?

Well, maybe it's about time we primed old Betsy again. For more than 30 years, in the absence of any real federal or state controls, eavesdropping by telephone wiretaps or newer electronic listening devices has become a furtive big business. Federal government agencies admittedly use wiretaps. So do state and local police throughout the country. Private investigators intent on snaring straying husbands or suspected employees are setting up unlicensed listening devices with all too common ease and impunity.

The legal confusion surrounding wiretaps is shown by the fact that federal agencies continue the practice despite a Supreme Court decision in 1937 which forbade wiretapping by federal officers and denied the admission of such evidence in federal prosecutions. As a result of this paradox, the Department of Justice admittedly is loath to prosecute other wiretappers when its own wiretaps are legally so dubious. State laws are almost equally muddled. In April of last year, U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., informed the Senate Judiciary Committee that 10 states permit authorized tapping of wires, yet an additional 23 states, although limiting in some forms the tapping of wires, "do not prohibit the admission in evidence of information obtained in violation of their laws."

That eavesdropping has become a clear and present danger is indicated in the testimony of various Congressional investigations and by the revelations in the recent Collier's articles by wiretap expert Bernard B. Spindel and staff writer Bill Davidson. Since the development of electronics, the eavesdropper is no longer dependent on crude wiretaps. With apparatus far more ingenious than any known defense against it, the up-to-date snooper may aim a parabolic microphone, much as one might sight a gun, and record a conversation 300 yards away. An even more insidious device utilizes inaudible high-frequency sound waves to penetrate thick walls and when further perfected may be able to record supposedly private conferences in rooms half a mile away—and this without "bugs" or wires of any kind. According to Mr. Spindel, not even the White House and the private talks of the President may be considered wholly secure against modern eavesdroppers.

The growing list of wiretap abuses is as frightening as the possibilities of the new listening apparatus. In Pennsylvania and Rhode Island wiretapping has been used by state officials as a means of political espionage against their opponents. In Brooklyn, an investigation into the police blackmail of bookmaker Harry Gross revealed that some officers were making unauthor-



ized wiretaps not to apprehend criminals, but to shake them down. In New York, it has been testified, wiretap authorizations were readily obtained from some local judges who hardly glanced at the applications before signing them. In Washington, a high-ranking Cabinet officer dared not use his office telephone to confer with his advisers because he had reason to fear it had been tapped by his political foes.

Despite its concern over the growing evils of wiretapping, as of this writing Congress has failed to act. Eleven times in past years either the House or the Senate has conducted investigations, then backed away from the problem without any decisive legislation. During the 1955 session of Congress, a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee headed by Representative Emanuel Celler aggressively pressed its inquiry into wiretapping, but the fate of any proposed legislation will not be known until Congress reconvenes.

The hesitation of Congress stems from the very great difficulties involved. Despite the fact that the federal government quite probably holds jurisdiction over telephone and air communications as essentially interstate in nature, the basic division of federal and state authority over wiretapping has not yet been clearly determined. But beyond this difficulty, many congressmen are haunted by a dilemma. They are uneasily aware that wiretapping is a powerful political weapon, that it has been used in the building of police states, that without the strictest safeguards it can become an instrument of blackmail and oppression. Yet they are equally aware that wiretapping may well be essential in protecting the national security against espionage and treason. It is a highly effective police tool in murder and kidnap cases as well as bookmaking, prostitution and narcotics peddling, which depend heavily on telephone communications. The problem—and Congress has not yet resolved it—has been summed up by Representative Celler: "We have to weigh two basic principles—the national defense and security versus constitutional privacy. One must not, need not, yield to the other."

Clearly, whatever the difficulties, it is time to act, to make some hard decisions. It is time that Congress strictly defined those crimes against national security, and perhaps individual life, for whose prevention or solution wiretapping must be permitted. It must decide whether wiretapping authority should be vested in the Attorney General, with its hazards of political exploitation, or in the federal courts where, we believe, such controls traditionally and properly belong. It must carefully define the safeguards, such as the strict surveillance and licensing both of equipment and operators, against indiscriminate use. It must set up protective measures against the kind of "vocal forgery" which experts have shown to be possible. Congress then should make all other wiretap activities a federal felony punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Confronted with the heavy burdens of enforcing the laws, there are police officers who oppose any stringent regulation of wiretapping. Some already have stated that it would cripple their campaign against criminals. But in the long run we believe it is far better to handicap the police than to run the risk of a police state, far better that some crime go undetected than to commit a greater crime against all citizens. As Justice Holmes remarked: "Wiretapping is a dirty business." However much the method affronts our national character, there are times and occasions when wiretapping is a necessary protection for the country's safety. But if we do not shortly limit its use to the most essential requirements of the national security, we may see a cherished constitutional right disappear by default.

HARRY DEVLIN

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